A

PARAPHRASE

UPON THE

PSALMS of *DAVID.*

By *GEORGE SANDYS.*

Set to New TUNES for
PRIVATE DEVOTION:
And a *Thorough-Baſe*, for *Voice*, or *Inſtrument.*

By *HENRY LAWES*,
Gentleman of His Majeſties Chappel Royal.

And in this Edition carefully Reviſed and Corrected from many Errors which paſſed in former Impreſſions,

By *John Playford.*

LONDON:
Printed by *William Godbid*, for *George Sawbridge*,
at the *Bible* on *Ludgate-Hill*, 1676.

To the KING.

Our graver Muſe from her long Dream awakes,
Peneian *Groves, and* Cirrha's *Caves forſakes:*
Inſpir'd with Zeal, ſhe climbs th' Æthereal hills
Of Solyma, *where bleeding Balm diſtills;*
Where Trees of Life unfading Youth aſſure,
And Living Waters all Diſeaſes cure:
Where the Sweet Singer, in cæleſtial Laies,
Sung to his ſolemn Harp Jehovah's Praiſe.
From that faln Temple, on her Wings ſhe bears
Thoſe Heavenly Raptures to your ſacred Ears:
Not that her bare and humble Feet aſpire
To mount the Threſhold of th' harmonious Quire;
But that at once ſhe might Oblations bring
To God; and Tribute to a god-like King.
And ſince no narrow Verſe ſuch Myſteries,
Deep Senſe, and high expreſſions could compriſe;
Her labouring Wings a larger compaſs flie,
And Poeſie reſolves with Poeſie:
Leſt ſhe, who in the Orient clearly roſe,
Should in your Weſtern World obſcurely cloſe.

UMI - 1994

To the QUEEN.

O You, Who like a fruitful Vine,
To this our Royal Cedar joyne:
Since it were impious to divide,
In ſuch a Preſent, Hearts ſo ty'd;
Urania your chaſte Ears invites
To theſe her more ſublime Delights.
Then, with your zealous Lover, daign
To enter *Davids* numerous Fane.
Pure thoughts his Sacrifices are;
Sabean Incenſe, fervent Prayer;
This holy Fire fell from the Skies;
The holy Water from his eyes.
O ſhould You with your Voice infuſe
Perfection, and create a Muſe!
Though mean our Verſe, ſuch Excellence
At once would raviſh Soul and Senſe:
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move;
And, ſince they cannot envy, Love:
When they from this our Earthly Sphear
Their own Cœleſtial Muſick hear.

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To my Noble Friend,

Mr. *GEORGE SANDYS*,

Upon his Excellent Paraphraſe on the PSALMS.

HAd I no Bluſhes left, but were of Thoſe,
Who Praiſe in Verſe, what they Deſpiſe in Proſe:
Had I this Vice from Vanity or Youth;
Yet ſuch a Subject would have taught me Truth:
Hence it were Baniſh'd, where of Flattery
There is nor Uſe, nor Poſſibility.
Elſe thou hadſt cauſe to fear, leſt ſome might Raiſe
An Argument againſt thee from my Praiſe.
I therefore know, Thou canſt expect from me
But what I give, Hiſtorick Poetrie.
Friendſhip for more could not a Pardon win;
Nor think I Numbers make a Lie no Sin.
And need I ſay more than my Thoughts indite,
Nothing were eaſier, than not to write.
Which now were hard; for whereſoe're I Raiſe
My thoughts, thy ſeveral Pains extort my Praiſe.
Firſt, that which doth the Pyramids diſplay:
And in a work much laſtinger than they,
And more a wonder, ſcorns at large to ſhow,
What were Indifferent if True or No:
Or from its lofty Flight, ſtoop to declare
What All men might have known, had all been There.
But by thy learned Induſtry and Art,
To Thoſe, who never from their Studies part,

His Travels, wherein he relates the Hiſtory of the Pyramids.

Doth each Lands, Laws, Belief, Beginning ſhow;
Which of the Natives but the Curious know:
Teaching the frailty of all Humane things;
How ſoon great Kingdoms fall, much ſooner Kings:
Prepares our Souls, that Chance cannot direct
A Machin at us, more than we expect.

Athens. *We know, That Town is but with Fiſhers Fraught,*
Where Theſeus *Govern'd, and where* Plato *Taught:*

Greece. *That Spring of Knowledge, to which* Italy
Ows all her Arts, and her Civility,
In Vice and Barbariſm ſupinely rowls;
Their Fortunes not more ſlaviſh than their Souls.

Eaſtern Churches. *Thoſe Churches, which from the firſt Heretick's wan*
All the firſt Fields, or led (at leaſt) the Van;
In whom thoſe Notes, ſo much required, be;

Of Doctrine. *Agreement, Miracles, Antiquitie:*
Which own a Never-broke Succeſſion ſhow

Of Perſons. *From the Apoſtles down; (Here bragg'd of ſo:)*
So beſt confute Her moſt Immodeſt claim,

As Antioch. *Who ſcarce a Part, yet to be All doth aim;*
Lie now diſtreſt, between two Enemy-Powers,
Whom the Weſt damns, and whom the Eaſt devours.
What State than Theirs can more Unhappy be,
Threatned with Hell, and ſure of Poverty.
The ſmall Beginning of the Turkiſh *Kings,*
And their large Growth, ſhew us that different Things
May meet in One Third; what moſt Diſagree,
May have ſome Likeneſs: For in this we ſee,
A Muſtard-ſeed may be reſembled well
To the Two Kingdoms, both of Heaven and Hell.
Their Strength, and wants this work hath both unwound;

Turks. *To teach how theſe d' increaſe, and that confound:*
Relates their Tenets; ſcorning to diſpute
With Errors, which to tell, is to confute:

Shews

Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsaf'd to Teach,
Their Dervices dare an Impostor Preach. Priests.
For whilst with private Quarrels we Decaid,
We way for them, and Their Religion made:
And can but Wishes now to Heaven prefer,
May they gain Christ, or We his Sepulchre.
Next Ovid calls me; which though I admire, Ovids Metamorphosis.
For Equalling the Authors quickning Fire,
And his pure Phrase: yet More; remembring It
Was by a Mind so much distracted Writ:
Business and War, Ill Midwives to produce
The Happy Off-spring of so sweet a Muse:
Whilst every unknown Face did Danger Threat;
For every Native there was twice a Gete.
More; when (return'd) thy Work review'd, expos'd Commentar.
What Pith before the hiding Bark inclos'd: Virg. Aen. lib. 1.
And with it that Essay, which lets us see
What by the Foot, what Hercules would be.
All fitly offer'd to his Princely Hands;
By whose Protection Learning chiefly stands:
Whose Virtue move more Pens, than his Power Swords;
And Theme to those, and Edge to these affords.
Who could not be displeas'd that his great Fame, Panegyrick.
So pure a Muse, so loudly should proclaime:
With his Queens praise in the same Model cast;
Which shall not less, than all their Annals, last.
Yet, though we wonder at thy Charming Voice;
Perfection still was wanting in thy Choice:
And of a Soul, which so much Power possest,
That Choice is hardly Good, which is not Best.
But though thy Muse were Ethnically Chast,
When most Fault could be found; yet now Thou hast

Diverted to a Purer Path thy Quill;
And chang'd Parnaſſus *Mount to* Sions-*Hill:*
So that bleſt David *might almoſt Deſire*
To hear his Harp thus Eccho'd by thy Lyre.
Such Eloquence, that though it were abus'd,
Could not but be (though not Allow'd) excus'd.
Joyn'd to a Work ſo choice, that though Ill-done,
So Pious an Attempt Praiſe could not ſhun.
How ſtrangely doth it darkeſt Texts diſcloſe,
In Verſes of ſuch ſweetneſs; that even Thoſe,
From whom the unknown Tongue conceals the Senſe,
Even in the Sound, muſt find an Eloquence.
For though the moſt bewitching Muſick could
Move Men, no more than Rocks; thy Language would.
Thoſe who make wit their Curſe, who ſpend their Brain,
Their Time, and Art, in looſer Verſe, to gain
Damnation, and a Miſtreſs; till they ſee
How Conſtant that is, how Inconſtant ſhee;
May from this great Example learn, to ſway
The Parts th'are Bleſt-with, ſome more Bleſſed way.
Fate can againſt Thee but two Foes advance;
Sharp-ſighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:
The firſt (by Nature like a ſhadow, near
To all great Acts) I rather Hate than Fear:
For them, (ſince whatſoever moſt they Raiſe
In Private, That they moſt in Throngs Diſpraiſe;
Αυτοκατάκριτοι. *And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)*
Who envies Thee, may no man envy Him.
The laſt I Fear not much, but Pity more:
For though they cannot the leaſt Fault explore;
Yet, if they might the high Tribunal Clime,
To Them thy Excellence would be thy Crime:
For Eloquence with things Prophane they joyn;
Nor count it fit to Mix with what's Divine;

Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,
Of it self ſweet; which more Deform than Grace.
Yet, as the Church with Ornaments is Fraught,
Why may not That be too, which There is Taught?
And ſure that Veſſel of Election, Paul,
Who Judais'd with Jews, who All to All:
So, to Gain ſome, would be (at leaſt) Content,
Some for the Curious ſhould be Eloquent:
For ſince the Way to Heaven is Rugged, who
Would have the Way to that Way be ſo too?
Or thinks it fit, we ſhould not Leave obtain,
To learn with Pleaſure, what we Act with Pain?
Since then Some ſtop, unleſs their Path be Even,
Nor will be led by Solœciſmes to Heaven;
And (through a Habit ſcarce to be control'd)
Refuſe a Cordial, when not brought in Gold;
Much like to them to that Diſeaſe Inur'd, Tarantula
Which can be no way, but by Muſick cur'd;
I joy in Hope, that no ſmall Piety
Will in their Colder Hearts be Warm'd by Thee.
For as none could more Harmony diſpenſe;
So neither could thy flowing Eloquence
So well in any Task be us'd, as this:
To Sound His Praiſes forth, whoſe Gift it is.

—— Cui non certaverit ulla
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos. *Virg. Georg. 2.*

FALKLAND.

An

An ODE to my worthy Kinſman,

Mr. *GEORGE SANDYS*,

Upon his excellent Paraphraſe on the PSALMS.

O Breath again! that holy Lay
Did convay,
Unto my ſoul ſo ſweet a Fire;
I deſire,
That all my Senſes charm'd to Ear,
Should fix there.
O might this ſacred Anthem laſt,
'Till Time's paſt:
Until we warble forth a higher,
In the Quire
Of Angels, till the Sphears keep time,
To your Rime.
Amphion did a City raiſe,
By his Layes:
The Stones did dance into a Wall,
At his call.
But your divinely-tuned Air
Doth repair
Ev'n Man himſelf, whoſe ſtony Heart,
By this Art,
Rebuildeth of its own accord,
To the Lord,

A Temple breathing holy Songs,
In ſtrange Tongues.
You fit both *Davids* Lyre, and Notes,
To our Throats.
See, the green Willow now not wears,
Of their Tears.
The ſadly ſilent Trophyes, we
From the Tree,
Take down the *Hebrew* Harps, and reach,
In our ſpeech,
What ever we do hate, what fear,
What love dear.
Now in faint Accents praiſing God;
For his Rod:
Since that his puniſhing a Child,
Muſt be ſtil'd
A Bleſſing. But our thankful Layes
Do his Praiſe
Sound in the loudeſt Key, when e're
He draws near
In Mercy, not affrighting Power;
In that Hour,
New Life approacheth: Then our Joy
Doth employ
Each Faculty, and Tune each Air
To a Prayer.
But by and by our Sins do cauſe
A ſad Pauſe.
Our Hands lift-up, and caſt-down Eyes,
Our faint Cryes,

Do in their ſadly-pleaſing Tones
Speak our Mones.
Inſtead of Harps we ſtrike our Breaſts:
All the Reſts
Attend his Muſick, are a Tear,
Which Sighs bear,
In their ſoft Language, up on high,
To the Skie;
Whence God, delighted with our Grief,
Sends Relief.
Thus unto You we owe the Joys,
The Sweet Noiſe
Of our raviſh'd Souls; we borrow
Hence our Sorrow;
Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad,
Not make ſad.
We weep in your Lines, we rejoyce
In your Voyce:
Whoſe pleaſing Language fans the Fire
Of Deſire,
Which flames in Zeal, and calmly faſhions
All our Paſſions.
Which you ſo ſweetly have expreſt,
Some have gueſt,
We Hallelu-jahs ſhall rehearſe,
In your Verſe.

Then be ſecure, your well-tun'd Breath
Shall now out-live the Date of Death;

And

And when Fate pleaſes, you ſhall have
Still-Muſick in the ſilent Grave:
You from Above ſhall hear each day
One Dirge diſpatch'd unto your Clay,
Theſe your own Anthems ſhall become
Your laſting Epicedium.

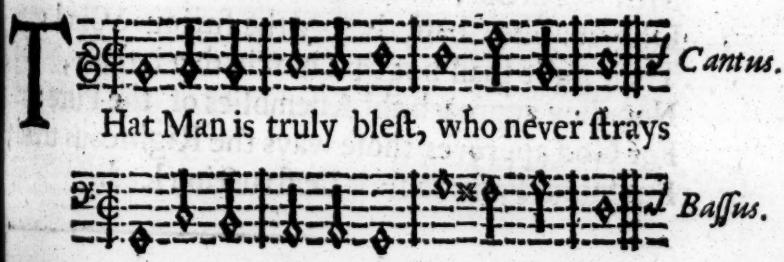
Dudly Digges.

To the Reader.

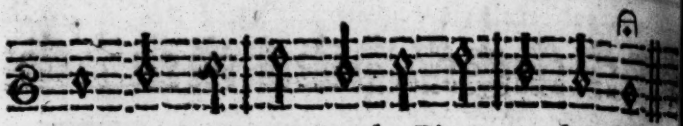
THe Paraphraſe upon the Pſalms, *though here rank'd according to the Chronology, was firſt Writ and Publiſhed, and therefore, theſe Verſes do in time precede thoſe that are fixt in the Front of the Volume.*

A PARAPHRASE Upon the FIRST BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM I.



THat Man is truly bleſt, who never ſtrays
By falſe advice, nor walks in Sinners ways;
Nor ſits infected with their ſcornful pride,

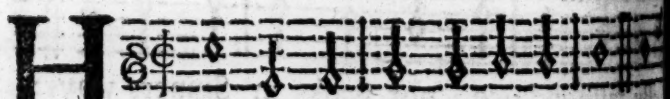


Who God contemn, and Pi--e--ty deride.

But wholly fixeth his ſincere delight
On heav'nly Laws; thoſe ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be like a Tree that ſpreads his Root
By living Streams, producing timely Fruit:
His Leaf ſhall never fall: the Lord ſhall bleſs
All his indeavours with deſir'd ſucceſs.
Men loſt in Sin, unlike rewards ſhall find,
Diſperſt like Chaff, before the furious Wind:
Their guilt ſhall not that horrid day indure,
Nor they approach th' Aſſemblies of the Pure:
For God approves thoſe ways the Righteous tread;
But Sinful Paths to ſure Deſtruction lead.

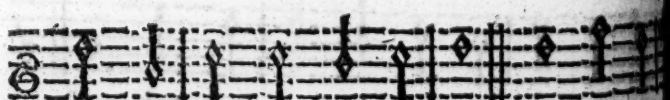
PSALM II.

Cantus.



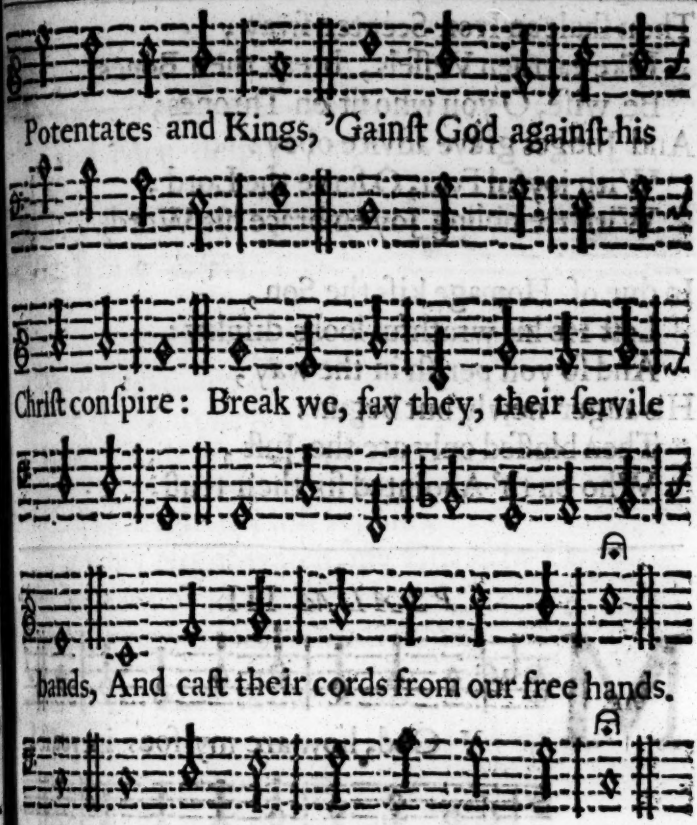
How are the Gentiles all on fire! Why

Baſſus.



rage they with vain menacings; Earths haughty

Potentates



But God from his Cœleſtial Throne
Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;
Then high incenſt, thus check their pride;
(His Wrath in their confuſion ſhown)
Loe, I my King have Crown'd, and will
Inthrone on Sions ſacred Hill.

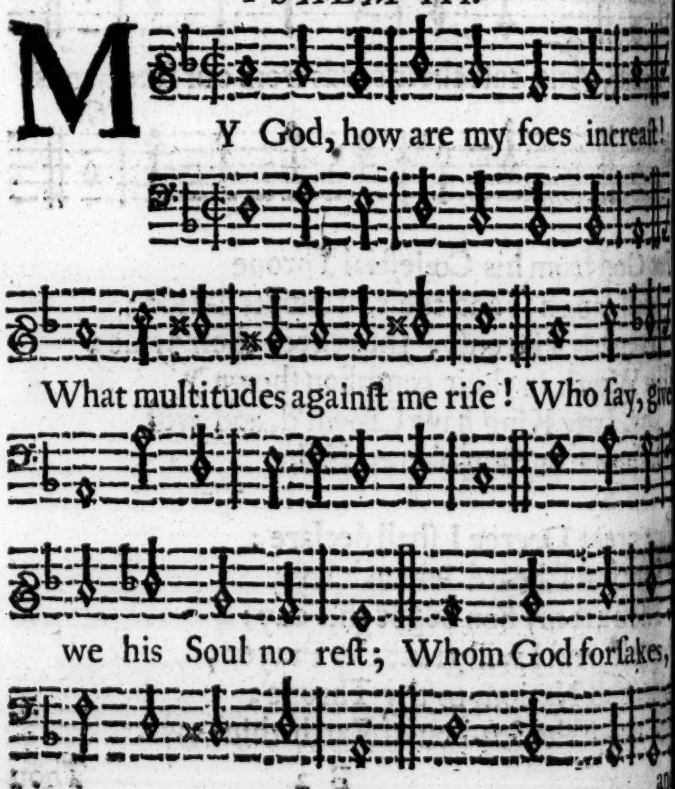
That great Decree I ſhall declare:
For thus I heard Jehovah ſay;
Thou art my Son begot this day:
Requeſt, and I will grant thy Prayer;
Subject all Nations to thy Throne;
And make the Sea-bound Earth thine own.

Thou ſhalt an Iron Scepter ſway,
Like earthen Veſſels, break their Bones.
Be wiſe, O you who ſit on Thrones;
And Judges grave advice obey:
With joyful Fear, O ſerve the Lord;
With trembling Joy embrace his Word.

In due of Homage kiſs the Son,
Leſt He his wrathful looks diſplay;
And ſo you periſh in the way,
His anger newly but begun:
Then bleſſed only are the Juſt,
Who on th' Anointed fix their truſt.

PSALM III.

Cantus. *Baſſus.*



and Men deſpiſe.

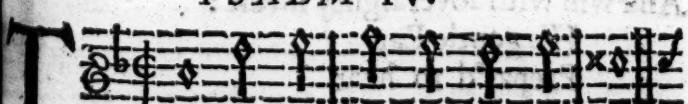
But thou art my Support, my Tower,
My Safety, my choice Ornament.
Before thy Throne my Prayers I pow'r,
Heard from thy Sions high aſcent.

No fears affright my ſoft repoſe;
Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by Day:
Not Miriads of Armed Foes,
Nor Treaſons ſecret hands diſmay.

Ariſe, O vindicate my Cauſe!
My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,
Thou, Lord, haſt ſmit their cankred Jaws,
And all their Teeth aſunder broke.

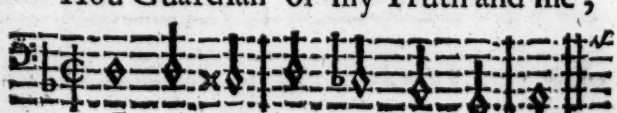
Thou, Lord, the only Hope of thoſe,
Who thee with Holy Zeal adore;
Whoſe all-protecting Arms incloſe
Their Safety, who thy Aid implore.

PSALM IV.

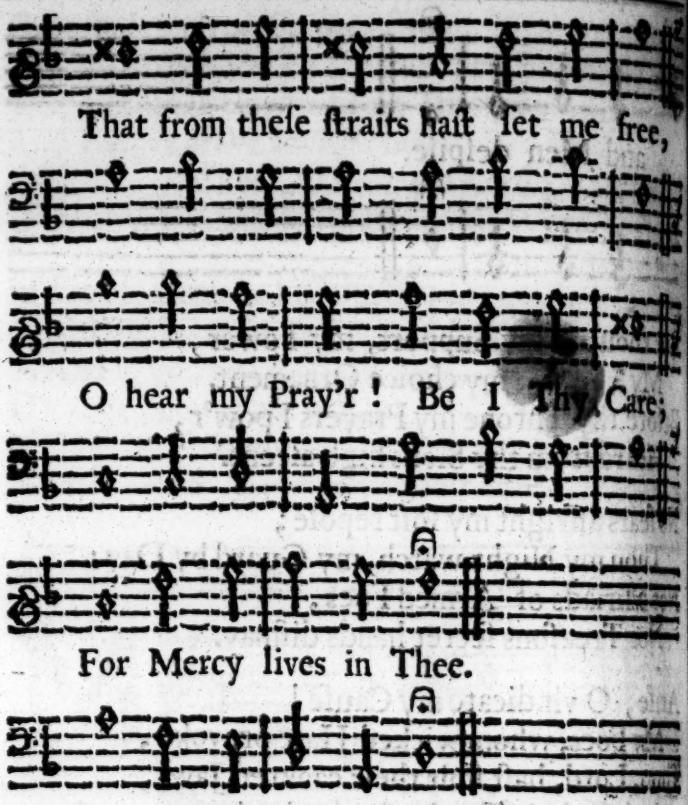


Cantus.

THou Guardian of my Truth and me,



Baſſus.



You Sons of Men, how long will you
Eclipſe my Glory, and purſue
Lov'd Vanities;
Delight in Lies,
To Man, to God untrue?

Know, God my innocence hath bleſt,
And will with ſoveraignty inveſt:
His gentle Ear
Prepar'd to hear
My never vain requeſt.

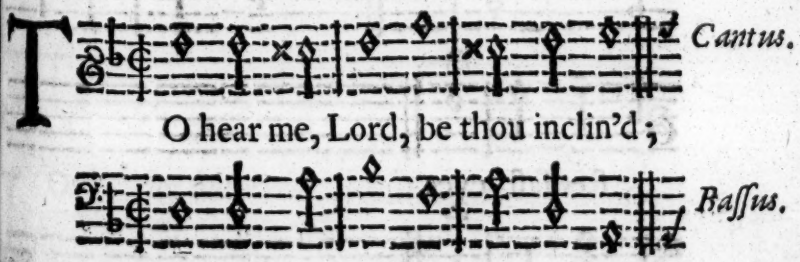
Sin not, but fear; surceaſe, and try
Your Hearts, as on your Beds you lie;
Pure gifts preſent
With pure intent,
And place your hopes on high.

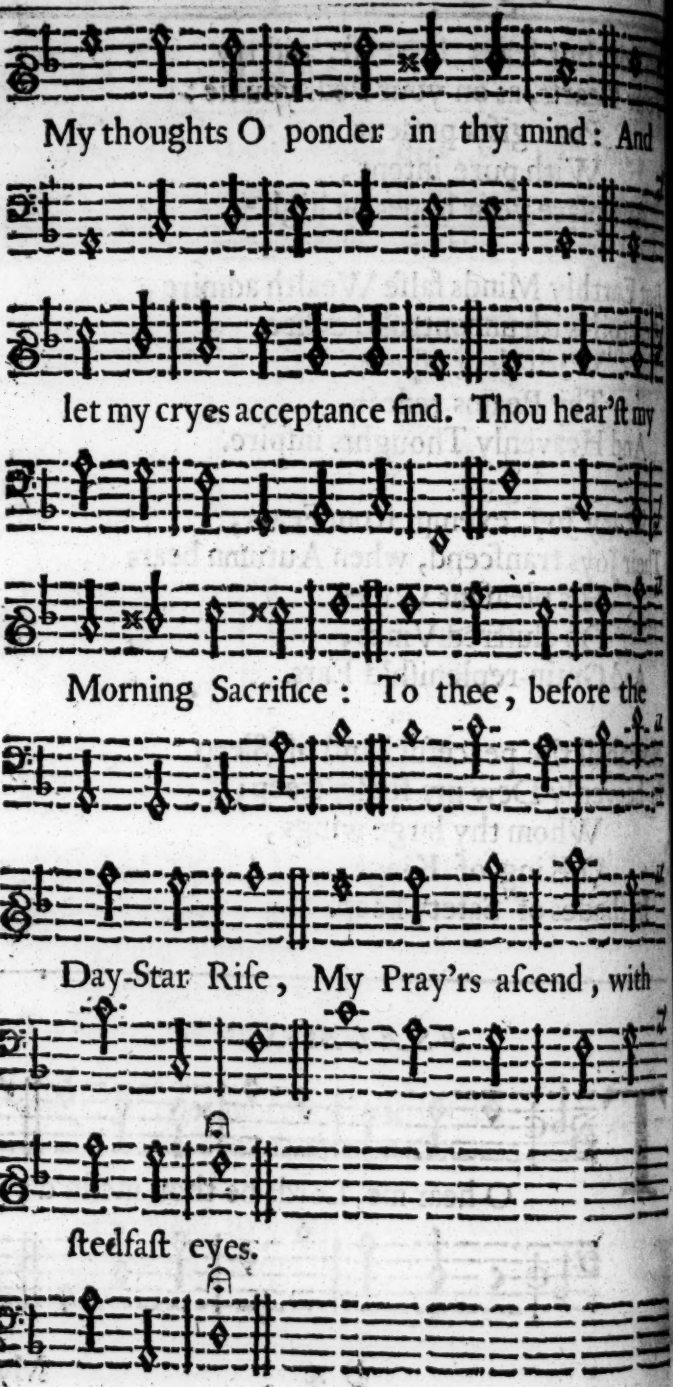
But Earthly Minds falſe Wealth admire,
And toil with uncontrol'd deſire.
With clear aſpect
Thy Beams reflect,
And Heavenly Thoughts inſpire.

O let my Joy, exempt from Fears,
Their Joys tranſcend, when Autumn bears
His pleaſant Wines
On cluſtred Vines,
And Grain-repleniſh'd Ears.

Now ſhall the peaceful hand of Sleep
In heavenly Dew my ſenſes ſteep;
Whom thy large wings,
O King of Kings,
In ſhades of Safety keep.

PSALM V.




My thoughts O ponder in thy mind: And
let my cryes acceptance find. Thou hear'ſt my
Morning Sacrifice: To thee, before the
Day-Star Riſe, My Pray'rs aſcend, with
ſtedfaſt eyes.

Thou

Thou lov'ſt no vice; none dwells with thee;
Nor glorious Fools thy Beauty ſee;
All Sin-defil'd deteſted be
Lyars ſhall ſink beneath thy hate;
Who thirſt for Blood, and weave deceit,
Thy Rage ſhall ſwiftly ruinate.

I to thy Temple will repair,
Since Infinite thy Mercies are;
And thee adore with Fear and Prayer.
My God, conduct me by thy Grace;
For many have my Soul in chaſe.
Set thy ſtrait Paths before my Face.

False are their Tongues, their Hearts are hollow,
Like gaping ſepulchres they ſwallow;
Fawn, and betray even thoſe they follow.
With Vengeance girt theſe Rebels round;
In their own counſels them confound;
Since their Tranſgreſſions thus abound.

Joy they with an exalted Voice,
That truſt in thee, who guard'ſt thy Choice:
Let thoſe who love thy Name rejoyce.
Thy Bleſſings ſhall in ſhow'rs deſcend;
Thy favour as a ſhield defend
All thoſe, who righteouſneſs intend.

PSALM VI.

LOrd, thy deſerved Wrath aſſwage; *As the 3d.*
Nor puniſh in thy burning Ire;
Let Mercy mitigate thy Rage,
Before my fainting Life expire.

O heal! my Bones with anguish ake;
My pensive Heart with sorrow worn,
How long wilt thou my soul forsake!
O pity, and at length return!

O let thy Mercies comfort me,
And thy afflicted Servant save!
Who will in death remember thee?
Or praise thee in the silent Grave?

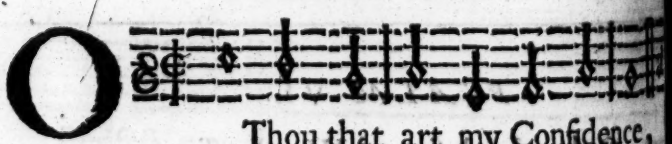
Vext by insulting enemies,
My Groans disturb the peaceful Night;
My Bed wash'd with my streaming Eyes:
Through Grief grown old, and dim of sight.

All you of wicked life depart;
The Lord my God hath heard my cry:
He will recure my wounded Heart,
And turn my Tears to tides of Joy.

Who hate me, let dishonour wound,
Let fear their guilty souls affright;
With shame their haughty looks confound,
And let them vanish from my sight.

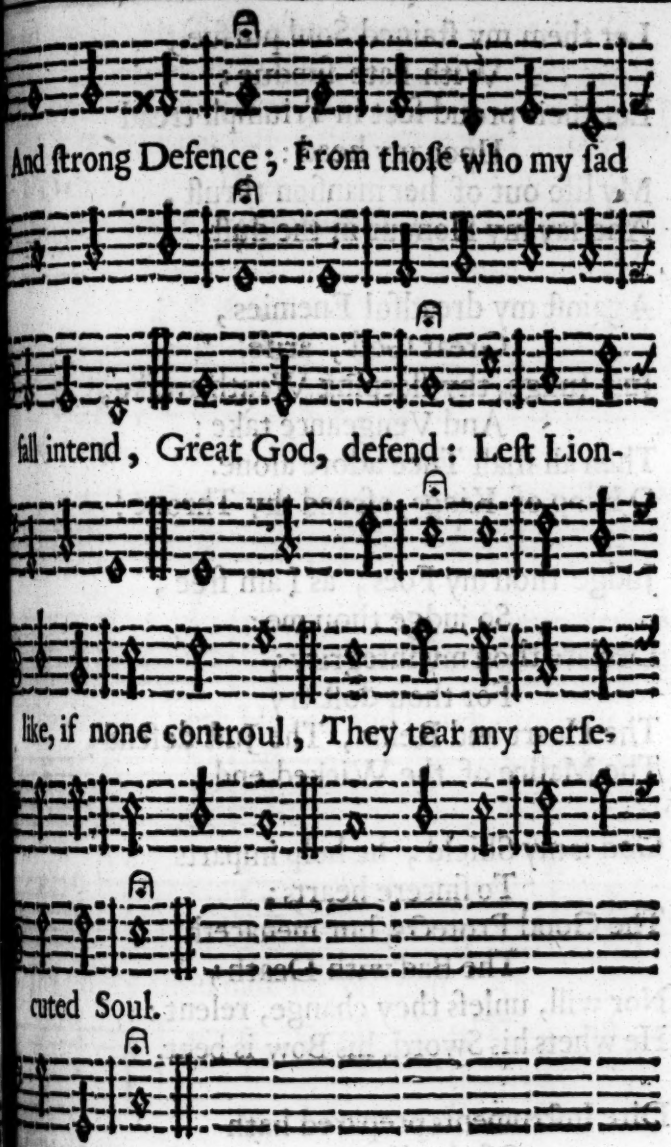
PSALM VII.

Cantus.



Thou that art my Confidence,

Bassus.



I am guilty; if there be
Deceit in me;
If I ever to my Friend
Did but intend;
Or rather have not succour'd those
Who were my undeserved foes; Let

Let them my ſtained Soul purſue,
With hate ſubdue;
Let their proud feet in Triumph tread
Upon my head:
My life out of her manſion thruſt,
And lay my Honour in the duſt.

Againſt my dreadful Enemies,
Great God, ariſe.
Juſt Judge, thy ſleeping Wrath awake,
And Vengeance take:
Then all ſhall Thee adore alone.
O King of Kings, aſcend thy Throne!

Part 2. Judge thou my Foes; as I am free,
So judge thou me:
Declare thou my integrity;
For thou doſt try
The Heart and Reins; The Juſt defend;
The Malice of the Wicked end.

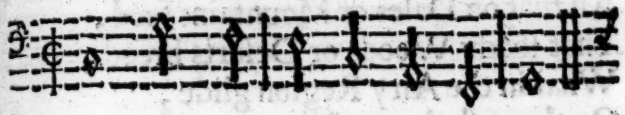
God is my Shield; he help imparts
To ſincere hearts;
The Good Protects, but menaceth
The Bad with Death;
Nor will, unleſs they change, relent:
He whets his Sword, his Bow is bent.

Dire Inſtruments prepared hath
Of deadly Wrath:
And will at thoſe, who perſecute,
ſwift Arrows ſhoot:
Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd; now great
With Miſchief, travel; hatch Deceit.

Who digg'd a pit, first fell therein,
Caught by his Sin;
On his own head his outrage shall
Like ruins fall.
But I, O thou eternal King,
Will of thy Truth and Justice sing.

PSALM VIII.

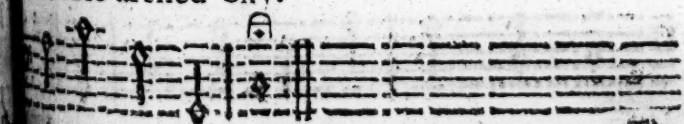
LOrd, how Illustrious is thy Name!



Whose Pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclame!

Thy Glory thou hast set on high, Above the

Marble-arched Sky.



The

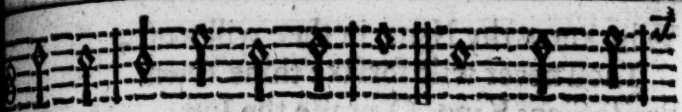
The wonders of thy Power thou haſt
In Mouths of Babes and Sucklings plac'd:
That ſo thou might'ſt thy Foes confound,
And who in malice moſt abound.
When I pure Heav'n, thy Fabrick, ſee,
The Moon and Stars diſpos'd by thee;
O what is Man, or his frail Race,
That thou ſhouldſt ſuch a Shadow grace!
Next to thy Angels moſt renown'd;
With Majeſty and Glory crown'd:
The King of all thy Creatures made;
That all beneath his feet hath laid:
All that on Dales or Mountains feed,
That ſhady Woods or Deſerts breed;
What in the Airy Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean ſlide.
Lord, how illuſtrious is thy Name!
Whoſe Pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclame.

PSALM IX.

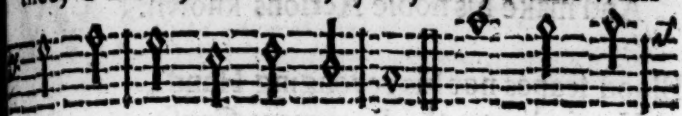
Cantus. THee will I praiſe with Heart and Voice,

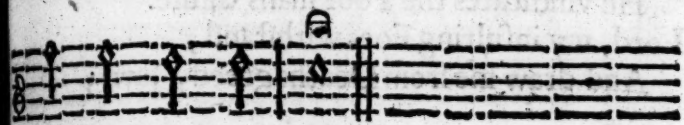
Baſſus.

Thy wondrous Works aloud reſound: In

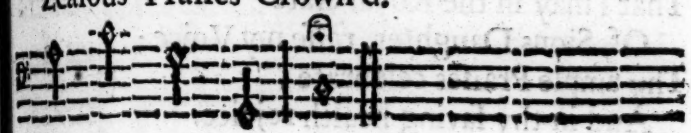


thee, O Lord, will I rejoyce; Thy Name with





Zealous Praiſes Crown'd.



My Foes fell by inglorious flight,
Before thy terrible Aſpect:
Thy powerful Hands ſupport my Right;
Thou Judgement juſtly doſt direct.

The Proud are faln, the Heathen fly;
Oblivion ſhall their names Intomb:
Deſtruction, O thou Enemy,
Hath now reciev'd a final Doom.

Thou Towns and Cities haſt deſtroy'd;
Their memory with them decayes:
But God for ever ſhall abide,
And high his Throne of Juſtice raiſe.

A righteous Scepter ſhall extend;
And Judgement diſtribute to all:
He will oppreſſed Souls defend,
That in the time of Trouble call.

Who

Who know thy Name in thee will truſt;
Thou never wilt forſake thine Own.
Praiſe Sions King, O praiſe the Juſt,
And make his noble Actions known.

Blood ſcapes not his revenging Hand;
He vindicates the Poor mans Cauſe.
Lord, my inſulting Foes withſtand,
And draw me from Deaths greedy Jaws;

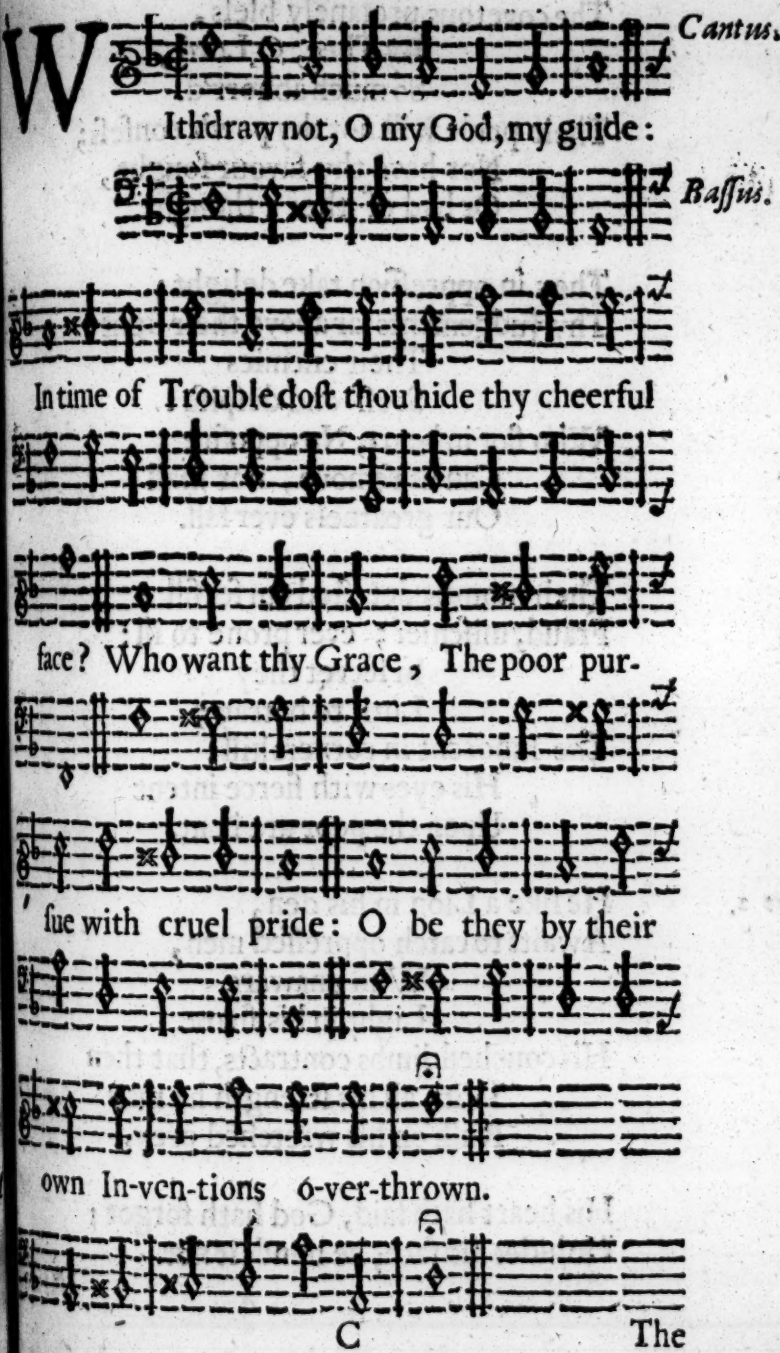
That I may in the Royal Gate
Of Sions Daughter, raiſe my Voice;
Thy ample Praiſes celebrate;
And in thy ſaving health rejoice.

They (faln into the Pit they made)
Are caught in Nets themſelves prepar'd.
The Lord his Judgements hath diſplay'd:
The Wicked in their works inſnar'd:

The Wicked down to Hell ſhall ſink,
And all that do the Lord diſdain.
But God will on the Needy think;
Nor ſhall the Poor expect in vain.

Lord, let not Man prevail; ariſe;
Th' Inſulting Heathen judge: O then
Let trembling Fear their heart ſurprize;
That they may know they are but Men.

PSALM X.


Cantus.
Withdraw not, O my God, my guide:
Bassus.
In time of Trouble dost thou hide thy cheerful
face? Who want thy Grace, The poor pur-
sue with cruel pride: O be they by their
own In-ven-tions o-ver-thrown.

The wicked boaſt of their ſucceſs;
The covetous profanely bleſs,
By Thee, O Lord,
So much abhorr'd.
Their pride will not thy pow'r confeſs;
Nor have thy favour ſought,
Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppreſſion take delight;
Thy Judgements far above their ſight:
Their enemies
Scoff and deſpiſe:
Who ſay in heart, No oppoſite
Can us remove, nor ſhall
Our greatneſs ever fall.

Their mouths deteſted curſes fill
Fraud, miſchief; ever prone to ill:
In ſecret they
Lurk to betray;
The Innocent in corners kill:
His eyes with fierce intent
Upon the poor are bent.

Part 2. He like a Lion in his den,
Awaits to catch oppreſſed men,
Who unaware
Light in his ſnare.
His couched limbs contracts, that then
With all his ſtrength he may
Ruſh on his wretched prey.

His heart hath ſaid, God hath forgot;
He hides his face; he minds it not.

Ariſe,

Arise, O Lord,
Draw thy just sword,
Nor out of thy remembrance blot
The poor and desolate:
O shield them from his hate!

Why should the wicked God despise,
And say he looks with careless eyes?
Their well seen spight
Thou shalt requite.
The poor, O Lord, on Thee relies;
Thou help'st the Fatherless,
Whom cruel men oppress.

Asunder break the arms of those,
Who ill affect, and good oppose:
Their crimes explore,
Untill no more
Lurk in their bosoms to disclose.
Eternal King, thy Hand
Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou hast heard thy Servants prayer;
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare:
Thy gracious Ear
Inclin'd to hear.
The Fatherless, and worn with care
Judge thou; that Mortals may
No more with outrage sway.

PSALM XI.

To the 9th.

MY God, on Thee my hopes relie:
Why say they to my troubled Soul,
Arise, up to your Mountain flie;
Flie, quickly, like a chaced Fowl?

For loe, the Wicked bend their bows,
Their arrows fit with secret Art;
That closely they may shoot at those,
Who are upright and pure in heart.

If their foundation be destroy'd,
What can the Righteous build upon?
God in his Temple doth abide;
Heav'n is the Great Jehovah's Throne.

His Eyes behold, his Eye-lids try
The Sons of Men; allows the best:
But such as joy in cruelty
The Lord doth from his Soul detest.

Snares, horrid Tempest, Brimstone, Fire,
(Their portion) on their heads shall light:
Th' intirely Just affects th' Intire;
For ever precious in his sight.

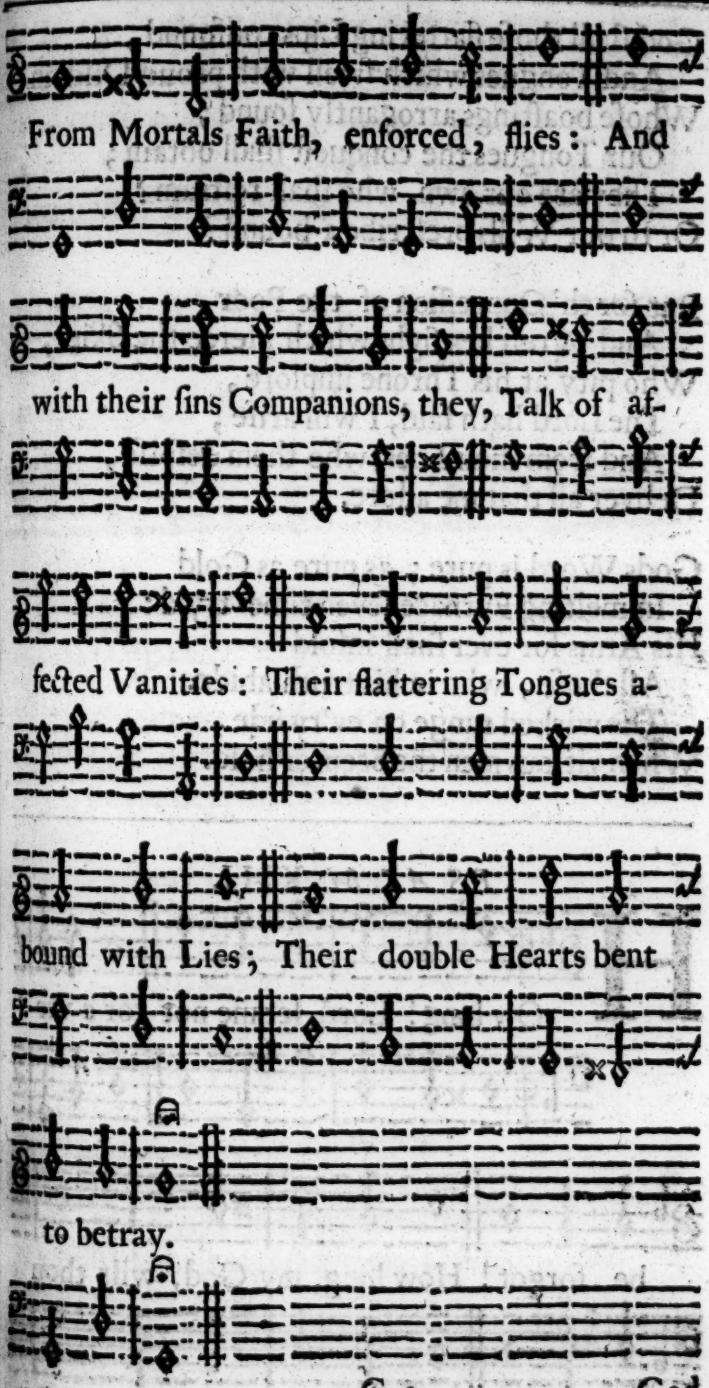
PSALM XII.

Cantus.

Bassus.

HElp Lord, for Godly men decay;

From

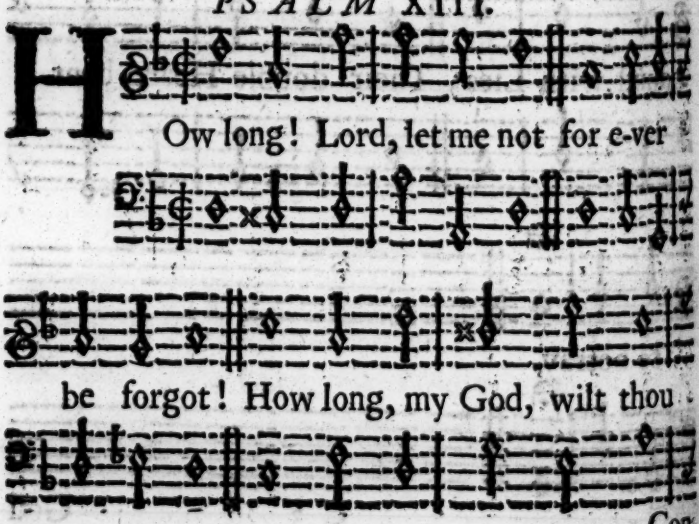

From Mortals Faith, enforced, flies: And
with their sins Companions, they, Talk of af-
fected Vanities: Their flattering Tongues a-
bound with Lies; Their double Hearts bent
to betray.

God ſhall thoſe flattering Lips confound,
And Tongues which ſwell with proud Diſdain:
Whoſe boaſtings arrogantly ſound;
Our Tongues the conqueſt ſhall obtain;
They are our own, who ſhall reſtrain?
Or to our Wills preſcribe a bound?

But for th' Oppreſſion of the Poor,
And Wretches ſighs which pierce the Skies,
Who pity at his Throne implore,
The Lord hath ſaid, I will ariſe,
And from their Foes, who them deſpiſe,
Deliver all that me adore.

Gods Word is pure; as pure as Gold
In melting Furnace ſeven times try'd:
His Arms for ever ſhall infold
All thoſe, who in his truth abide.
The wicked range on ev'ry ſide,
When vitious men the Scepter hold.

PSALM XIII.



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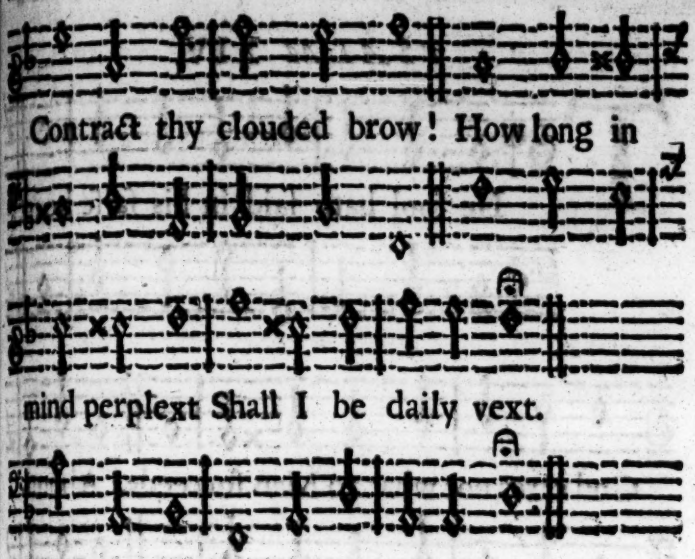


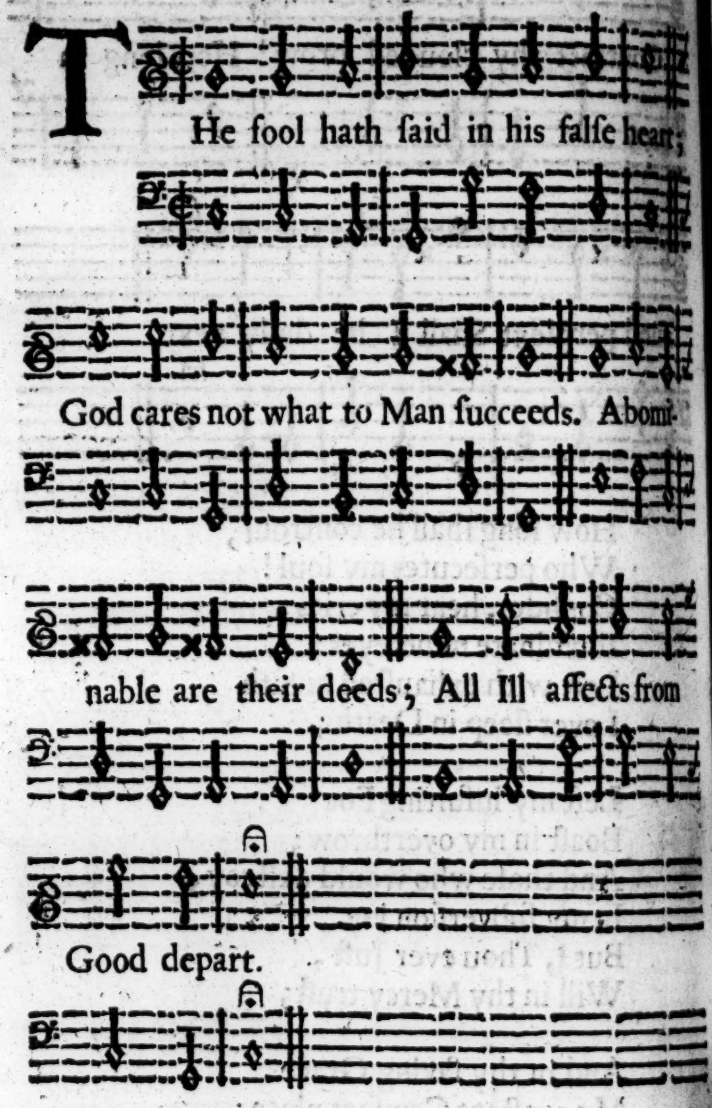
How long ſhall he controul,
Who perſecutes my ſoul!
Conſider, hear my cries;
Illuminate mine eyes;
Leſt with exhauſted breath
I ever ſleep in Death;

Leſt my inſulting Foe
Boaſt in my overthrow;
And thoſe who would deſtroy,
In my ſubverſion joy.
But I, Thou ever Juſt,
Will in thy Mercy truſt;

And in thy ſaving Grace
My conſtant Comfort place:
My Songs ſhall ſing thy Praiſe,
That haſt prolong'd my Dayes.

PSALM XIV.

Cantus. *Baſſus.*



Jehovah Mans rebellious Race
Beheld from his celeſtial Throne;
To ſee if there were any one
That underſtood, or ſought his Face.

All

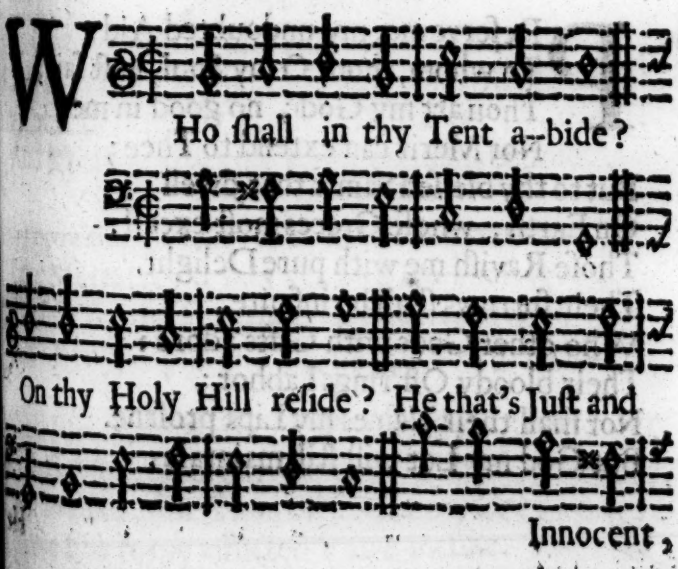
All from forsaken Truth are flown;
Corrupt in Body, such in Soul,
Defil'd within, without as foul;
None Good indeavours, no, not One.

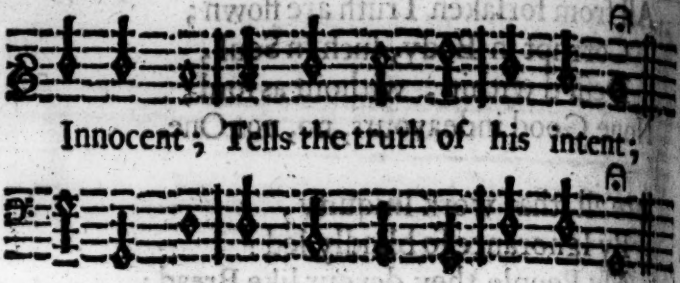
Are all, that work Iniquity,
By Ignorance so blindly led?
My People they devour like Bread;
Nor call on him who sits on high.

Their Consciences with terrour quake;
Since God doth with the Just abide:
For Poor mens Counsels they deride,
Who him for their Protection take.

O that unto thy Israel
Salvation might from Sion Spring!
When God shall us from Bondage bring,
No joy shall *Jacob*'s joy excel.

PSALM XV.





Innocent; Tells the truth of his intent;

Slanders none with venomb'd Tongue;
Fears to do his Neighbour wrong;
Fosters not base Infamies;
Vice beholds with scornful Eyes;
Honours those who fear the Lord;
Keeps, though to his loss, his Word;
Takes no Bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to Use his Money lends:
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

PSALM XVI.

As the 8.

PReserve me, my undoubted Aid:
To whom, thou, O my Soul, hast said,
Thou art my God; no good in me,
Nor Merit can extend to Thee;
But to thy blessed Saints that dwell
On Earth, whose Graces most excell:
Those Ravish me with pure Delight.
Their sorrows shall be infinite,
Who other Gods with Gifts adore:
Their bloody Off'rings I abhor;
Nor shall their Names my Lips profane.
But God my Lot will still maintain:

He is my Portion, he bestows
The Cup that with his Bounty flows.
I have a pleasant Seat obtain'd,
A fair and large Possession gain'd.
The Lord will I for ever praise,
Whose Counsels have inform'd my Wayes:
And my inflamed Zeal excite
To serve him in the silent Night.
He is my Object; by his Hand
Confirm'd, immoveable I stand.
Joy hath my Heart and Tongue possest:
My Flesh in constant Hope shall rest.
Thou wilt not leave my Soul alone
In Hell; nor let thy Holy One
Corruption see: But that High-way
To Everlasting Life display.
Thy Presence yields intire delight:
At thy Right hand Joys infinite.

PSALM XVII.

LOrd, grant my just Request; O hear my cry, *As the 31.*
And Pray'rs that lips, untoucht with guile un-
My Cause before thy High Tribunal try, (fold!
And let thine Eyes my Righteousness behold.

Thou prov'st my Heart even in the Nights recess,
Like Mettal try'st me, yet no Dross hast found:
am resolv'd, my Tongue shall not transgress;
But on thy Word will all my Actions ground.

o shall I from the Paths of Tyrants fly:
O, lest I slip, direct my Steps by Thine!
Thee invoke; for Thou wilt hear my Cry;
Thine Ear to my afflicted Voice incline.

O ſhew thy wondrous Love! Thou from their Foes
Preſerveſt all that on thy Aid depend.
Lord, as the Apple of the Eye incloſe,
And over me thy ſhady Wings extend.

Part 2. For Impious Men, and ſuch as deadly hate
My guiltleſs Soul, have compaſt me about;
Who ſwell with Pride, inclos'd with their own fat,
And words of contumely thunder out.

Our traced ſteps intrap as in a Toil;
Low-couched on the Earth with flaming Eyes;
Like famiſh'd Lions eager of their Spoil,
Or Lions Whelps; cloſe lurking to ſurpriſe.

Ariſe! prevent him, from his Glory hurl'd;
My penſive Soul, from the Devourer ſave:
From men which are thy ſcourge, men of the world,
Who in this Life alone their Portion have.

Fill'd with thy ſecret Treaſure, to their Race
They their accumulated Riches leave:
But I with Righteouſneſs ſhall ſee thy Face;
And riſing, in thy Image, joy receive.

PSALM XVIII.

As the 72. MY Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength my Power,
My ſtedfaſt Rock, my Fortreſs, my high Tower,
My God, my Safety, and my Confidence,
The Horn of my Salvation, my Defence.
My Songs ſhall thy deſerved Praiſe reſound:
For at my Prayers thou wilt my Foes confound.

Sorrow

Sorrows of Death on every side assail'd,
And dreadful floods of Impious Men prevail'd:
Sorrows of Hell my compast Soul dismay'd;
And to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd.
In this Distress I cry'd, and call'd upon
The Lord, who heard me from his Holy Throne.
He trembling Earth in his fierce Anger strook;
Th' unfixed roots of airy Mountains shook;
Smoke from his Nostrils flew; devouring Fire
Brake from his Mouth; Coles kindled by his Ire.
In his Descent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet,
And gloomy Darkness roll'd beneath his Feet,
A Golden-winged Cherubin bestrid,
And on the swiftly flying Tempest rid.

He Darkness made his secret Cabinet; *Part 2.*
Thick Fogs, and dropping Clouds about him set:
The Beams of his bright Presence these expell;
Whence showers of burning coles and hailstones fell.
From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake;
In Hail and darting Flames th' Almighty spake:
Whose Arrows my amazed Foes subdue;
And at their scattred Troops his Lightning threw.
The Ocean could not his deep Bottom hide;
The Worlds conceal'd Foundations were descri'd
At thy rebuke, Jehovah; at the blast
Even of the breath which through thy Nostrils past.
He with extended arms his Servants saves,
And drew me sinking from th' inraged waves:
From my proud foes by his assistance freed,
Who swoln with hate, no less in strength exceed.
Without his Aid, I in that stormy Day
Of my affliction, had become their prey;
Who from those straits of danger by his Might
Enlarg'd my Soul; for I was his delight.

The

Part 3. The Lord according to my innocence,
And Juſtice, did his ſaving grace diſpence.
The narrow Path by him preſcrib'd, I took;
Nor like the wicked, my Great God forſook.
For all his Judgements were before mine eyes;
I with his ſtatutes daily did adviſe,
And ever walk'd before him, void of guile:
No act or purpoſe did my ſoul defile.
For this he recompenc'd my righteouſneſs
And crown'd my innocence with fair ſucceſs.
The merciful ſhall flouriſh in thy Grace;
Thy Righteouſneſs the Righteous ſhall embrace:
Thou to the Pure thy Purity wilt ſhow;
And the perverſe ſhall thy averſeneſs know.
For thou wilt thy afflicted People ſave;
The proud caſt down, down to the greedy grave.
Thou Lord wilt make my taper to ſhine bright,
And clear my darkneſs with celeſtial Light.
Through Thee I have againſt an Hoſt prevail'd;
And by thy aid, a lofty Bulwark ſcal'd.

Part 4. Gods Path is perfect, all his Words are juſt;
A Shield to thoſe that in his promiſe truſt.
What God is their in Heav'n or Earth but ours!
What Rock but He, againſt aſſailing Powers!
He breath'd new ſtrength and courage in the day
Of Battel, and ſecurely cleer'd my way.
He makes my feet outſtrip the nimble Hind,
Up to the Mountains, where I ſafety find.
'Tis he that teacheth my weak hands to fight:
A Bow of ſteel is broken by their might.
Thou didſt thy ample Shield before me ſet;
Thy Arm upheld, thy Favour made me great.
The paſſage of my ſteps on ev'ry ſide,
Thou haſt inlarged, leſt my feet ſhould ſlide.

I followed, overtook; nor made retreat,
Untill victorious in my Foes defeat;
So charg'd with wounds, that they no longer stood;
But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.
Thou arm'st me with prevailing Fortitude,
And all that rose against me hast subdu'd:
Their stubborn necks subjected to my Will,
That I their blood, who hate my Soul, might spill.
They cry'd aloud; but found no succour near:
To thee, Jehovah; but thou wouldst not hear.

I pounded them like dust, which Whirle-winds raise: *Part 5.*
Trod under-foot as dirt in beaten wayes.
From Popular Fury thou hast set me free;
Among the Heathen hast exalted me;
Whom unknown Nations serve: as soon obey
As hear of me; and yield unto my sway.
The Stranger-born, beset with horrour, fled;
And in their close Retreats betray their dread.
O praise the living Lord, the Rock whereon
I build; the God of my Salvation!
'Tis he who rights my wrongs; the People bends
To my Subjection; from my Foe defends.
Thou raisest me above their proud controul;
And from the violent Man hast freed my Soul.
The Heathen shall admire my Thankfulness:
My Songs shall thy immortal Praise express.
A great and manifold Deliverance
God gives his King: his mercy doth advance
In his Anointed; and will show'r his Grace
Eternally on *David* and his Race.

PSALM

PSALM XIX.

As the 8th.

GOds Glory the vaſt Heav'ns proclame;
The Firmament, his mighty Frame.
Day unto Day, and Night to Night
The wonders of his Works recite.
To theſe nor ſpeech nor words belong,
Yet underſtood without a Tongue.
The Globe of Earth they compaſs round;
Through all the world diſperſe their ſound.
There is the Suns Pavillion ſet;
Who from his Roſie Cabinet,
Like a freſh Bride-groom ſhews his face;
And as a Giant, runs his race.
He riſeth in the dawning Eaſt,
And glides obliquely to the Weſt:
The World with his bright Rayes repleat;
All Creatures cheriſh'd by his heat.
Gods Laws are perfect, and reſtore
The Soul to life, even dead before.
His Teſtimonies, firmly true,
With Wiſdom ſimple men indue.

Part 2.

The Lords Commandments are upright,
And Feaſt the Soul with ſweet delight.
His Precepts are all Puritie,
Such as illuminate the Eye,
The fear of God, ſoil'd with no ſtain,
Shall everlaſtingly remain.
Jehovah's Judgements are Divine;
With Judgement he doth Juſtice joine:
Which men ſhould more than Gold deſire,
Then heaps of Gold refin'd by Fire:
More ſweet than Honey of the Hive,
Or Cels where Bees their Treaſure ſlive.

Thy

Thy Servant is inform'd from thence:
They, their Obſervers recompence.
Who knows what his Offences be?
From ſecret ſins O cleanſe thou me!
And from preſumptuous Crimes reſtrain;
Nor let them in thy Servant reign:
So ſhall I live in Innocence,
Not ſpotted with that great Offence.
My Fortreſs, my Deliverer;
O let the Prayers my Lips prefer,
And Thoughts which from my Heart ariſe,
Be acceptable in thine Eyes.

PSALM XX.

As the 7.

THe Lord in thy Adverſity
Regard thy cy;
Great *Jacobs* God with Safety arm,
And ſhield from harm:
Help from his Sanctuary ſend,
And out of Sion thee defend.

Thy Odors, which pure flames conſume,
Be his Perfume:
May he accept thy Sacrifice,
Fir'd from the Skies.
For ever thy indeavours bleſs;
And crown thy Counſels with ſucceſs.

We will of thy Deliverance ſing,
Triumphant King:
Our Enſigns in that pray'd-for Day
With Joy diſplay;
Even in the Name of God. O ſtill
May he thy juſt Deſires fulfil!

Now know I his Anointed He
Will hear, and free;
With ſaving Hand and Mighty Power,
From his high Tower.
Theſe truſt in Horſe; in Chariots thoſe;
Our truſt we in our God repoſe.

Their wounded limbs with anguiſh bend,
To Death deſcend:
But we in fervour of the fight
Have ſtood upright.
O ſave us, Lord; thy Suppliants hear:
And in our aid, Great King, appear.

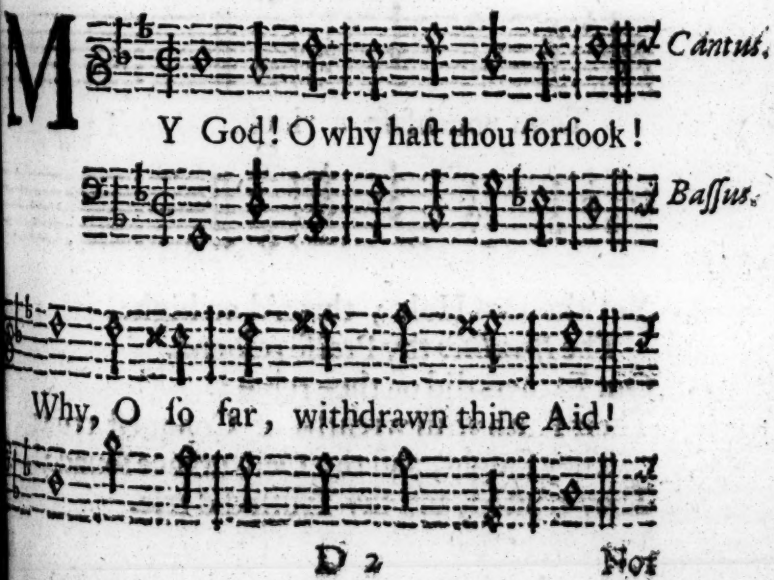
PSALM XXI.

As the 15.

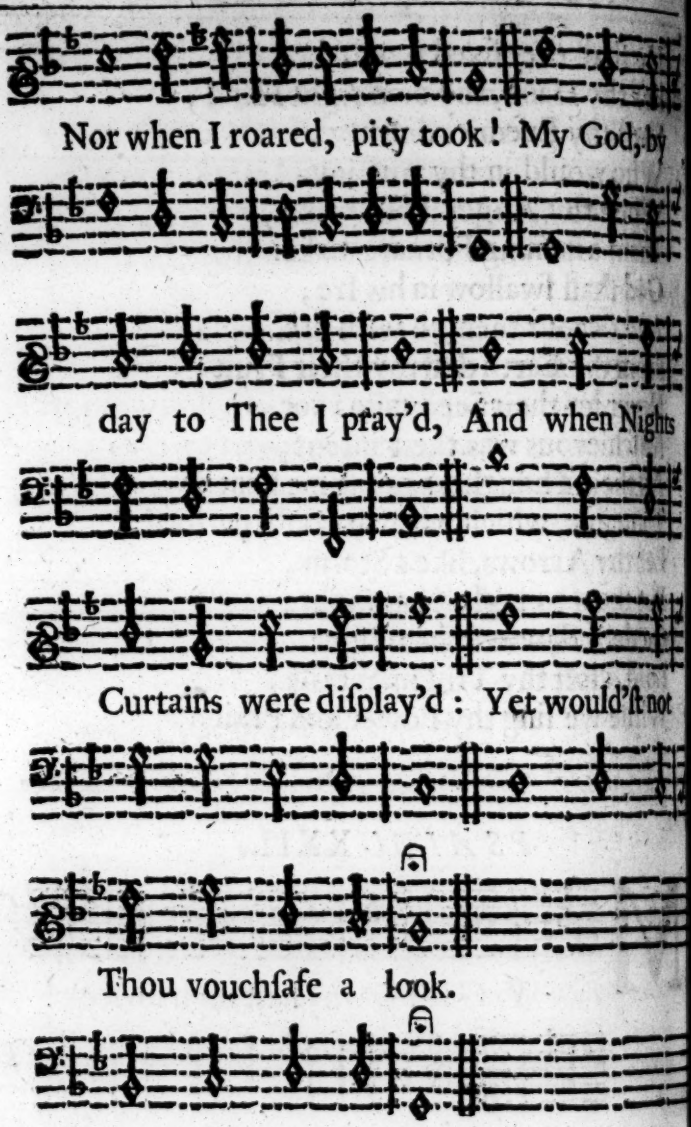
LOrd, in thy Salvation,
In the Strength which thou haſt ſhown,
Greatly ſhall the King rejoyce.
How will Joy exalt his Voice!
Thou haſt granted his requeſt;
Of his Hearts deſire poſſeſt;
Bleſt with Bleſſings manifold;
Crown'd with ſparkling Gems and Gold.
Praid-for Life thou granted haſt;
Length of Days which never waſte;
By thy Safe-guard glorious made;
With high Majeſty array'd:
Of reſiſtleſs Pow'r poſſeſt;
By thy favours ever bleſt.
Lo! his Joys are infinite;
Joy reflected from thy ſight:
For the King in God did truſt.
Through the Mercy of the Juſt,

He shall ever fixed stand.
For thy Hand, thy own right Hand,
Shall thy Enemies destroy,
Who would in thy ruin joy.
When thy Anger shall awake,
Them a flaming Furnace make.
God shall swallow in his Ire,
And devour them all with fire.
From the Earth destroy their Fruit;
Never let their Seed take root.
Mischievous was their intent;
All their Thoughts against me bent;
Thoughts, which nothing could perform.
Let thy Arrows, like a Storm,
Put them to inglorious flight;
On their daunted faces light.
Lord, aloft thy Triumphs raise,
While we sing thy Power and Praise.

PSALM XXII.



MY God! O why hast thou forsook!
Why, O so far, withdrawn thine Aid!



Yet thou art Holy; thron'd on high;
The *Iſraelites* thy Praiſe reſound.
Our Fathers did on thee relye;
Their Faith with wreaths of Conqueſt crown'd:
They ſought, and thy Deliverance found;
They truſted, and thy Truth did trie.

But I, a worm, no man, am made
The scorn of men; despis'd by all:
Who shake their Heads, make mouths, upbraid.
Let God, say they, redeem from thrall,
On whom thy Hopes so vainly call;
Now let him his Beloved aid.

Thou drew'st me from the Womb; by Thee
Confirmed at my Mothers breast:
When born, Thou took'st the charge of me;
Even from my Birth, my God profest.
O succour me with fear distrest!
Thou canst alone thy Servant free.

Incensed Bulls about me stare; *Part 2.*
Strong Bulls of Bashan girt me round;
Who their inflamed mouths prepare,
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
I'm spilt like water on the ground;
And all my Bones disjointed are.

My Heart like Wax within me thaws;
My vigour as a Pot-sheard dry'd:
My thirsty Tongue cleaves to my jaws;
In dust of Death thou do'st me hide:
Dogs compass me on ev'ry side;
And multitudes, who hate thy Laws.

My Hands and Feet transfixed are;
Bones, to be told, with anguish waste:
This seen with joy, my robes they share;
Lots on my seamless garment cast.
My Strength, to my redemption haste!
For O be deaf to my sad prayer!

Let not the Sword thy Servant wound;
My Dearling from the Dog protect:
From Lions that in rage abound;
From Unicorns guard thy Elect.
I then my Brethren will direct;
Among the Saints thy Praise resound.

Part 3. O praise him you who fear the Lord;
You Sons of *Jacob*, God adore:
Let *Israels* Seed his praise record;
For from their crys who help implore,
His Face he hides not, nor the Poor
In their Affliction hath abhorr'd.

I in the great Assembly shall
Declare his Works, which words exceed;
And pay my Vows before them all.
The Meek abundantly shall feed;
The Faithful praise their Help at need,
Nor by the stroke of Death shall fall.

All who behold the Suns Up-rise,
Shall God profess, and serve alone:
And all the Heathen Families
Shall cast themselves before his Throne;
Because the Kingdom is his own:
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound,
Nor undeserved Honours gain;
Who poorly creep upon the ground,
And scarce their needy lives sustain;
Shall eat, and to his easie reign
Submit, with joys eternal crown'd.

Their sanctifi'd Posteritie
Shall ever celebrate his Name;
Adopted Sons of the most High:
They shall his Righteousness proclame,
And Works of everlasting fame,
To their believing Progeny.

PSALM XXIII.

THe Lord my Shepherd, me his Sheep *As the 8.*
Will from consuming Famine keep.
He fosters me in fragrant Meads,
By softly-sliding waters leads;

My Soul refresh'd with pleasant juice:
And lest they should his Name traduce,
Then when I wander in the Maze
Of tempting sin, informs my ways.

No terrour can my courage quail,
Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vail;
By thy Protection fortifi'd:
Thy Staff my Stay, thy Rod my Guide.

My Table thou hast furnished;
Powr'd pretious Odors on my head:
My Mazer flows with pleasant Wine,
While all my Foes with envy pine.

Thy Mercy and Beneficence
Shall ever joyn in my Defence;
Who in thy House will sacrifice,
Till aged Time close up mine eyes.

PSALM XXIV.

As the 8.

THe round and many-peopled Earth,
What from her womb extract their birth,
And whom her foodful breaſt ſuſtains,
Are his, who high in glory raigns.
The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd,
By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd.
Who ſhall upon his Mountain reſt?
Who in his Sanctuary feaſt?
Even he, whoſe hands are innocent;
His heart unſoil'd with foul intent;
Whom ſwoln Ambition, Avarice,
Nor tempting Pleaſures can intice:
Who only their infection fears;
And never fraudulently ſwears:
The Lord his Saviour him ſhall bleſs,
And cloth him with his Righteouſneſs.
Such are of *Jacobs* Faithful Race,
Who ſeek him, and ſhall find his Face.
You lofty Gates, your Leaves diſplay;
You everlaſting Doors, give way;
The King of Glory comes. O ſing
His Praiſe! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord in Strength, in Pow'r compleat;
The Lord in Battail more than great.
You lofty Gates; your Leaves diſplay;
You everlaſting Doors give way;
The King of Glory comes. O ſing
His praiſe! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord of Hoſts, of Victory,
Is King of glory; thron'd on high.

PSALM XXV.

ON Thee with Confidence I call, *As the 2.*
To thee my troubled Soul erect:
Lord, let not shame my look deject,
Nor Malice triumph in my fall.
Thy Servants save; but those confound,
Who Innocence with slander wound.

In thy disclosed paths direct;
Thy Truth, that leading Star display:
O my Redeemer! every day
My dangers thy relief expect.
Think of thy Mercies shown of old;
Thy Mercies more than can be told.

The sins of my unbridled Youth,
Nor frail Transgressions call to mind:
Let those that seek, thy Mercy find,
Even for the honour of thy Truth.
God, ever just and good, the way
Of life will shew to such as stray.

The Meek in righteousness shall guide;
To such his heavenly Will express:
Which shall with Truth and Mercy bless
All such as in his Laws abide.
My sins, so numerous and great
O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

What's he who fears The ever-Blest? *Part 2.*
To him shall he his Paths disclose:
His Soul refresh'd with calm repose;
The Land by his fair Race possest:

To

To him his Counſels ſhall impart,
And ſeal his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait:
My feet in lange thou from their ſnares.
O pitty me ſo worn with cares;
Deſpiſed, poor, and deſolate!
The troubles of my mind increaſe;
Lord, from their galling yoke releaſe!

Behold thou my affliction,
The toil and ſtraits, wherein I live:
My ſins, ſo infinite, forgive.
Behold my Foes, how potent grown!
How are they multiply'd of late,
Who hate me with a deadly hate!

Deliver, O! from ſhame protect;
Since from my Faith I never ſwerve:
Let Innocence and Truth preſerve,
Who conſtantly thy aid expect.
Redeem thy choſen *Iſrael*,
And ſorrow from his breſt expell.

PSALM XXVI.

As the 4th.

LOrd, judge my cauſe: thy piercing Eye
Beholds my Souls integritie.
How can I fall;
When I, and all
My hopes on thee relie?

Examine, try my reins and heart;
Thou, Mercies Source, my object art:

Nor

Nor from thy Truth
Have I in Youth,
Or will in Age depart.

Men sold to sin offend my sight;
I hate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite:
Those who devise
Malicious lies,
And in their crimes delight.

But will, with hands immaculate,
And offerings, at thy Altar wait:
Thy Praise dispers
In grateful verse;
Thy Noble Acts relate.

Thy House, in my esteem, excels:
The Mansion where thy Glory dwells.
My life O close
Not up with those,
Whose sin thy Grace expells!

Who guiltless blood with pleasure spill:
Subverting bribes their right-hands fill;
Bold in offence.
But Innocence
And Truth shall guard me still.

Redeem; O with thy Grace sustain!
My feet now stand upon the plain.
Thy Justice I
Will magnifie,
With those who fear thy Name.

PSALM

PSALM XXVII.

As the 10.

GOd is my Saviour, my clear light:
Who then can my repoſe affright?
Or what appear
Worth ſuch a fear,
My life protected by his Might?
Vain hatred, vain their power,
That would my life devour.

Theſe fell, when they againſt me fought:
The Wicked ſuffer'd what they ſought.
Though troops of foes
At once incloſe,
Of fear I would not lodge a thought:
Should Armies compaſs me;
So confident in thee.

One thing I have, and ſhall requeſt;
That I may in thy Manſion reſt,
Till Death ſurprize
My cloſing eyes:
That they may on thy beauty feaſt;
That in thy Temple ſtill
I may enquire thy Will.

When ſtorms ariſe on ev'ry ſide,
He will in his Pavillion hide:
How ever great,
In that retreat
I ſhall conceal'd and ſafe abide.
He, to reſiſt their ſhock,
Hath fixt me on a Rock.

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd
Above my foes, who gird me round;
That in my Tent
I may present
My sacrifice with Trumpets sound:
There I thy praise will sing,
Set to a well-tun'd string.

O hear thou my afflicted cry; Part 2.
Extend thy pity, and reply.
When thus the Lord
In sweet accord;
Seek thou my Face with searching Eye.
Directed by thy Grace,
Lord, I will seek thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide!
Nor in thine anger turn aside
From him that hath
Serv'd thee with faith.
Forsake me not, my ancient Guide;
So oft in dangers known:
O leave me not alone.

Although my Parents should forsake;
Yet, Lord, thou wouldst to Harbour take.
O lest I stray,
Teach me the Way,
And in thy Precepts perfect make:
Because my enemies
Watch like so many Spies.

Expose me not to their desire;
For lying witnesses conspire,
Who in their breath
Bear Wrath and Death.

My

My Soul had ſunk beneath their ire,
But that I did relye
On thy benignity.

In hope to ſee (within the Land
Of thoſe that live) thy ſaving hand.
He ſhall impart
Strength to thy heart.
Wait on the Lord, undaunted ſtand;
His heav'nly Will attend,
Who timely aid will ſend.

PSALM XXVIII.

As the 5th.

MY God, my Rock, regard my Crie;
Leſt I unheard, like thoſe that die,
In ſhades of dark Oblivion lie.

To my aſcending Grief give ear,
When I my hands devoutly rear
Before thy Mercy-ſeat with fear.

With wicked men mix not my Fate;
Nor drag me with the Reprobate,
Who ſpeak of Peace, but foſter hate.

Such as their works, their dire intent,
And practices to circumvent;
Such be their dreadful puniſhment.

Since they will not thy Choice renown,
But hate whom thou intend'ſt to crown;
O build not up, but pull them down!

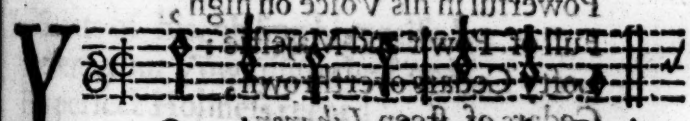
He

He hears! His Name be magnifi'd!
My Strength, fecur'd on ev'ry ſide,
Since all my hope on him rely'd.

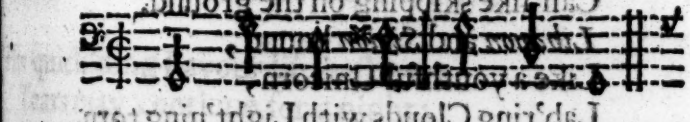
Theſe Seas of Joy my Tears devour.
My Songs ſhall celebrate thy Power,
O thou that art to thine a Tower.

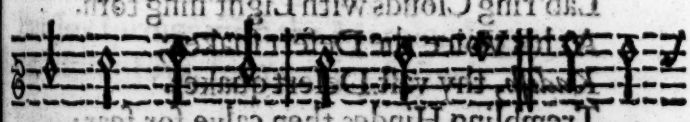
O thou my ſtrong Deliverance,
Thy People, thine Inheritance,
Bleſs, feed, preſerve, and ſtill advance.

PSALM XXIX.

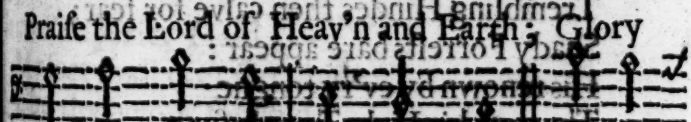


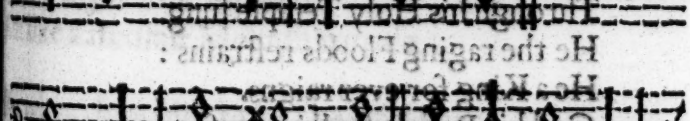
YOu that are of Princely Birth,



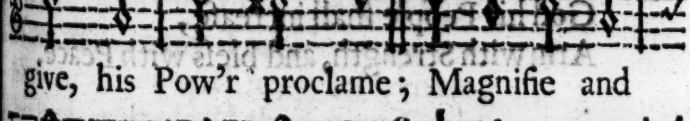


Praiſe the Lord of Heav'n and Earth; Glory

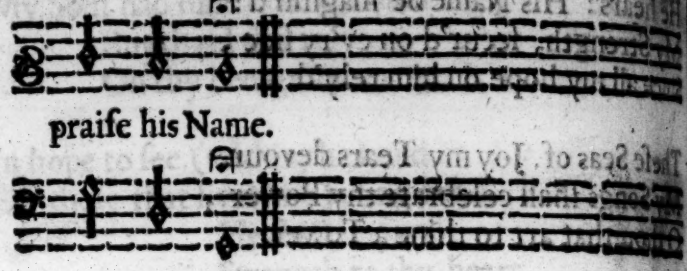




give, his Pow'r proclame; Magnifie and



Praiſe



praise his Name.

Worship; in the Beauty bless,
Beauty of his Holiness.
From a dark and show'ring Cloud,
On the floods that roar aloud,
Hark! his Voice with terrour breaks:
God, our God in Thunder speaks.
Powerful in his Voice on high,
Full of Pow'r and Majestie:
Lofty Cedars overthrown,
Cedars of steep *Libanon*,
Calf-like skipping on the ground.
Libanon and *Sirion* bound,
Like a youthful Unicorn,
Lab'ring Clouds with Light'ning torn.
At his Voice the Desert shakes;
Kadish, thy vast Desert quakes.
Trembling Hindes then calve for fear;
Shady Forrests bare appear:
His renown by ev'ry tongue
Through his Holy Temple sung.
He the raging Floods restrains:
He a King for ever raigns.
God his People shall increase,
Arm with Strength, and bless with Peace.

PSALM

PSALM XXX.

MY Verse shall in thy praises flow: *As the 14.*
Lord, thou hast rais'd my head on high;
Nor suffer'd the proud Enemy
To triumph in my overthrow.

I cry'd aloud; thy Arm did save;
Thou drew'st me from the shades of Death,
Repealing my exiled breath,
When almost swallow'd by the Grave.

You Saints of his, oh sing his praise!
Present your Vows unto the Lord;
His perfect Holiness record,
Whose Wrath but for a Moment stays.

His quick'ning Favour life bestows:
Tears may continue for a night;
But Joy springs with the Morning Light;
Long-lasting Joys, soon-ending Woes.

In my Prosperity I said, *Part 2.*
My feet shall ever fixt abide:
I, by thy favour fortifi'd,
Am like a stedfast Mountain made.

But when thou hid'st thy cheerful Face;
How infinite my Troubles grew!
My cries then with my grief renew,
Which thus implor'd thy saving Grace:

What profit can my blood afford,
When I shall to the Grave descend?
Can senseless Dust thy Praise extend?
Can Death thy living Truth record?

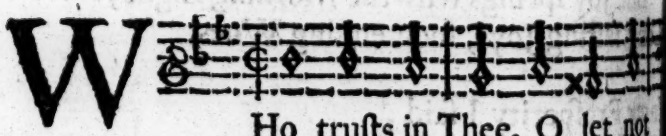
To my Complaints attentive be;
Thy Mercy in my aid advance:
O perfect my Deliverance,
That have no other Hope but Thee!

Thou, Lord, hast made th' Afflicted glad;
My Sorrow into Dancing turn'd:
The Sack-cloth torn wherein I mourn'd,
And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

That so my Glory might proclame
Thy Favours in a joyful Verse;
Unceasantly thy Praise rehearse,
And magnifie thy sacred Name.

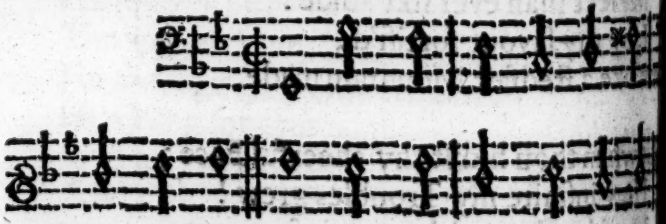
PSALM XXXI.

Cantus.

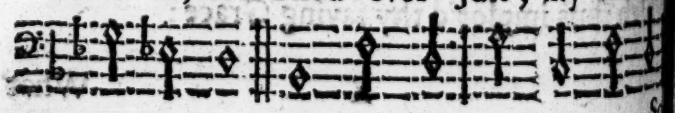


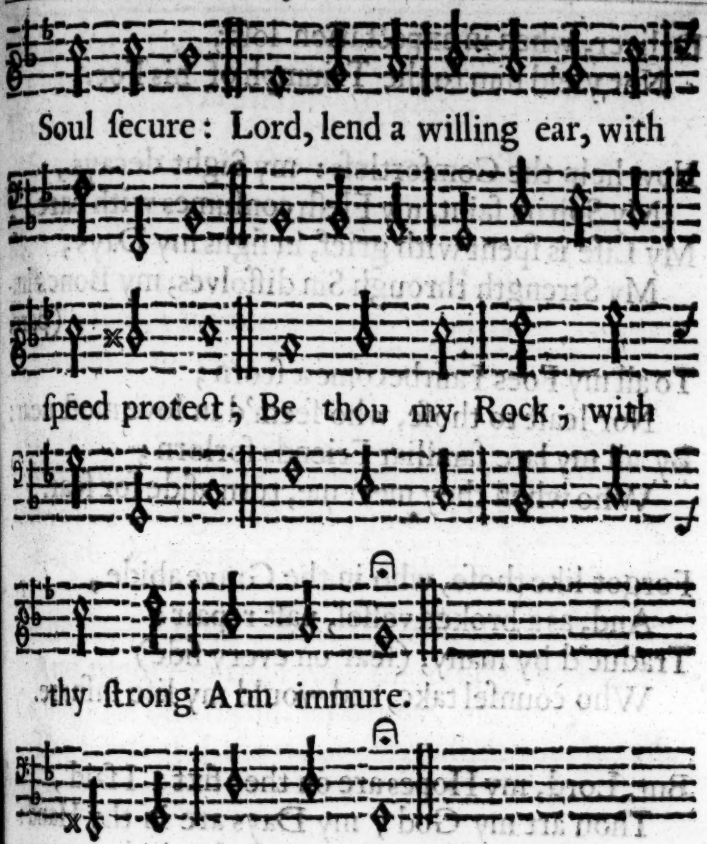
Ho trusts in Thee, O let not

Bassus.



shame deject! Thou ever Just, my chased





My Rock, my Fortress, for thy Honour aid,
And my ingaged feet from Danger guide:
Pull from their subtil Snares in secret laid,
O thou my only Strength so often try'd.

To thy safe Hands my Spirit I commend,
O my Redeemer, O thou God of Truth.
Who Lies invent, or unto Idols bend,
I have abhorr'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I will rejoice, and in thy Mercy boast,
That in his trouble wouldst thy Servant know:

Deliver, when in expectation loſt;
Nor yield him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Part 2. Now help the Comfortleſs: my Sight decays,
My Spirits faint, my Fleſh conſumes with care:
My Life is ſpent with grief, in ſighs my Days;
My Strength through Sin diſſolves, my Bones im-
(pare.

To all my Foes I am become a ſcorn;
Nor leaſt to thoſe, who ſeem'd in love moſt near:
By all my late familiar Friends forlorn;
Who when they meet me, turn aſide for fear.

Forgot like thoſe, who in the Grave abide,
And, as a broken veſſel, paſt repair:
Traduc'd by many, (fear on every ſide)
Who counſel take, and would my life inſnare.

But, Lord, my Hopes are on thee fixt: I ſaid,
Thou art my God; my Days are in thy Hand:
Againſt my furious Foes oppoſe thy Aid;
And thoſe, who perſecute my Soul, withſtand.

O let thy Face upon thy Servant ſhine;
Save for thy Mercies ſake; from Shame defend.
Shame cover thoſe who keep no Laws of thine;
And undeplored to the Grave deſcend.

Part 3. The lying lips in endleſs ſilence cloſe,
That with deſpite and pride traduce the Juſt.
What Joy haſt thou reſerv'd! what wrought for
(In ſight of all) who fear, and in thee truſt! (thoſe

Thoſe

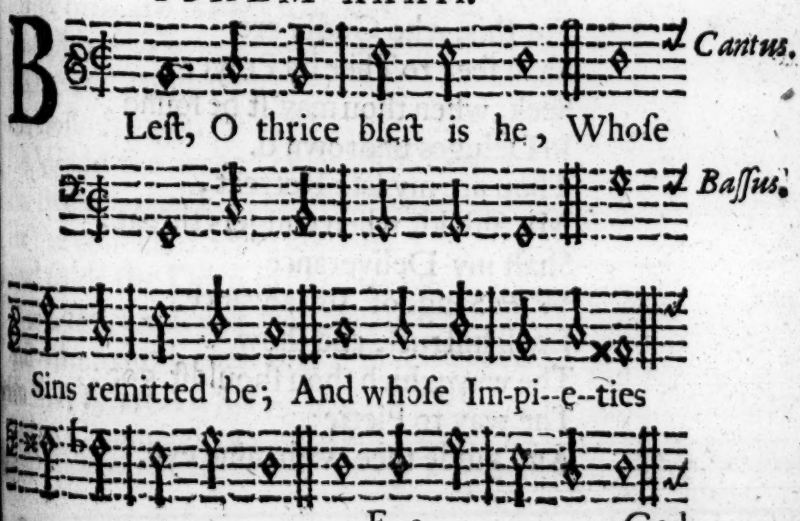
Those shalt Thou in thy secret Presence hide
From their Oppressors violence and wrongs;
They in thy close Pavilion shall abide,
Secured from the strife of envious Tongues.

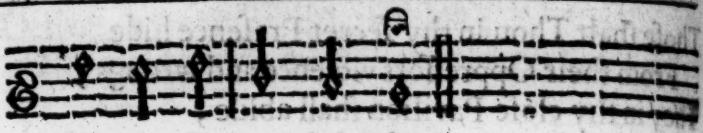
Blest he! who in a walled City hath
To me his wonderful Affection shown.
Rashly said, I am the food of Wrath;
Cut off; for ever from his Presence thrown.

Yet thou, O ever blessed, heard'st my Prayer,
When to thy Mercy I address my Cry.
O love the living Lord, all you that are
His chosen Saints, and on his Aid rely.

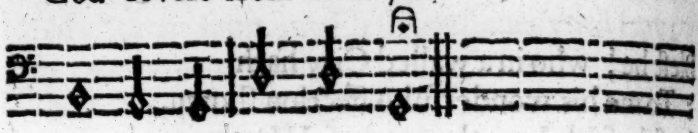
For he the Faithful ever will preserve;
And render to the Proud their full deserts.
Couragious be all you, who hope, and serve
The Lord of Life, who will confirm your hearts.

PSALM XXXII.





God covers from his Eyes.



To whom his Sins are not
Imputed, as forgot:
His Soul with guile unſtain'd.
While ſilent I remain'd,
My bones conſum'd away;
I roared all the day:
For on me day and night
Thy Hand did heavy light.
My moiſture dry'd throughout,
Like to a Summers drought.
I then my Sins confeſt,
How far I had tranſgreſt:
When all I had reveal'd,
Thy Hand my Pardon ſeal'd.
For this, who Godly are
Shall ſeek to Thee by Prayer;
Seek, when thou may'ſt be found;
In Deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my ſafe Retreat,
My Shield, when dangers threat;
Shalt my Deliverance
With Songs of Joy advance.
I will inſtruct, and ſhow
The way which thou ſhouldſt goe;
The way to Pietie;
And guide thee with mine eye.

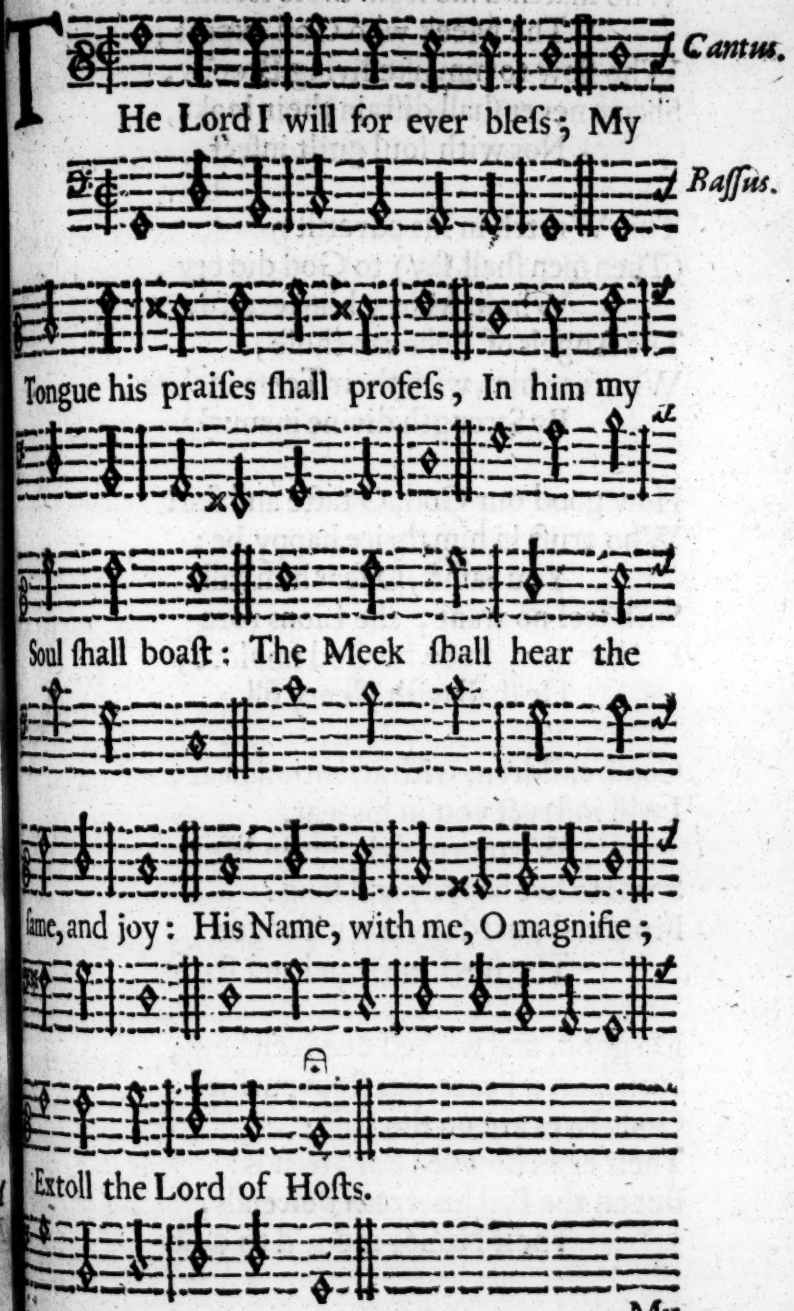
Be not like Mule and Horſe,
Whoſe reaſon is their Force;
Whoſe mouth the Bit and Rein,
Leſt they rebel, reſtrain.
Innumerable Woes
The Wicked ſhall incloſe:
But thoſe who God affect,
His Mercy ſhall protect.
O you, who are upright,
In God your God delight:
You Juſt, his bleſſed Choice,
In Him with Songs rejoice.

PSALM XXXIII.

TO God, you Juſt, your Voices raiſe; *As the* 8th.
It you beſeems to ſing his Praiſe.
O celebrate the King of kings
On Inſtruments ſtrung with ten Strings:
To Harp and Lute new Ditties ſing:
Sing loud with ſkillful fingering.
His Words are crown'd by their event;
And all his Works are permanent.
Juſtice and Judgement he affects:
His Bounty upon all reflects.
His Word the arched Heav'ns did frame;
His Breath, the Stars eternal Flame.
He the collected Seas confines,
And folds the Deep in Magazines.
The Lord, O all you Nations, fear;
All whom the Earths round ſhoulders bear.
He ſpake, 'twas done as ſoon as ſaid;
At his Commandmen t ſtedfaſt made.

The People counſel take in vain;
Their Projects no ſucceſs obtain.
The Counſels of the Lord are ſure;
His Purpoſes no Change indure.
Bleſt they, whoſe God Jehovah is;
The Nation ſet apart for his.
The Lord looks from the lofty Skies;
On careful Mortals caſts his Eyes:
The Lord looks from his Reſidence;
The Sons of men beholds from thence.
He faſhioned their hearts alone:
To him their Thoughts and deeds are known.
No King is ſaved by an Hoſt;
No Giant in his ſtrength ſhould boaſt:
There reſts no Safety in a Horſe;
None are deliver'd by his force.
Gods eyes are ever on the Juſt,
Who fear, and in his Mercy truſt;
To free their Souls from ſwallowing Earth,
And keep alive in time of Dearth.
Our fervent Souls on God attend,
Our help, who only can defend:
In whom our Hearts exult for joy;
Becauſe we on his Name rely.
Great God to us propitious be,
As we have fixt our Hopes on thee.

PSALM XXXIV.


Cantus.
He Lord I will for ever bleſs; My
Baſſus.
Tongue his praiſes ſhall profeſs, In him my
Soul ſhall boaſt: The Meek ſhall hear the
ſame, and joy: His Name, with me, O magnifie;
Extoll the Lord of Hoſts.
My

My Prayers aſcending pierc'd his ear;
Who ſnatch'd me from thoſe ſtorms of fear.
The Meek who God expect,
Who flow to him like living Brooks,
Shame never ſhall diſtain their looks,
Nor with foul guilt infect.

This Wretch in his adverſity
(Then men ſhall ſay) to God did cry,
Whoſe Mercy him ſecur'd.
The Angels of Jehovah thoſe,
Who fear him, with their Tents incloſe,
By Strength divine immur'd.

How good our God, O taſte and ſee!
Who truſt in him thrice happy be;
You Saints, O fear him ſtill:
Such feel no want; the Lions rore
For hunger; but who God implore,
He ſhall with Plenty fill.

Come children, with attention hear,
I will inſtruct you in his fear.
What man delights in life?
Seeks to live happily and long?
From evil guard thy wary Tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and ſtrife.

Do good, and wicked deeds eſchew;
Seek ſacred Peace, her ſteps purſue.
Gods Eyes are on the Juſt;
Their cries his open Ear attends:
But on the Bad his wrath deſcends,
Their Names reduc'd to duſt.

hears the Righteous, and their cry;
serv'd in their adversity:
A broken heart affects,
d Souls contrite which in Him trust.
eat are the afflictions of the Just;
But He in all protects:

eeps every bone of theirs intire.
e Wicked swallows in his Ire,
And who the Righteous hate.
e Lord his Servants shall redeem;
ose ever dear in his esteem,
Who on his Promise wait.

PSALM XXXV.

LOrd, plead my cause against my foes; *As the 3.*
With such as fight against me, fight:
Arise, thy ample Shield oppose,
And with thy Sword defend my right.
ddress thy Spear; those in their way
Encounter, who my Soul invade:
o her O let thy Spirit say,
I am thy God, and saving Aide.
e those, who my disgrace contrive,
Hang down their heads, for flight design'd:
ho seek my fall, let Angels drive
Like Chaff before the blustring wind.
ecure and slippery be their path;
Let winged Troops pursue their foil;
re they for me with causeless wrath
Have dig'd a pit, and pitch'd a Toil;
suddain ruin them destroy;
Mesht in the Nets themselves had laid:

Then

Then in the Lord my Soul ſhall joy,
And glory in his timely Aid.
My Bones ſhall ſay, O who like thee,
That arm'ſt the Weak againſt the Strong;
That do'ſt the Poor and Needy free
From outrage, and too powerful wrong?

Part 2. Falſe witneſſes againſt me ſtood,
Who unknown accuſations brought:
That Evil rendered for Good,
And cloſely my confuſion ſought.
I in their ſickneſs did condole;
Unfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd:
With faſting humbled my ſad Soul,
And often to my Prayers return'd:
Him viſited both Night and Day,
As if an ancient Friend or Brother:
In Black upon the Earth I lay,
And wept as for my dying Mother.
Yet theſe rejoyced in my woe,
Falſe Comforters about me croud;
And leaſt I ſhould their cunning know,
They rent their Cloths, and cry'd aloud.
Like Hypocrites at Feaſts, they jeer;
Whoſe gnaſhing teeth their hate profeſs:
O Lord, how long wilt thou forbear,
And only look on my diſtreſs?
O ſave from thoſe, who ſmile, and kill;
My Dearling from the Lions Jaws:
I in the great Aſſembly will
Then praiſe thy Name with full applauſe.

Part 3. Let not my cauſeleſs Enemies
Rejoyce in my afflicted ſtate:
Nor wink at me with ſcornful eyes,
Who ſwell with undeſerved hate.

Of Peace they ſpeak not; rather they
The peaceable with fraud purſue:
Who wry their mouths at me, and ſay,
Ha, Ha! our eyes thy ruin view.
This ſeen, O ſtand no longer mute;
Nor, Lord, deſert my Innocence.
Awake, ariſe: O proſecute
My Cauſe, and plead in my Defence.
With Juſtice Judge: nor let them ſay
In triumph; We our wiſh poſſeſs:
Not in their mirthful hearts, Ha, Ha!
W' have ſwallow'd him in his diſtreſs.
Wrath and confuſion ſeize on thoſe,
Who in my tribulation joy:
Let them who glory in my woes,
Be cloth'd with ſhame and infamy.
Let thoſe eternally rejoyce,
Who favour and aſſiſt my right:
For ever with exalted voice
The goodneſs of our God recite.
And ſay, O magnifie his Name,
Who glories in his ſervants peace.
My tongue his Juſtice ſhall proclame,
Nor ever in his praiſes ceaſe.

PSALM XXXVI.

As the 34.

WHen I the bold Tranſgreſſor ſee,
My thoughts thus whiſper unto me;
He never fear'd the Lord:
He ſmooths himſelf in his own eyes,
Till his ſecure impieties
Become of all abhorr'd.

Their

Their words are vain, and full of guile:
They Wiſdom from their hearts exile;
Forſaken Virtue hate:
Who miſchief on their Beds contrive;
Through by-ways to bad ends arrive,
And vices propagate.

Thy Mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high;
And thy approv'd Fidelity
The lofty Skie tranſcends:
Thy Juſtice like a Mountain ſteep;
Thy Judgements an unfathom'd Deep;
Who man and beaſt defends.

O Lord, how precious is thy Grace!
The ſons of men, their comfort place,
Beneath thy ſhady wings:
They with thy Houſhold dainties ſhall
Be fully ſatisfi'd, and all
Drink of thy pleaſant Springs.

For O! from thee the Fountain flows,
Which endleſs Life on thine beſtows;
Inlight'ned with thy Light.
On ſuch as know thee ſhow'r thy Grace;
O let thy Juſtice thoſe embrace,
Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of Pride defeat;
Nor ſuch as are in miſchief great
My guiltleſs Soul ſurprize.
The workers of iniquity
Are faln like Meteors from the skie:
Caſt down, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

VEx not thy self at the impiety
Of wicked men, nor their frail height envy. *As the 1.*
For they shall soon be mow'd, like Summers Hay;
And as the verdure of the Herb decay.
Trust thou in God; do good, and long in peace
Possess the Land; refresh'd by her increase.
Be he thy sole delight; He shall inspire
Thy raised thoughts, and grant thy hearts desire.
Relye, and to his care thy ways commend,
Who will produce them to a happy end.
He shall thy Justice, like the Light display,
And make thy Judgement as the Height of Day.
Rest on the Lord, and patiently attend
His Heavenly Will: nor let it thee offend,
Because the wicked in their courses thrive;
And prosperously at their desires arrive.
Abstain from anger, heady wrath eschew:
Nor fret thou, lest ill Deeds ill Thoughts pursue.
God will cut off the Bad, the Faithful bless;
Who shall the ever-fruitful Land possess.

After a while th' Unjust shall cease to be; *Part 2.*
Thou shalt his place consider, but not see.
The Meek in heart shall reap the Lands increase,
And solace in the multitude of Peace.
Against the Godly wicked Men conspire,
Gnash their malicious Teeth, and foam with ire;
But God shall laugh at their impiety;
Because he knows their Day of Doom is nigh.
They draw their bloody Swords, their Bows are bent
To kill the Needy, Poor, and Innocent.

But

But their proud hearts ſhall periſh by the ſtroke
Of their own Steel, their Bow's aſunder broke.
That little which the Righteous hath, excells
Th' abundant wealth, wherein the Wicked ſwells.
For God the arms of violent Men will break:
But ſhield the Righteous, and ſupport the Weak.
His eyes behold the ſuff'rings of the Poor:
Their firm poſſeſſions ever ſhall endure.
They in the time of danger ſhall not dread;
But ſhall in Famin's rage be fill'd with Bread.
When vitious men ſhall ſpeedily decay:
And thoſe who ſlight Jehovah, melt away
As fat of Lambs, which ſacred Fires conſume;
And forthwith vaniſh like the riſing fume.

Part 3. The Wicked borrow, never to reſtore:
The Juſt are gracious and relieve the Poor.
Whom God ſhall bleſs, they ſhall the Land enjoy:
Whom God ſhall curſe, them vengeance ſhall deſtroy.
The ſteps of Righteous men the Lord directs;
For He, even He, their ordred paths affects.
Although they fall; yet fall to riſe again:
For his His Care and powerful Hand ſuſtain.
I have been young, am old; yet never ſaw
The Juſt abandon'd; nor thoſe, who draw
From him their birth, with beggery oppreſt.
He lends in mercy, and his Seed are bleſt.
Do good, ſhun evil, and remain unmov'd;
For Righteous Souls are of the Lord belov'd:
His undeſerted Saints protecting ſtill;
Their Plants up-rooting, who tranſgreſs his Will.
Juſt men inherit ſhall the promis'd Land;
And dwell therein, while Mountains ſtedfaſt ſtand.

The Righteous Soul of ſacred Judgement ſpeaks, Part 4.
And from his Lips a ſpring of Wiſdom breaks.
Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;
Nor ſhall his Feet in ſlippery places ſlide.
Men ſeek his blood; but God defends: nor ſhall
He by the ſentence of the Wicked fall.
Wait on the Lord, nor his ſtraight paths tranſgreſs;
And evermore this pregnant Soil poſſeſs.
But thoſe who in iniquity delight,
Shall be cut off, and periſh in thy ſight.
The Wicked I have ſeen in wealth to flow,
Exceed in power, and like a Laurel grow:
Yet vaniſh hence, as he had never been;
I ſought him, but he was not to be ſeen.
Obſerve the perfect, and the pure of heart;
They die in peace, and happily depart.
But the Ungodly are at once cut down,
And periſh without pity, or renown.
The Lord is the ſalvation of the Juſt;
Their ſtrength in trouble, ſince in him they truſt:
Will thoſe aſſiſt, who on his aid depend;
Deliver, and from impious Foes defend.

PSALM XXXVIII.

NOT in thy wrath againſt me riſe; As the 4.
Nor in thy fury, Lord, chaſtiſe:
Thy Arrows wound,
Nail to the Ground,
Thy hand upon me lies.
No Limb from pain and anguiſh free;
Becauſe I have incenſed thee:
Nor reſt can take,
My bones ſo ake;
Such ſin abounds in me.

Like Billows they my head tranſcend;
Beneath their heavy load I bend:
My Ulcers ſwell,
Corrupt, and ſmell;
Of Folly the ſad end.

Perplext in mind I pine away,
And mourning waſte the tedious day;
My Fleſh no more
Then all one Sore;
All parts at once decay.

Much broken; all my ſtrength o're-thrown;
Through anguiſh of my Soul I groan.
Lord, thou doſt ſee
My thoughts and me;
My Sighs to thee are known.

My ſad Heart pants, my nerves relent,
My Sight grows dim; and to augment
My miſeries,
All my Allies
And Friends themſelves abſent.

Part 2. Who ſeek my life, their Snares extend;
Their wicked thoughts on Miſchief bend:
Calumniate,
And lye in wait
To bring me to my end.

But I as deaf to them appear,
As mute, as if I tongueleſs were:
My paſſion rul'd,
Like one that could
At all not ſpeak nor hear.

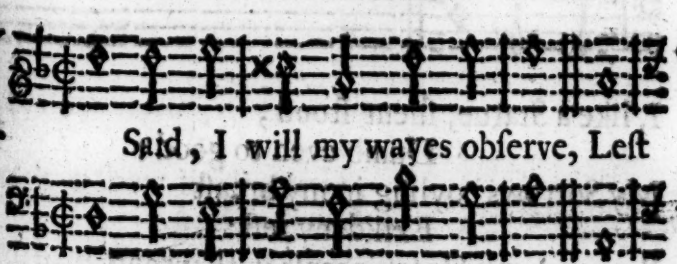
Becauſe my hopes on thee relye :
My God, I ſaid, O hear my cry;
Leſt they ſhould boaſt,
Who hate me moſt,
And in my ruin joy.

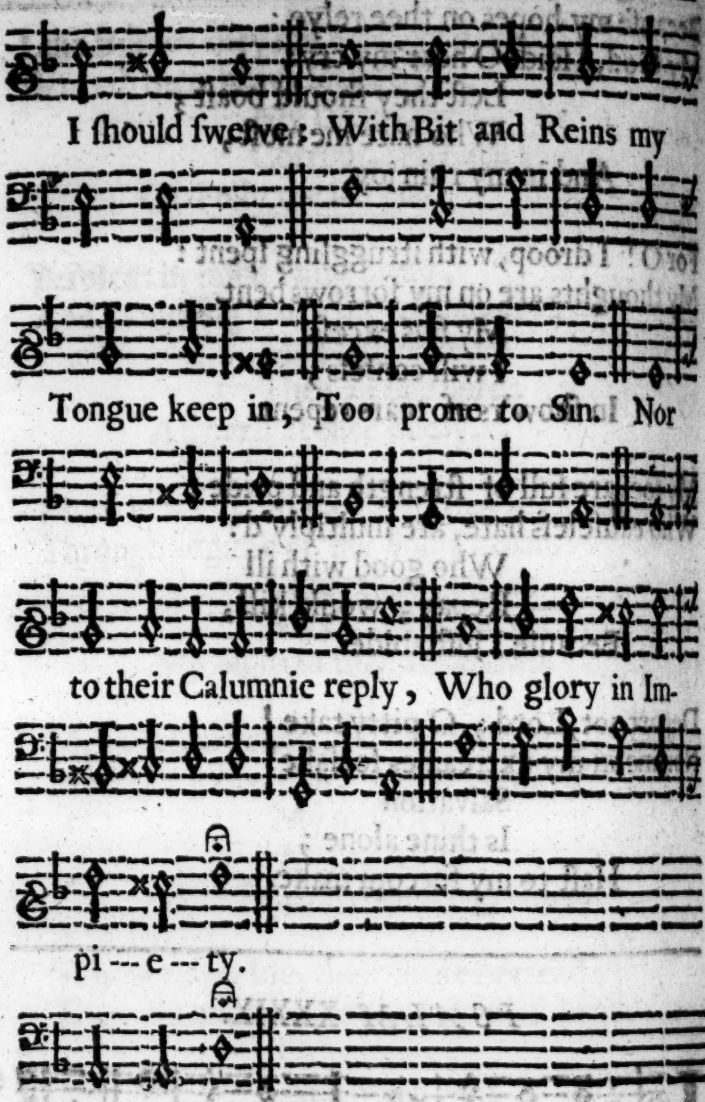
For O! I droop, with ſtruggling ſpent :
My thoughts are on my ſorrows bent.
My ſins exceſs
I will confeſs;
In ſhow'rs of tears repent.

My foes are full of ſtrength and pride;
Who cauſeleſs hate, are multiply'd:
Who good with ill
Repay; would kill,
Becauſe I juſt abide.

Depart not, Lord; O pitty take!
Nor me in my extreames forſake!
Salvation
Is thine alone;
Haſt to my ſuccour make.

PSALM XXXIX.





I, like a Statue, ſilent ſtood,
Dumb even to good:
My Sorrows boyling in my breaſt
Exil'd my reſt:
But when my Heart incenſt with wrong
Grew hot, I gave my Grief a tongue.

Of

Of those few days I have to spend,
And my last End,
Inform me, Lord; that I may know
My Frailty now.
My time is made short as a Span;
As nothing is the Age of man.

Man nothing is but Vanitie,
Though thron'd on high;
Walks like a shadow, and in vain
Turmoils with pain;
He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knows not who shall prove his Heir.

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope
Of all my Hope:
Him from his loath'd Transgressions free,
Who trusts in Thee:
Nor O subject me to the Rule,
And proud derision of a Fool!

With silence, since thy Will was such,
I suffered much:
O now forbear! lest instant Death
Force my faint breath.
When thou dost with thy Rod chastise
Offending man, his courage dies.

His Beauty wasted, like a cloth
Gnawn by the Moth:
Himself a short-liv'd vanitie,
And born to dye.
Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Ear,
And thy afflicted Servant hear.

Nor theſe ſalt rivers of mine Eyes,
My God, deſpiſe:
A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
I ſojourn here.
O let me gather ſtrength, before
I paſs away, and be no more.

PSALM XL.

As the 2.

FOr God I patiently did look;
He to my crys inclin'd his Ear:
And when invironed with fear,
From that Abyſs of horror took:
Drew from the Mud, and on a Rock
Eſtabliſh'd, to indure the ſhock.

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of his Praiſe, un-ſung before.
Many ſhall ſee, with fear adore;
And truſting in th' Almighty, ſay:
Who on the Lord depend, are bleſt;
Who Liers, and the Proud deteſt.

Many, and full of wonder, are
The Works, O Lord, which Thou haſt wrought;
What Thou to raiſe our joyes haſt thought,
O who in order can declare!
'Twere loſt endeavour to expreſs
Their number, that are numberleſs.

Thou Gifts, nor Offerings doſt deſire;
But pierced haſt thy Servants ear:
To Thee Oblations are not dear,
Nor Sacrifice conſum'd with fire.

Then

Then said I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Laws are written in my Heart:
My Joy Thy Pleasure to fulfil.
I in the great Assembly still
Thy Righteousness to all impart.
My lips are unrestrain'd by me,
Which, Lord, is only known to Thee.

Thy Justice I have not conceal'd
Within the closure of my breast:
But Thy Fidelity profest;
And saving health at large reveal'd:
Amidst the Congregation
Thy constant Truth and Mercy shown.

Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd for Aid; Part 2.
With Truth and Mercy still inclose:
For O! innumerable woes
On every side my Soul invade:
So changed with Iniquities,
That they ev'n blind my fearful eyes.

In number they my hairs exceed;
My fainting heart pants in my breast:
Be pleas'd to succour the Distrest;
And Lord deliver me with speed.
Let shame at once confound them all,
That seek my Soul, and plot my fall.

Be they repulst with Infamy,
Who persecute with deadly hate:
Deservedly left desolate,
Who Ha, Ha! in derision cry.

Let all who ſeek thy Help, rejoyce,
And praiſe Thee with a cheerful Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,
Still ſay; The Lord be magnifi'd!
Though I be poor, and caſt aſide;
Yet he regards me from above.
My Safety, my Deliverer,
No longer thy relief defer.

PSALM XLI.

As the 7.

WHo duly ſhall the Poor regard,
Hath his Reward:
The Lord in time of Trouble, ſhall
Prevent his fall:
He ſhall among the Living reſt,
And with the Earths increaſe be bleſt.

Lord, render him not up to thoſe,
Who are his Foes:
When he in ſorrow languiſheth,
Near unto Death;
Let him by Thee be comforted,
And in his Sickneſs make his bed.

I ſaid, O Lord, thy Mercy ſhow,
And Health beſtow:
For O! my Soul the lothſome ſtains
Of Sin retains.
My Foes have ſaid, When ſhall he die,
And yet out-live his Memory?

If

If any visit, they devise
Deceitful Lies:
Their hollow Hearts with Mischief load,
Divulg'd abroad:
Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this Punishment
From Heav'n is sent:
He from the bed whereon he lies,
Shall never rise.
Yea, even my Friend, my Confident,
My Guest, his heel against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore;
My Health restore:
Raise me! that forthwith I may
Their Hate repay.
In this thy Love thou dost express,
That none triumph in my distress.

For thou art of my Innocence
The strong Defence.
I shall, inlightned by the Grace,
Behold thy Face.
Jehovah, Israels God, be blest;
While Day and Night the World invest.

Amen, Amen.

A PARAPHRASE
Upon the Second BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID*.

PSALM XLII.

As the 34.

LOrd! as the Hart, imboſt with heat,
Braies after the cool Rivulet:
So ſighs my Soul for thee.
My Soul thirſts for the living God:
When ſhall I enter his Abode,
And there his Beauty ſee!

Tears are my Food both Night and Day;
While, Where's thy God; they daily ſay.
My Soul in plaints I ſhed;
When I remember, how in throngs
We fill'd thy Houſe with Praiſe and Songs;
How I their Dances led.

My Soul, why art thou ſo depreſt!
Why O thus troubled in my breaſt!

With Grief ſo overthrown!
h conſtant Hope on God await:
t his Name ſhall celebrate,
For Mercy timely ſhown.

y fainting Heart within me pants:
y God, conſider my Complaints;
My Songs ſhall praiſe thee ſtill;
n from the Vale where *Jordan* flows;
here *Hermon* his high Fore-head ſhows,
From *Mitſars* humble Hill.

M

eps unto Deeps inraged call, Part 2.
hen thy dark Spouts of waters fall,
And dreadful Tempeſt raves;
e all thy Floods upon me burſt,
d billows after billows thruſt
To ſwallow in their Graves.

t yet by Day the Lord will charge
r ready Mercy to inlarge
My Soul, ſurpris'd with cares:
e gives my Songs their Argument;
d of my life, I will preſent
By night to thee my prayers.

d ſay; My God, my Rock, O why
l forgot, and mourning die,
By Foes reduc'd to Duſt!
eir words like weapons pierce my bones;
hile ſtill they Eccho to my Groans,
Where is the Lord thy Truſt?

y Soul, why art thou ſo depreſt!
why ſo troubled in my breaſt!

Sunk

Sunk underneath thy Load!
With constant Hope on God await;
For I his Name shall celebrate;
My Saviour, and my God.

PSALM XLIII.

As the 34.

MY God, thy Servant vindicate:
O plead my Cause against their hate,
Who seek my utter spoil!
Deliver from the Mercileſs,
Who with bold Injuries oppreſs,
And prosper in their guile.

For of my Strength thou art the Lord.
Why like to one by thee abhorr'd
Dost thou my Soul expose!
Why wander I in black araid!
My body worn, my mind dismaid!
Pursu'd by cruel Foes!

Thy Favour and thy Truth extend;
Let them into my Soul descend,
Conducted by their light;
Conducted to thy holy Hill,
And House blest with thy Presence still;
There to injoy thy sight.

Then will I to thy Altar bring
An acceptable offering,
That dost such Joys afford:
There on a tuneful Instrument,
With Songs that joyn in sweet consent,
Thy sacred praise record.

Soul, why art thou ſo depreſt!
by O thus troubled in my breaſt!
Sunk underneath thy load!
ith conſtant hope on God await;
I his Name ſhall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XLIV.

Ord! we have heard our Fathers tell *As the* 3.
The Wonders wrought by thee of old,
To them by their great Grandſires told;
How by thy Hand the Heathen fell;

fruitfull *Canaan* diſpoſſeſt,
And *Iſrael* planted in their room;
They periſh'd by a fearful Doom,
hile ours in growth and ſtrength increaſt.

t their own Swords that pleaſant Land
Did conquer, and their Foes eject;
Nor did their arms their lives protect:
was thy Arm and powerful Hand;

was the Splendor of thy Face;
And by thy Favour they o're-came.
My King, my God, O ſtill the ſame!
ation ſend to *Jacobs* Race.

by thy Aid our Enemies
Lay bleeding on the ſtained ground;
And in thy Name we did confound
ho ever durſt againſt us riſe.

Our

Our Sword's unable to defend;
We will not truſt in our weak Bows.
Thou, Lord, haſt ſav'd us from our Foes;
And brought them to a ſhameful end.

Part 2. For this with praiſes we adore,
And ever celebrate thy Name:
But now Thou caſts us off to ſhame,
Nor lead'ſt our Armies as before.

Our faces from our Foes reverſt;
A Spoil to ſuch as hunt for blood:
Thou giv'ſt us up as Sheep for food,
Among th' uncircumcis'd diſperſt.

For nought thou doſt thy People ſell,
Nor art inriched by their price;
Our Neighbours in our fall rejoice;
A Scorn to all that near us dwell.

A By-word to the Heathen grown,
Who ſhake their heads in our diſgrace:
My ſhame is ſtill before my face;
My Eyes to Earth with bluſhes thrown.

Sprung from the bold blaſphemers taunts,
And proud Avengers threatning look:
Yet, Lord, we have not thee forſook,
Nor falſify'd thy Covenants.

Part 3. Our hearts have not their Faith diſſolv'd;
Our Steps the Path preſcribed keep:
Though Thou haſt cruſht us in the Deep,
And with the ſhades of Death involv'd.

Or ſhould we from the Lord depart,
Or to ſtrange Gods our hearts uprear;
O would not this to him appear,
Who knows the Secrets of our Heart?

Yet for thy ſake are daily ſlain;
For ſlaughter mark'd like butcher'd Sheep.
Awake, O Lord, why doſt thou ſleep?
Riſe, nor for ever Us diſdain.

O to thy Own at length return!
Why doſt Thou hide thy chearful face?
With-drawing thy accuſtom'd Grace
From ſuch as in Affliction mourn?

For lo! our Souls, are wrapt in duſt;
Our bellies to the Centre cleave:
O, for thy Mercies ſake receive,
And ſuccour thoſe who in Thee truſt!

PSALM XLV.

WIth heat divine inſpir'd, I ſing
A Panegyrick to the King:
High Raptures in a numerous ſtile
I with a ready Pen compile.
Much fairer than our Humane Race;
Whoſe lips like Fountains flow with Grace:
For this the Lord thy Soul ſhall bleſs
With everlaſting Happineſs.
Gird, O moſt Mighty, on thy Thigh
Thy Sword of Awe and Majeſtie:
In triumph, arm'd with Truth, ride on;
By Clemency and Juſtice drawn.

As the 8.

No

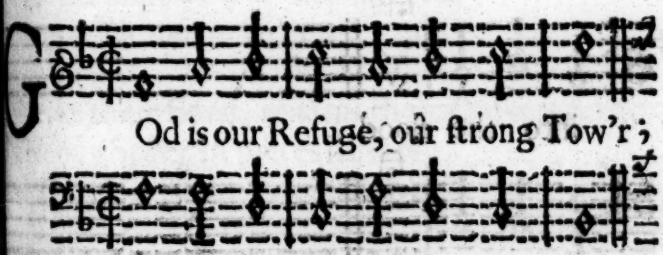
No mortal vigour ſhall withſtand
The fury of thy dreadful Hand.
Thy piercing Arrows in the Kings
Oppoſers hearts ſhall dye their wings.
Thy Throne no waſt of Time decays;
Thy Scepter ſacred Juſtice ſways.
Thou Virtue lov'ſt; but haſt abhorr'd
Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord
Hath thee alone preferr'd, and ſhed
The Oyl of Joy upon thy head.
Thy Garments, which in Grace excell,
Of Aloës, Myrrh, and Caſſia ſmell;
Brought from the Ivory Palaces:
Which more than other Odors pleaſe.
Kings Daughters to augment thy State,
Among thy noble Damſels wait.
The Queen inthron'd on thy right hand,
Adorn'd with Ophyr's golden Sand.

Part 2. Hark Daughter, and by me be taught;
Thy Countrey baniſh from thy thought,
Thy Houſe and Family forget,
His Joy upon thy Beauty ſet.
He is thy Lord; O bow before,
And him eternally adore!
The Daughters of Sea-circled Tyre
Shall bring their Purple, and deſire
(Even they whom Wealth and Honour grace)
To ſee the ſweetneſs of thy Face.
Her Mind all Beauties doth infold;
Her fair limbs clad in purfled Gold,
She ſhall unto the King be brought,
In Robes with *Phrygian* Needle wrought:
While Virgins on her Train attend,
Whoſe Faith and Friendſhip know no end:

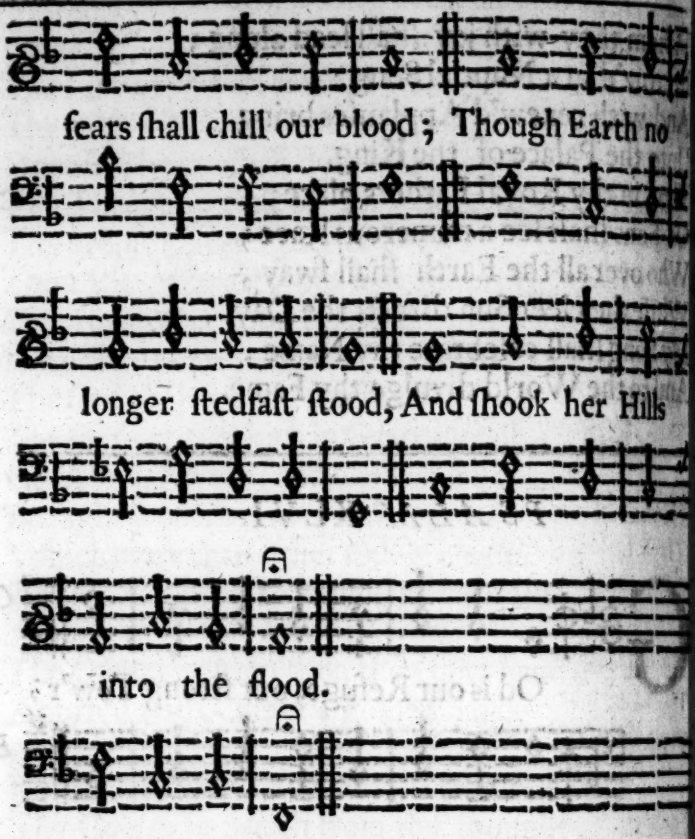
Whos

Whom they with joy ſhall lead along;
Perfum'd in a Nuptial Song:
And with renew'd Applauſes bring
Into the Palace of the King.
Thou in thy Royal Fathers place,
Of Sons ſhalt ſee a numerous Race;
Who over all the Earth ſhall ſway,
While the cleer Sun directs the Day.
Thy Song ſhall celebrate thy Name,
And to the World divulge thy Fame.

PSALM XLVI.



God is our Refuge, our ſtrong Tow'r;
Securing by his Mighty Pow'r, When
Dangers threaten to devour. Thus Arm'd, no



Although the troubled Ocean riſe
In foaming billows to the Skies;
And Mountains ſhake with horrid noiſe.

Clear ſtreams purl from a Cryſtal Spring,
Which Gladneſs to Gods City bring,
The Manſion of th' eternal King.

He in her Centre takes his place:
What Foe can her fair Towers deface,
Protected by his early Grace?

Tumultuary Nations rose,
And armed Troops our walls inclose;
But his fear'd Voice unnerv'd our Foes.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

Come, see the wonders he hath wrought;
Who hath to desolation brought
Those Kingdoms, which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive War surcease;
The Earth, deflowr'd of her Increase,
Restores with universal Peace.

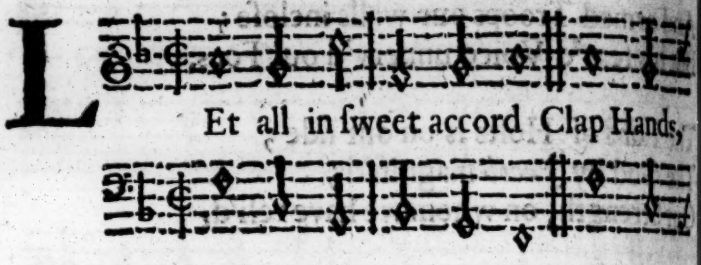
He breaks their Bows, unarms their Quivers;
The bloody Speer in pieces shivers,
Their Chariots to the Flame delivers.

Forbear, and know, that I the Lord
Will by all Nations be ador'd;
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

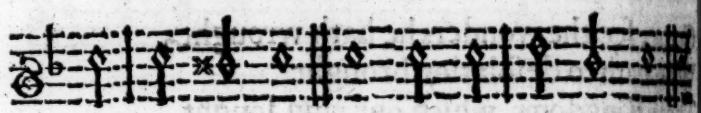
The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

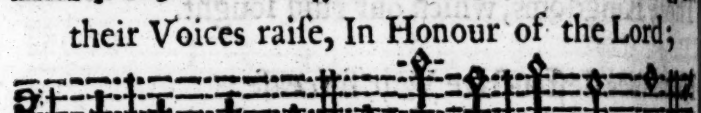
PSALM XLVII.

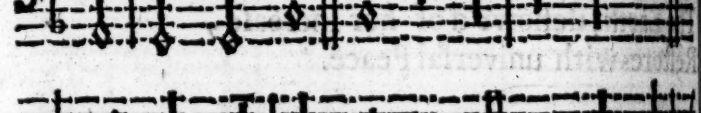
Cantus.

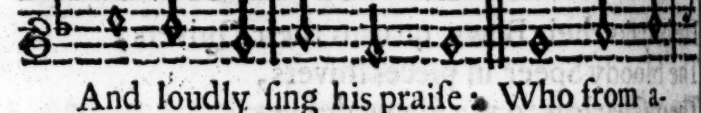


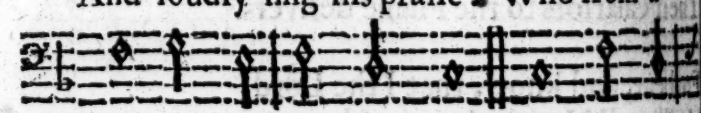
Bassus.

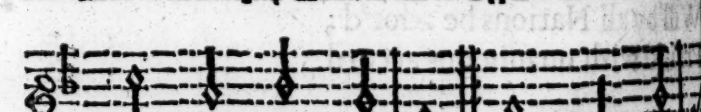


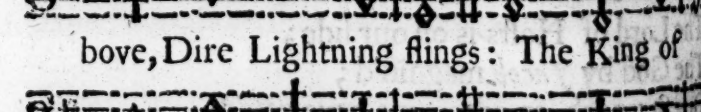


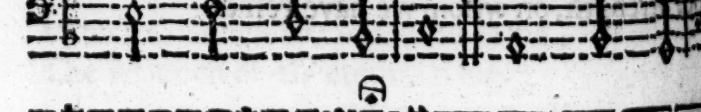












Whol

Whole Nations of our Foes
Beneath our Feet hath thrown:
A fair Posſeſſion choſe,
For us that are his Own:
The dignitie
Of *Iſrael*;
Belov'd ſo well
By the moſt High.

In Triumph God aſcends,
With Trumpet ſhrill, and Shalmes;
Praiſe him, who his defends;
O praiſe our King with Pſalms!
For God is King
Of all the Earth;
With ſacred Mirth
His Praiſes ſing.

God o're the Heathen reigns;
Sits on his Holy Throne;
All whom the Earth ſuſtains,
Shall worſhip him alone.
His Shield extends
In their Defence;
His Excellence
All height tranſcends.

PSALM XLVIII.

THe Lord is moſt Majeſticall;
Moſt highly to be prais'd by all,
Within the City of our God,
And Manſion bleſt by his abode.
Fair *Sion* hath a pleaſant Site;
Of Earth the Beauty and Delight:

As the 8.

Upon the North-ſide bordering,
The City of the Mighty King.
God dwells within her lofty Towers;
Secur'd from all aſſailing Powers.
Conſpiring Kings her ruin ſought;
Who armed Troops before her brought.

Part 2. At once they ſaw, admir'd, and fled;
Their hearts ſurpriz'd with ſudden Dread.
Such fear, ſuch pangs poſſeſt our foes,
As women ſuffer in their Throws.
At thy command black *Eurus* rores,
And ſpreads his wracks on *Tharſian* ſhores.
We, what we heard our Fathers tell,
Have ſeen, who in this City dwell;
The City of our God, which Hee
Shall ever from deſtruction free.
Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankfulneſs
We in thy Temple ſtill profeſs.
As is thy Name, thou God of Might,
So are thy Praiſes infinite;
And ſtretch to Earths remoteſt Bound:
Thy Hand for Juſtice far renown'd.
O *Sion*, *Judah*'s Diadem,
You Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
Unite your Joys, and glory in
His Judgement, which your eyes have ſeen.
Go walk the Round of *Sion*; tell
Her Towers; obſerve her Bulwarks well:
On her fair Buildings caſt thine eye;
Declare it to Poſteritie.
For God will ſtill our God remain,
And us unto our Laſt ſuſtain.

PSALM

PSALM XLIX.

ALL you who dwell upon the foodful Earth; *As the 1.*
Both Rich and Poor; of base and noble birth;
Attend: my Tongue deep wisdom shall impart;
And knowledge from the fountain of my heart.
I unto light dark Parables will bring,
And to my solemn Harp Ænigmaes sing.
In Misery and Age why should I fear,
When Sin pursues my steps, and Death draws near?
O you, who Riches as your God adore,
And glory in your scarce possessed Store:
Who can redeem his Brother for one Day,
Or to the Lord his high-prais'd Ransome pay?
(For O, not all the Gold, which Streams conceal,
Or Hills inclose, can banish'd Life repeal,)
That he might live unto Eternitie,
Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrails lye.
They see the Wise, and Fools, to Death descend,
While others their congested treasures spend:
Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,
Proud Structures raise, and call them by their name.

But Man in honour is a Vanitie, *Part 2.*
That fleets away; and as a Beast must die.
In this vain course, they circularly move,
And their Posterity their words approve.
Death shall as Sheep devour them in the Dust;
Till that great Day subject them to the Just.
Their Strength and Beauty shall to nothing wast:
All naked, from their sumptuous Houses cast.
But God shall from the greedy Sepulchre
My Soul redeem, and to his Joys prefer.

Deſpair not, when a man grows Opulent,
And that the Glories of his Houſe augment:
For with his thread of Life his Riches end;
Nor ſhall his Honours with his Soul deſcend.
Though here he live in luxury and eaſe;
And thoſe are prais'd, who their own Genius pleaſe;
Yet as his Fathers, he ſhall ſet in Night;
Nor ever riſe to ſee the cheerful Light.
Man high in honour, whoſe ignoble breaſt
No knowledge holds, ſhall periſh like a beaſt.

PSALM L.

As the 1. THe God of gods, Jehovah, ſhall convent
All from the Orient to the Suns deſcent.
From *Sions* Towers (of Beauty the Divine
And full Perfection) ſhall his Glory ſhine.
Nor ſilent comes: devouring flames before,
And round about him horrid Tempeſts rore.
The righteous Judge, to judge his People, ſhall
High Heav'n and conſcious Earth to witneſs call.
Aſſemble all my Saints, who with one mind
My Teſtaments with Sacrifice have ſign'd.
Then thund'ring Skie ſhall make his Juſtice known;
When he our God aſcends his Judgements Throne.
My People, hear; Thy God, O *Iſrael!*
Will thee convince, and thy Tranſgreſſions tell.
I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
Nor fumes, which rarely from my Altars riſe:
I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steer,
Nor from thy Folds a Male-goat of that year:
For all are Mine, that Woods or Deſerts breed,
And Herds which on a thouſand mountains feed:

I know all Fowl, which Hill or Valleys yield,
And number all the Cattel of the Field.

Will I, if hungry, unto Thee complain, *Part 2.*
When all is Mine which Sea and Land contain?
Will I eat flesh of Bulls? or canst thou think,
That I the blood of shaggy Goats will drink?
A thankful heart upon my Altar lay;
And righteous Vows to high Jehovah pay.
Then call on me in trouble; I will raise
Thy Soul from Death, and thou my Name shall praise.
But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'st thou explain
My Law; My Covenants with thy lips prophane?
That scorn'st instruction; dost my Word despise;
Consent'st with Theeves, and hast adulterous eyes?
Deceit, and slander tip thy impious tongue:
Thy brother woundst with Infamy and Wrong.
This didst thou; this did I with silence see,
So as thou thought'st, that I was like to thee.
But I will thy Hypocrisie uncase;
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Consider this, O you, who God neglect:
Lest I destroy you, when none can protect.
Who praise for Incense offer, honour Me;
And upright Souls shall my Salvation see.

PSALM LI.

LOrd, to a sinner Mercy show: *As the 3.*
Which since in Thee so infinite;
Let all thy streams of Mercy flow,
And purifie me in thy sight.

O

O waſh thou my polluted Soul!
O clenſe me from my bloody Deed!
That to my ſelf appears ſo foul;
And now in true Contrition bleed.
My ſins, unmask'd, before Thee lye;
Who have deſerv'd thy wrath alone:
Which I confeſs, to teſtifie
Thy Truth, and make thy Juſtice known.
In ſin conceiv'd, brought forth in ſin;
Sin ſuck'd I from my Mothers breaſt:
Thou lov'ſt a heart ſincere within,
Where Wiſdom is a conſtant gueſt.
With Hyſop purge, from blemiſh clear;
O waſh, then falling Snow more white!
Lord, let me thy remiſſion hear:
The Bones, which thou haſt broke, unite.
Blot out my crimes; O ſeparate
My trembling Guilt far from thy view!
A clean Heart in my breaſt create;
A Mind, to Thee confirm'd, renew.

Part 2. Nor caſt me from thy Preſence, Lord;
Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw!
But thy life-quick'ning Grace afford;
Inlarge my Will t' imbrace thy Law.
Then Sinners I with heav'nly Food
Will feed, directed in thy Wayes:
O my Redeemer, clenſe from blood
The Soul, that will thy Mercy praiſe.
Give thou my Verſe an argument;
And they thy Goodneſs ſhall reſound.
No Sacrifice will Thee content;
Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd.
Elſe, I would Hecatombs impart:
True ſorrow is thy Sacrifice.

A

A broken and a contrite Heart,
My God, Thou never wilt despise.
Thy *Sion* with accustom'd Grace
(Lest my foul crimes her shame procure)
In thy protecting Arms imbrace;
And fair *Jerusalem* immure.
Then we, with due Solemnity,
To Thee our grateful Vows will pay;
And Bulls, which never Yoke did try,
Upon thy flaming Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

As the 32.

O Thou in Mischief great,
Why boasts thou in deceit?
Gods greater Mercy will
Protect his Servants still.
Thy Tongue with fraud abounds,
And like a Rasor wounds;
All evil dost affect;
All that is good neglect.
Lies are thy low delight;
To Virtue opposite:
Thy words with treachery
The innocent destroy.
God shall repay thy hate,
Thy Structures ruinate;
And make thee curse thy birth:
Then tear thee from the Earth.
The Just thy fall shall see,
Fear Him, and laugh at thee.
Lo he, who God forsook,
Nor for his refuge took;

Self-

Self-ſtrength'ning with exceſs
Of Wealth, and Wickedneſs.
But I ſhall planted be,
Like a green Olive-tree,
In Gods own Houſe; and will
Truſt in His Mercies ſtill.
For this, I evermore
Shall thy great Name adore:
Thy Promiſes expect;
The joy of thy Elect.

PSALM LIII.

As the 12.

FOols, flattering their own vices, ſay
Within their hearts; God is a Name
Devis'd to make the Strong obey;
To fetter Nature; quench her flame:
When all this Univerſal Frame
The hands of potent Fortune ſway.

Secure and proſperous in ill,
The fear and thought of God exile,
To follow their rebellious will;
Think nothing that delights them vile:
Their Souls with wicked thoughts defile;
And all their foul Deſires fulfill.

God from the Tow'r of Heav'n his Eyes
On men, and their endeavours, threw:
Not one beheld beneath the Skies,
That ſought him, or his Statutes knew:
All Vice with winged Feet purſue;
But none forſaken Virtue priſe.

Deaf to good! in knowledge blind!
By Sin through clouds of errour led!
Dull sensual Forms, without a Mind!
Not slow, though certain, Vengeance dread!
The Righteous they devour like bread;
All piety at once declin'd.

These, idle terrours shall affright;
Their sleeps disturb'd by guilty fear.
God shall their Bones asunder smite,
Who impious Arms against him bear;
Nor they their Infamy out-wear;
Since despiseable in his sight.

O that unto thy *Israel*
The Day-star might from *Sion* spring!
And all the shades of Night expel!
When Thou shalt us from Bondage bring,
How would we Lord thy Praises sing!
No joy shall *Jacobs* joy excell.

PSALM LIV.

As the 4.

LOrd, for thy Promise sake defend,
And Thy All-saving Shield extend:
O hear my cries,
Which with wet Eyes
And sighs to Thee ascend!

For cruel men my life pursue;
And who thy Statutes never knew.
Suppress my Foes:
O side with those,
Who to my soul are true!

With

With vengeance recompence their Hate,
And in an inſtant ruinate.
Then will I bring
My Offering,
And thy great Acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praiſed be;
Who from thoſe ſnares haſt ſet me free:
For loe, theſe eyes
My Enemies
Deſir'd ſubverſion ſee.

PSALM LV.

As the 39.

LOrd, to my Prayers incline thine Ear;
Th' afflicted hear:
Nor be thou Deaf to my complaint;
For O I faint!
Regard the ſighs, the groans, the cries,
Which from my penſive Soul ariſe.

Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,
Which ſtorm-like grow;
And by blood-thirſty Violence;
Truth my offence:
Who ſlander with their wounding Tongues,
And preſs me unto Death with wrongs.

My heart, a ſtranger unto reſt,
Throbs in my breaſt:
The terrours of approaching Death
Exhauſt my breath.
My ſinews trembling Fear diſſolves,
And Horror all my Powers involves.

O that with Dove-like wings I might
Take my swift flight,
To calm Retreats of rest, where I
Conceal'd might lie!
Then would I find some Wilderness,
Removed far from mans access.

Then all these Tempests, which arise
With hideous noise;
And with their dreadful Tumults make
My Heart to quake;
I would, far swifter than the Wind,
Or winged Lightnings leave behind.

Lord, swallow those, who swell with pride; *Part 2.*
Their Tongues divide:
For Strife, and Violence, bent to kill,
The City fill:
Both Day and Night they walk the Round;
Rape, Mischief, Tears, within abound.

Wild Outrages her streets profane,
And boldly reign:
Fraud lurking in her Palaces,
Conspires with these.
For I, had he his hate profest,
Had shunn'd, or should his wrongs digest.

But thou, my Friend, even of my Heart
The better Part;
To so intire a union grown,
As if but one:
Gods House we daily visited,
Both sweetly by one Counsel led.

Let

Let Death devour them; let them dive
To Hell alive.
With miſchief their proud roofs abound
Their hearts unſound:
But God my Soul ſhall diſ-enthrall;
For I upon his Name will call.

Part 3. My Prayers ſhall with the Suns upriſe,
Aſcend the Skies;
Renew'd, when he at Noon diſplays
His fervent Rays;
When he behind the Earth deſcends,
And Day, out-worn with labour, ends.

My Cries ſhall penetrate the Sphears,
And pierce his Ears.
He ſhall my captive Soul releaſe,
And crown with Peace.
For in the Fervor of the Fight,
His Angels ſhall protect my Right.

Th' Eternal Judge, Jehovah, ſhall
Confound them all;
Who only change from bad to worſe,
Nor fear his Curſe.
Sweet Peace he violated hath,
And broken his obliged Faith.

His Words than Butter ſmoother farr;
His Thoughts of Warr:
Words ſofter than the fluent Oil;
Yet bent to Spoil.
But thou, my Soul, thy cares impoſe
On God, who will redreſs thy woes.

he Juſt he ſhall confirm with Joy;
Th' Unjuſt deſtroy.
hoſe who in blood and fraud delight,
Shall ſet in Night,
efore their Noon of Life be paſt.
ut I on God my hopes have plac'd.

PSALM LVI.

O Lord, protect me by thy Power, *As the 4.*
From ſuch as would my Life devour;
Who mercileſs
Strive to oppreſs;
Nor grant me Truce one hour.

at would devour me every Day,
nd make my chaſed Life their prey:
Yet, Lord, will I
On thee relie;
When Dangers moſt diſmay.

y Promiſe I will celebrate;
conſtant hope thy Pleaſure wait;
With patience bear
Thy Stay; nor fear
Frail man, or his vain hate.

y words and deeds they daily wreſt,
nd in their thoughts my fall digeſt;
Unite in ill,
And lurk to kill:
My Feet can find no reſt.

O ſhall they with impunity
Eſcape, and thus their ſins enjoy!
Let Death thy rage
Alone aſſwage;
Them in their guilt deſtroy.

My Wand'rings thou haſt numbered;
Even every Tear mine Eyes have ſhed
Thy Vial holds:
All in the Folds
Of thy large Volume read.

Aſſur'd, that when on God I call,
My Foes ſhall by his Fury fall.
His Promiſe I
Will magnifie;
His Truth divulge to All.

To him my ready Vows will pay;
My Vows of Thanks, both night and day:
In whom I truſt:
Nor ſhall th' Unjuſt
My ſtedfaſt Hopes diſmay.

For he hath ſnatch'd me from the Night
Of Death, and kept my foot upright:
That I may ſtill
Obſerve his Will,
And ſee the cheerful Light.

PSALM LVII.

O Thou, from whom all Mercy ſprings, *As the 10.*
Compaſſionate my Sufferings;
And pity me,
That truſt in Thee!
O ſhelter with thy ſhady Wings,
Until theſe ſtorms of Woe
Clear-up, or over-blow!

Thee I invoke, O thou Moſt High,
Thou All-performer! from the Skie
Thy Angels ſend;
Let them defend
My Soul from him that would deſtroy:
O ſend thy Mercy down;
With Truth thy Promiſe crown!

For Salvage Lions girt me round,
And they whoſe Malice knows no bound;
Their cruel Words
More ſharp than Swords;
Their Teeth like Spears and Arrows wound.
To Heav'n thy Glory raiſe;
Let Earth refound thy Praiſe.

They ſubtil ſnares prepared have,
And bow'd my Soul even to the Grave:
With wicked wit
Have digg'd a pit,
From which themſelves they could not ſave:
But juſtly fell therein,
Intrapt by their own Sin.

My raviſh'd Heart flames with deſire;
I to the Muſick of my Lyre,
Eternal King,
Thy Praiſe will ſing.
Awake my Glory! Zeal inſpire!
Awake my Harp and Lute,
Nor in his Praiſe be mute!

To thee, before the Morning riſe,
My Lips their Calves ſhall ſacrifice:
Thy Mercy far
The higheſt Star,
Thy Truth tranſcends the lofty Skies.
To Heaven thy Glory raiſe;
Let Earth reſound thy Praiſe.

PSALM LVIII.

As the 46.

PErnicious Counſellors! Give you
Sincere advice? to Juſtice true?
Or Virtue but in ſhow purſue?

Your Hearts are ſtill on Miſchief bent;
Your Hands impure and violent;
Nor favour Truth, nor Wrong prevent.

Even from the womb they blindly ſtray;
Born, and perverted in one day;
Lie, ſlander, flatter, and betray:

Like Serpents, with black poyſon ſwell;
And charm th' Inchanter ne're ſo well,
More deaf than Aſps, his Charms repel.

Lord

Lord, slit their Tongues, before they speak;
Strike out their Teeth, which tear the Weak;
And the young Lions grinders break.

As Sun-beat Snow, so let them thaw;
And when their weak'ned Bows they draw,
Let their crack'd Arrows flie like straw.

Let them like Snails consume away;
And as untimely Births decay,
Which never saw the cheerful Day.

Before their pots can feel the brier,
God in the Whirl-wind of his Ire,
Shall blast alive, and burn with fire.

Sin with Revenge at length shall meet;
The Godly shall rejoyce to see't;
And in their blood shall wash their feet.

Then erring Mortals shall confess,
There are Rewards for Righteousness,
And Plagues for such as do transgress.

PSALM LIX.

LOrd, save me from mine Enemies; *As the* 34
From those, who thus against me rise,
Like an incensed Flood:
From those, who in Impietie
Place their delight, and long to die
Their hands in guiltless blood.

Lo! for my Soul they lie in wait:
The Mighty joyn their power and hate,
Without my blame or crime.
Without my crime they weapons take;
And perſecute my ſoul. Awake
My God! aſſiſt in time.

Great God of Hoſts, of *Iſrael*,
Theſe all-oppreſſing Tyrants queſt;
Nor be to Mercy won:
At night their miſchief they begin;
Incenſt like ſnarling Dogs they grin,
And through the City run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words;
Between their lips they brandiſh ſwords;
Yet ſay; Can theſe be known?
But, Lord, thou ſhalt their threats deride;
The empty terrour of their pride
And Malice, vainly ſhown.

Part 2. I and my ſtrength are in thy Power.
In thee I truſt, my Shield! my Tower!
Thy Mercy, Lord, how great!
My Foes ſubjecteſt to my will:
Subdue, and ſcatter; but not kill,
Leſt we thy Truth forget.

O be they in their Pride ſurpris'd!
Even for the Lies they have devis'd,
Their curſes, and cloſe Arts.
Conſume them, from the Land expel:
To ſhew, God reigns in *Iſrael*,
To Earths remoteſt parts.

Hopeleſs let them return with Night,
Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite;
About the City rome:
Pale, meager, and half famiſhed;
Like vagabonds howl they for bread;
Without or food, or home.

But I, before the Day-ſtar ſpring,
Will of thy Power and Mercy ſing;
My Safety in diſtreſs.
Thou art my Rock, my ſtrong Defence;
My living Verſe thy Excellence
And Bounty ſhall expreſs.

PSALM LX.

CAſt off, and ſcattered in thine Ire: *As the 2.*
Lord on our woes with pity look.
The Lands inforc'd Foundations ſhook;
Whoſe yawning ruptures Sighs expire.
O cure the Breaches Thou haſt rent,
And make Her firmly permanent!

Our Souls thou haſt with ſorrow fed;
And mad'ſt us drink of deadly Wine:
Yet now thy Enſigns giv'ſt to Thine,
Even when beſet with trembling dread;
That we thy Banner may diſplay,
Whil'ſt Truth to Conqueſt makes our way.

O hear us, who thy Aid implore;
Lord, with thy own Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved ſuccour ſend.
God by his Sanctity thus ſwore;

I *Succoths* Valley will divide;
In *Shechems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

Mine *Gilead* is, *Manaſſeh* mine;
Ephraim my ſtrength, in battel bold;
Thou *Judah* ſhalt my Scepter hold:
I will triumph on *Palaſtine*.
Baſe ſervitude ſhall *Moab* waſte;
O're *Edom* I my ſhooe will caſt.

Who will our forward Troops direct,
To *Rabbah* ſtrongly fortifi'd?
Or into ſandy *Edom* guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that did'ſt reject,
Nor would'ſt before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Hoſt againſt the Foe?

O then, when Dangers moſt affright,
Do thou our troubled Souls ſuſtain!
For loe! the help of Man is vain.
Through Thee we valiantly ſhall fight:
Our flying Foes thou ſhalt tread down;
And Thine with wreaths of Conqueſt crown.

PSALM LXI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Servant hear;
O lend a willing ear!
In exile my ſad heart,
From Earths remoteſt part,
O'rewhelm'd with Miſeries,
To Thee for ſuccour cries.
To that High Rock O lead,
So far above my head!
That wert, and art my Tower,
Againſt oppreſſing Power.

For

For to thy ſacred Court
I ever ſhall reſort;
Secure beneath thy wings,
From all their menacings:
Even Thou my ſuit haſt ſign'd;
A King by Thee deſign'd,
To govern ſuch as will
Thy Holy Law fulfill.
Whom Thou long life wilt give,
His Ages ſhall out-live;
He Throne ſhall ſtand before
Thy Face for evermore.
Thy Mercy, Lord, extend;
Him for thy Truth defend.
Then I in chearful Layes
Will celebrate thy praiſe;
And to Thee every day
My Vows devoutly pay.

PSALM LXII.

LOrd, thou art the only Scope *As the 15.*
Of my never-fainting Hope;
My Salvation, my Defence,
Refuge of my Innocence:
Thou the Rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o're-thrown.
How long will you machinate!
Perſecute with cauſleſs hate!
You ſhall like a tott'ring wall,
Like a batter'd Bulwark, fall.
All conſpire to caſt me down;
From my brows to tear my Crown:
Full of fraud, they bleſs in ſhow,
When their Thoughts with curſes flow.

Yet

Yet my Soul on God attends;
All my Hope on him depends;
He the Rock I built upon,
Not by man to be o're-thrown.
He my Glory, he my Tower,
Guards me by his saving Power.
You, who are sincere and just,
In the Lord for ever trust:
Powr your Hearts before his Throne;
His, who can protect alone.
All that are of high Descent,
To the Poor and Indigent,
Nothing are but Vanity;
Nothing but deceive and lye:
Balanc'd, altogether they
Lighter than a Vapour weigh.
In Oppression trust thou not;
Nor in Wealth by Rapine got:
If thy Riches multiply,
See thou prize them not too high.
God said once; twice have I heard;
Power is his, by Him conferr'd:
His is Mercy, He rewards,
And, as we deserve, regards.

PSALM LXIII.

As the 34.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray,
Before the dawning of the Day.
My Soul and wasting flesh,
With thirsty Ardor Thee desire,
In Soils scorch'd with æthereal Fire,
Whose draught no show'rs refresh:

at in thy Sanctuary I
y see thy Power and Majesty,
Once more with ravish'd eyes:
y lips shall celebrate thy Praise;
y Goodness, more than length of daies,
Or life it self, I prise.

T

roll'd while I have utterance;
o Thee will I my Palmes advance;
That wilt with marrow feast,
y Verse thy Wonders shall recite;
membred in the silent Night,
As on my Bed I rest.

ur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
ill in sacred Raptures sing;
And to thy Promise cleave.
y Hand upholds; but who with hate
y Soul seek to precipitate
Hells entrails shall receive.

e raging Sword shall shed their blood;
prey for Wolves; for Foxes, food.
Yet God his King shall bless;
d such as swear by his great Name;
t those, whose Tongues the Just defame,
Confusion shall suppress.

PSALM

PSALM LXIV.

As the 10. THOu great Protector, hear my Cry;
Save from my dreadful Enemy:
O vindicate
From their close hate,
Who for my Soul in ambush lie.
From their blind Rage protect,
Who Truth and Thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues, more sharp than Swords,
Their Arrows draw, even bitter words;
To wound th' Upright,
With fierce delight,
When Time to their desire accords:
Then on a sudden shoot;
Nor fear divine pursuit.

Confirm'd in skilful Malice; they
Conspire, their Nets in secret lay:
And say; What eye
Can this descry?
First counsel take; and then betray:
On mischief set their hearts,
Pursu'd by wicked Arts.

But God shall let his Arrows flie;
Wound in the twinkling of an Eye:
Each deadly stung
By his own Tongue,
Shall with that fatall Poison die.
Who this behold, or hear,
Shall tremble with cold fear.

en ſhall their Eyes with wonder raiſe,
ehearſe his Deeds, and ſing his Praiſe.
Eternity
Shall crown their Joy,
Who walk in his preſcribed ways.
He to the Pure of Heart
His Glory ſhall impart.

PSALM LXV.

DUe Honours, Lord, on Thee attend, *As the 8.*
Where *Sions* ſacred Towers aſcend:
There thy devoted *Iſraelites*
Shall pay their Vows, with ſolemn Rites.
o Thee ſhall all Man-kind repair:
ince thou vouchſaf'ſt to hear our Prayer.
ur Sins thy Mercies expiate,
hen burthen'd with their loathed weight.
hrice happy he, of whom thou mak'ſt
hy Choice; and to thy ſervice tak'ſt;
hat may within thy Courts reſide;
here with thy Goodneſs ſatisfi'd;
nd taſte of that ſincere Delight,
hich never cloys the Appetite.
rom thee, O God, our Safety ſprings;
hy Judgement threatens dreadful things.
heir Hope, whom Soils remote ſuſtain;
ho flote upon the toiling Main.
reat is thy Power: propt by thy Hand,
loud-touching Mountains ſtedfaſt ſtand.
hou with thy Scepter doſt appeaſe
he roaring of the high-wrought Seas:
nd the tumultuary jarrs
f People breathing Blood and Warrs.

Who

Part 2. Who dwell upon the Earth's Confines,
They tremble at thy fearful Signs.
Where first the Sun his beam displays;
And where he sets his golden Rayes,
They triumph in the fruits of Peace;
Inriched by the Earth's increase.
He Rain upon her Bosom pow'rs;
His swelling Clouds abound with Show'rs:
And so prepares the lusty Soil
To recompence the Reapers toil.
Mellows the Glebe with fatning juyce,
Whose furrows hopeful blades produce:
With Plenty crowns the smiling Years,
Shed from the influence of the Sphears:
The Desert with sweet Claver fills;
And richly shades the joyful Hills.
Flocks cover all the higher Plain:
The raneker Vallies cloth'd with Grain.
These in Abundance solacing,
Without a tongue thy Praises sing.

PSALM LXVI.

As the 29. HAppy Sons of *Israel*,
Who in pleasant *Canaan* dwell,
Fill the Air with shouts of Joy;
Shouts redoubled from the Skie.
Sing the great Jehovah's Praise;
Trophees to his Glory raise:
Say; How wonderful thy Deeds!
Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!
Conquest on thy sword doth sit;
Trembling Foes through fear submit.

Let the many-peopled Earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Worship our eternal King;
Hymns unto his honour sing.
Come, and see what God hath wrought;
Terrible to humane thought.
He the Billows did divide;
Wall'd with waves on either side,
While we passed safe and dry:
Then our souls were wrap'd with joy.
Endless his Dominion;
All beholding from his Throne.
Let not those, who hate us most;
Let not the Rebellious boast.
Bless the Lord; his Praise be sung,
While an Ear can hear a Tongue.
He our feet establisheth;
He our souls redeems from Death,

Lord, as silver purifi'd, Part 2.
Thou hast with Affliction try'd:
Thou hast driv'n into the net;
Burthens on our shoulders set:
Trod on by their Horses hooves;
Theirs, whom Pity never moves.
We through fire, with flames imbrac'd;
We through raging floods have pass'd:
Yet by thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy Land.
I will to thy House repair;
Worship, and thy Power declare:
Off'rings on thy Altar lay;
All my vows devoutly pay,
Utter'd with my heart and tongue,
When oppress with powerful Wrong.

Fatlings

Fatlings I will Sacrifice;
Incenſe in perfumes ſhall riſe;
Bullocks, ſhaggy Goats and Rams
Offer'd up in ſacred flames.
You, who great Jehovah fear,
Come, O come, you bleſt, and hear
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then, when neer to ruin brought.
Fervently to Him I cry'd;
I his Goodneſs magnifi'd.
If I Vices ſhould affect,
Would not He my Prayers reject:
But the Lord my Prayers hath heard,
Which my tongue with tears preferr'd.
Sourſe of Mercy, be Thou bleſt,
That haſt granted my Requeſt.

PSALM LXVII.

As the 47.

LOrd, ſhow'r on us thy Grace,
Inrich with Gifts divine:
Let thy illuſtrious Face
Upon thy Servants ſhine:
That all below
The arched Skie,
May Thee, and thy
Salvation know.

Let all thy Praiſe rehearſe,
With one united Voyce:
Sing in melodious Verſe;
Eternally rejoyce.

Thy Power obey;
Whose Justice shall
Dispose of All;
All Scepters sway.

Let all extol thy Worth:
Then shall the smiling Earth
Her pleasant fruits bring forth;
Nor ever mourn in Dearth.
We who implore,
Thy Blessings find;
And all Mankind
With fear adore.

PSALM LXVIII.

LEt God, the God of Battail, rise; *As the* 8.
And scatter his proud Enemies.
O let them flee before his face,
Like smoak, which driving tempests chace.
As Wax dissolves with scorching Fire;
So perish in his burning Ire.
But let the Just with joy abound:
In joyful Songs his Praise resound:
Who riding on the rowling Sphears,
The Name of great Jehovah bears.
Before his Face your joys express:
A Father to the fatherless.
He wipes the tears from Widows eyes;
The single Plants in Families;
Inlarging those who late were bound:
While Rebels starve on thirsty Ground.
When he our numerous Army led;
And march'd through Deserts, full of dread;

Heaven melted, and Earths Centre ſhook,
With his majeſtick Preſence ſtrook.
When *Iſraels* God in Clouds came down,
High *Sinai* bow'd his trembling Crown.

Part 2. He in th' approach of meager Dearth,
With ſhow'rs refreſht the fainting Earth:
Where his own Flock in ſafety fed;
The Needy unto plenty led.
By Him we conquer: Virgins ſing
Our Victories, and Timbrels ring.
He Kings with their vaſt Armies foils;
While women ſhare their wealthy ſpoils.
You who among the Pots have lain
In Soot and Smoak, ſhall ſhine again;
Bright, as the ſilver-feather'd Dove,
Whoſe wings with golden Splendor move.
When he the Kings had overthrown,
Our Land like ſnowy *Salmon* ſhone.
Gods Mountain *Baſhans* Mount tranſcends;
Though he his many Heads extends.
Why boaſt you ſo, ye meaner Hills?
God with his Glory *Sion* fills:
This his beloved Reſidence;
Nor ever will depart from hence.

Part 3. His Chariots twenty thouſand were,
Which Myriads of Angels bear;
He in the midſt, as when he crown'd
High *Sinai*'s ſanctified ground.
Lord, Thou thy Self haſt rais'd on high;
Thou captivat'ſt Captivity.
Deck'd with the trophees of his Foes,
The gifts receiv'd on his beſtows:

Reduc

educing thoſe who did rebell;
hat both might in his *Sion* dwell.
praiſed be the God of gods,
ho his with daily bleſſings loads:
e God of our Salvation,
whom our hopes depend alone.
e Controverſe of Life and Death
arbitrated by his Breath.
e on their heads his Foes ſhall wound;
eir hairy ſcalps, whoſe ſins abound,
d in their treſpaſſes proceed.
us ſpake Jehovah; *Jacobs* Seed
ill from *Baſhan* bring again,
d through the bottom of the Main:
at Dogs may lap their enemies blood;
d they wade through a crimſon Flood.

e in thy Sanctuary late, Part 4.
y God, my King, beheld thy State.
e ſacred Singers march'd before;
ho inſtruments of Muſick bore,
order followed: Every Maid
on her pleaſant Timbrel plaid.
s Praiſe in your Aſſemblies ſing,
u, who from *Iſraels* Fountain ſpring.
r little *Benjamin* alone,
t *Judah* from his Mountain-throne;
e far removed *Zebulun*;
d *Naphtali* which borders on
d *Jordan*, where his ſtream dilates;
n'd all their Powers and Potentates.
r us his winged Souldiers fought:
rd, ſtrengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.
e that ſupports a Diadem,
Thee, divine *Jeruſalem*,

Shall in Devotion treaſure bring,
To build the Temple of his King.

Part 5. Break through their Pikes; the multitude
Of Bulls, with ſavage ſtrength indu'd;
Till they with gifts ſweet Peace invite:
But ſcatter thoſe, whom Wars delight.
Far off from Sun-burnt *Meroë*,
From falling *Nilus*; from the Sea
Which beats on the *Ægyptian* ſhore,
Shall Princes come, and here adore.
You Kingdoms, through the World renown'd,
Sing to the Lord; his praiſe reſound:
He who Heavens upper Heaven beſtrides,
And on her aged ſhoulders rides:
Whoſe voice the Clouds aſunder rends;
In Thunder terrible deſcends.
O praiſe his Strength; whoſe Majeſty
In *Iſrael* ſhines, his Power on high.
He from his Sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his Foes:
While us his Power and Strength inveſt.
O *Iſrael*, praiſe the Ever-bleſt.

PSALM LXIX.

As the 22. LOrd, ſnatch me from the raging Floud;
Now in deep Eddies almoſt drown'd:
That ſtruggle in the yielding mud,
There, where no bottom can be found:
The riſing waves my head ſurround,
And with their terrors chill my Bloud.

Fir

Tir'd with complaining; hoarse, and sore;
Sight fails my long-expecting Eyes:
My Hairs are not in number more
Than my uninjur'd Enemies.
The great in wrong against me rise;
I, what I never took, restore.

My God, Thou know'st my Innocence:
Let not the faithful blush for me,
Traduc'd by slanderous Impudence:
Nor O! let those that call on Thee,
Their shame in my Confusion see;
Since Thou art our profest Defence.

For Thee I suffer Calumnies;
To Men become a general scorn;
Deserted by my near Allies;
By children of my Mother born:
Through zeal unto thy Honour worn,
While thy reproach upon me lies.

I fasted, wept, in Sack-cloth mourn'd;
My anguish in my looks expreſt:
Yet this to my derision turn'd;
By Drunkards sung at every Feast:
Even Judges at my sorrow jest;
My Innocence by slander spurn'd.

Yet shall my Prayers and Sighs ascend
Even in an acceptable hour.
Thy Mercy, gracious Lord, extend;
And save by thy Almighty Power.
Let not the swallowing mud devour:
Preserve from such a shameful end.

Part 2.

Deliver from th' inſulting Foe;
My ſtrugling Feet from ſinking keep:
Let not the Billows overflow,
Nor Whirl-pits ſuck into their Deep.
O pity Thou the Eyes that weep:
And thy Tranſcendent Mercy ſhow.

Hear, and redeem without delay;
Nor in my trouble hide thy Face:
Leſt I become a wretched prey
To ſuch as have my Soul in chaſe.
My ſhame, indignities, diſgrace
And all their crimes before Thee lay.

Reproach my bleeding heart hath pierc'd:
Was ever Sorrow half ſo great!
Compaſſion hath her Eyes averſt;
My Grief no comfort could intreat:
They gave me bitter Gall to eat;
And Vinegar to quench my Thirſt.

O be their board a ſnare to thoſe!
Proſperity it ſelf a Bait!
Their Eyes in clouds of darkneſs cloſe;
And let them fall by their own weight:
Pour on them thy Eternal hate;
With vengeance multiply their woes.

Part 3. In Ruins let their Houſes lie;
None in their ſilent Tents be found;
That would, whom thou haſt ſmit, deſtroy;
And wounded Souls with ſlander wound.
Let their Iniquities abound,
Nor ever in thy Mercy joy.

Their

Their names out of thy Volume blot;
Nor with the Juſt inthrone their Daies.
Though poor; to miſery begot;
Yet Thou ſhalt my dejection raiſe:
Then will I celebrate thy Praiſe:
My thankful Heart no time ſhall ſpot.

This will Jehovah more delight,
Than Bulls prepar'd for Sacrifice:
Their guilded Horns with Garlands dight.
This ſhall the Meek with pleaſed Eyes
Behold, and centuple their joys:
Their Day ſhall never ſet in Night.

For God the Poor regards, and thoſe,
Who for his ſake affliction try.
Round Earth, deep Seas, what Seas incloſe;
You Orbs, that move ſo orderly;
Our great Jehovah magnify,
Who crowns his Saints with ſweet Repoſe.

For God his *Sion* ſhall immure,
And *Judah*'s Cities build again:
Where they ſhall ever live ſecure;
A fair inheritance obtain:
There ſhall their bleſſed Seed remain;
And ſafely that rich Soil manure.

PSALM LXX.

As the 5.

HAſt, Lord; from ſuch as would devour,
Defend by thy almighty Power:
Delay not in ſo fear'd an Hour.

But let confuſion ſeize on thoſe,
Who ſeek my ſoul; to ſhame expoſe:
Be ſudden in their overthrows.

Let thoſe with infamy return;
Dejected, and unpittyed, mourn;
Who laugh, and blaſt me with their ſcorn.

Who love thy Name, with joy inveſt:
Let them in ſhades of Safety feaſt;
And ever ſay, The Lord be bleſt.

But I am poor, and full of need:
Haſt, Lord; deliver me with ſpeed;
Our Strength, our Help, from Thee proceed.

PSALM LXXI.

As the 34.

I To thy Wing for refuge flie;
Protect me from foul Infamie;
Lord, in thy Juſtice ſave.
Deliver from their treacherous Snares:
O favourably hear my Prayers;
Snatch from the yawning Grave.

Be

thou my Fortress of Defence;
here let me fix my Residence.
O Thou, my Rock! my Tower!
ho hast thy Angels given in charge,
hat they thy Servants should inlarge
From circumventing Power.

eliver from their cruel might,
hose wicked hands in blood delight:
Lest I their pray become.
hou art my hope; even from my Youth
ave I rely'd upon thy Truth;
By Thee kept in the womb:

om thence extracted by thy Care.
hough, as a Prodigy they stare
On me with wondring eyes;
et Thee, my strength, my Song shall praise,
nd to the Stars thy glory raise,
While Suns shall set and rise.

ast not off, when full of days; *Part 2.*
rsake not, when my Strength decays:
Watch'd by conspiring Foes.
od hath abandon'd him, say they;
ow let us make his life our prey:
Who shall our power oppose?

y God, close to thy servant stand,
nd help him with a speedy hand:
Those in their pride confound,
ho persecute my wretched Soul;
t Death their impious rage controul,
And with dishonour wound.

But

But I will ever hope, and raiſe
My Voice to multiply thy Praiſe;
Thy Righteouſneſs diſplay,
Thy manifold Deliveries:
Which O! no number can compriſe;
Thus ſpend the harmleſs Day.

I in thy Strength, though old and weak,
Will walk, and of thy Juſtice ſpeak;
Of thine, even thine alone.
Thou haſt inform'd me from my Youth;
I, to this hour, with ſingle Truth,
Thy wondrous works have ſhown.

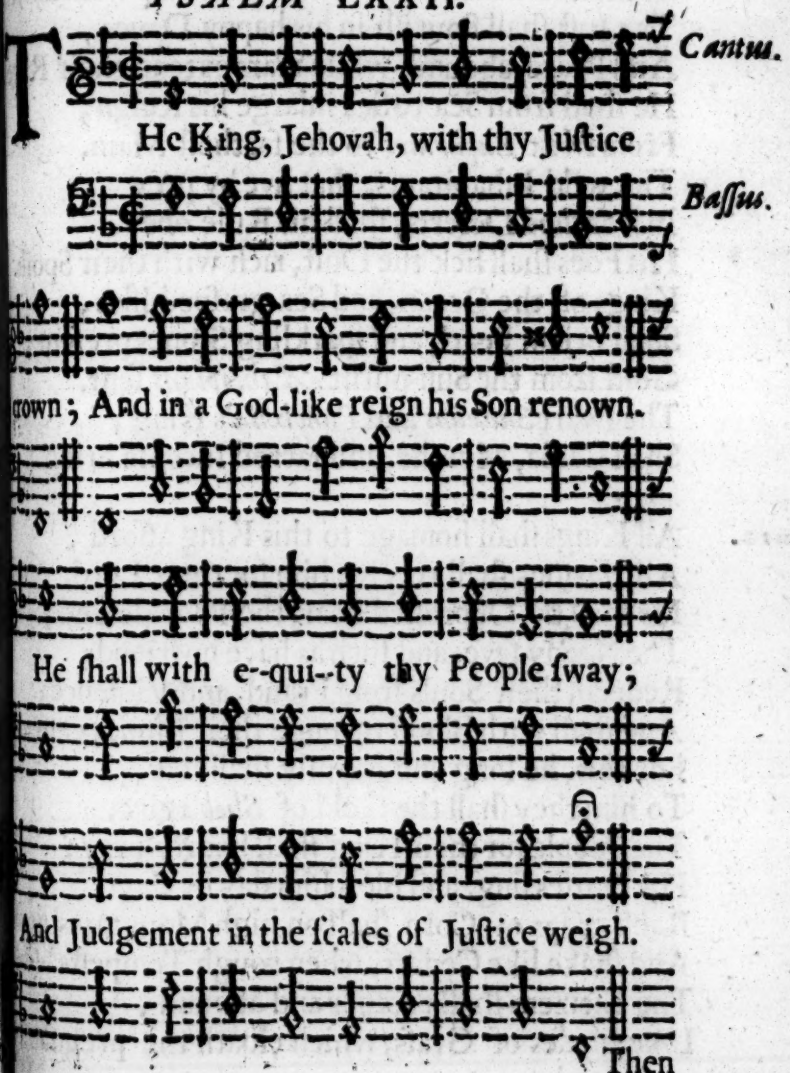
Part 3. Now in the Winter of my years;
When Time hath ſnow'd upon my hairs,
Abandon not, O Lord;
Till I unto this Age proclame
Thy Mighty Power; in Songs the ſame
Unto the next record.

Thy Counſels depth our ſearch exceeds:
How admirable are thy Deeds!
O who is like to Thee!
Thou haſt afflictions on me lain;
Yet ſhalt thou quicken me again,
And from Earths entrails free.

Still thou my glory wilt increaſe,
And comfort with the joys of Peace.
I, in a living verſe,
Unto my warbling Harp will ſing
Thy praiſes, O eternal King;
Thy noble Acts rehearſe.

Into my Voice, and Inſtrument
Shall my exalted Soul conſent;
By Thee redeem'd from Death:
Thy Juſtice every Day proclame:
That now haſt cloth'd my Foes with Shame,
Diſperſed by thy breath.

PSALM LXXII.



Then

Then little Hills ſhall riot with increaſe;
And Mountains flouriſh in the fruits of Peace.
He ſhall the Poor from Violence protect;
Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.
They, while the reſtleſs Sun directs the Year;
While Moons increaſe and wain, thy Name ſhall fear.
He ſhall deſcend like plenty-dropping Showers,
Which cloath the earth, and fill her lap with flowers.
The Juſt ſhall flouriſh in his happy Dayes,
And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Rayes.
He ſhall from Sea to Sea inlarge his Reign;
From ſwift *Euphrates* to the fartheſt Main.
The wild Inhabitants, that live by prey
In ſcorched Deſerts, ſhall his Rule obey.
His Foes ſhall lick the Duſt, rich with their Spoils.
Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-graſped Iſles,
Shall orient Pearl, and ſparkling Stones preſent;
Gold from the Sun-burnt *Æthiopians* ſent.
The ſwart *Sabæans* and *Panchaia*'s King,
Shall Caſſia, Myrrhe, and ſacred Incenſe bring.

Part 2. All Kings ſhall homage to this King afford;
All Nations ſhall receive him for their Lord.
He ſhall th' Oppreſſed hear, the Poor defend;
The Needy ſave, and ſuch as have no friend:
Redeem their Souls from Fraud, and Violence;
And ſhall with Blood revenge their Bloods expenſe.
For this, he long and happily ſhall live:
To him they ſhall the Gold of *Sheba* give.
The People for their King ſhall hourly pray:
His Praiſes ſing, and bleſs him day by day.
Rank crops of Corn ſhall on high Mountains grow
And ſhake like Cedars, when rough Tempeſts blow.
The Citizens ſhall proſper and abound;
Like blades of Graſs, which cloath the pregnant ground.

His Name shall last to all Eternitie:
Even while the Sun illuminates the Skie.
All Nations shall in Him be blest: Him all
The habitable Earth shall blessed call.
O praised be our God! that King of kings,
Who only can accomplish wondrous things!
For ever celebrate his glorious Name,
And fill the World with his illustrious Fame.

Amen, Amen.

This is a fine Translation.

Here end the Prayers of David *the Son of* Jesse.

A PARAPHRASE

Upon the Third BOOK OF THE PSALMS of DAVID.

PSALM LXXIII.

As the 1.

THat Power of powers, who *Israel* protects,
The Pure of heart eternally affects.
Yet I began to stagger in my Faith;
My Feet almost had swerved from his Path,
When I the Fool beheld with envious eyes;
Saw prosperous Vice to Wealth and Honour rise.
Their Thread of Life is close and firmly spun;
Whom feeble Age, and pale Diseases shun.
They, while we suffer, surfeit in content;
As if alone exempt from punishment.
Pride hangs like precious Chains about their necks;
And Violence in robes of Purple decks.
Their swoln eyes shine with uncontroll'd excess;
Who more, than what their hearts can wish, posses

Ever

Even glory in their foul Impiety;
And speak like Thunder from the troubled Sky.
Dire Blasphemies against high Heaven they cast;
The suffering Earth their Pride and Slander blast.
The Good not seldom through their Scandal stray,
And prest with Miseries, in Passion say;
O how can we the Lord All-seeing call!
Or think he cares what unto men befall!
When lo! the Wicked with success are crown'd,
And in the pleasures of this world abound.
I to no end have purg'd my heart of stain;
In Innocence have cleans'd my hands in vain;
That thus with daily punishments am worn,
And still chastised with the rising Morn.

If I gave words unto such thoughts as these, *Part 2.*
I should th' assemblies of thy Saints displease:
For then, what were it to be just, or good?
My Soul this secret never understood;
Till I into thy Sanctuary came,
And there beheld their Honour end in Shame.
Thou hast on slippery hights their greatness plac'd;
Down Head-long from their Noon of glory cast.
How are they unto Desolation brought!
Consumed in the moment of a thought!
Such as a pleasant dream when Sleep forsakes
Our flattered sense; so, when thy Wrath awakes,
Thou in thy dreadful fury shalt destroy
Their empty and Imaginary joy.
These former thoughts did my weak Soul molest;
So ignorant; so vain; so like a beast.
Yet I by thy Divine supportance stand:
Thou held'st me up by thy Almighty hand.
Thou by thy counsel shalt direct my waies;
And after to eternal Glory raise.

For

For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above?
Or what on Earth can my Affections move?
My Thoughts and Fleſh are frail; yet Lord, thou art
My Portion, and the Vigour of my Heart.
Who thee abandon, ſhall to Death deſcend;
And they whoſe knees to curſed Idols bend.
I as my duty, will to God repair;
On Him rely, and his great Acts declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

As the 14.

LOrd; why haſt Thou abandoned!
O why for ever! ſhall thine Ire
Conſume, like a devouring Fire,
The Sheep which in thy paſtures fed!

O think of thoſe, who were thy own;
By Thee of old from bondage brought:
Th' Inheritance which thou haſt bought,
And *Sion* thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and ſurvey
What ſpoil the barbarous Foe hath made.
Lo! all in heaps of ruins laid;
Thy Temple their accurſed prey.

Like Lions, with ſharp Famine whet,
They in thy Sanctuary roar;
All purple in thy Peoples gore;
And there their conquering Enſigns ſet.

It was eſteem'd a great renown
With Ax to ſquare the Mountain Okes:
Now they demoliſh with their ſtrokes,
And hew the carved Fabrick down.

Who lo! with all-infolding flame,
The beauty of the Earth devour:
Profanely proſtrate on the floor
That Temple ſacred to thy Name.

Now (ſaid they) with a ſudden hand,
Give we a general End to all.
By Fire the holy ſtructures fall,
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes; Part 2.
There are no Prophets to divine,
That might our miſeries decline;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long ſhall our Enemies
Exult, and glory in our ſhame!
How long ſhall they Blaſpheme thy Name,
Great God, and thy ſlow Wrath deſpiſe!

Thy hand out of thy Boſome draw;
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:
My God, thou waſt our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders ſaw.

Thou ſtruck'ſt the Erythæan waves,
When Seas from Seas in tumult fled;
Brak'ſt the *Ægyptian* Dragons head,
And mad'ſt the joyning Floods their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beaſts and Serpents, which poſſeſs
The dry and foodleſs Wilderneſs,
Thee delivered for a Spoil.

Thou clav'ſt the Rock, from whoſe green wound
The thirſt expelling Fountain brake:
Thou mad'ſt the heady Streams forſake
Their Chanels, and become dry ground.

Part 3. The cheerful Day, Night cloth'd in ſhade;
The Moon and radient Sun are Thine:
Thy Bounds the ſwelling Seas confine;
Summer and Winter by Thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not thoſe
Who Thee reproachfully deſpiſe.
Remember, Lord, the Blaſphemies,
Caſt on thee by our frantick Foes.

O! to the wicked Multitude
Surrender not thy Turtle-dove:
Nor from thy tender care remove
The Poor, by powerful Wrong purſu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain:
For Darkneſs over-ſpreads the Face
Of all the Land; in every place
Deſtruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign.

Let not th' oppreſt return with ſhame;
But crown thee with deſerv'd applauſe:
O patronize thy proper Cauſe:
Remember, Fools revile thy Name.

O let their Sorrows never ceaſe,
Who blaſt Thee with their Calumnies.
The tumults of their Pride, who riſe
Againſt Thee, every day increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

THy Praises, O eternal King,
Our Souls in sacred Verse will sing.
The wonders of thy Works declare;
Thy Presence in thy Power and Care.
When I shall wear the *Hebrew* Crown,
High Justice shall my Reign renown.
The Land with weak'ning Discord rent,
The People without Government,
Faint and dissolve. Her Pillars I
Support, her Breaches fortifie.
Proud Man, I said, renounce thy Pride;
Thou Fool, thy Folly cast aside.
Do not so high your Horns erect;
Nor bellow, as with yoak uncheckt.
Preferment from the Orient,
Nor from the Evening-Suns Descent,
Nor Desert comes: God guides our Fates;
He raiseth, and He ruinates.
A cup of red and mingled Wine
He poureth out to me and mine:
And every Rebel in the Land
Shall drink the Dregs, squeez'd by his Hand.
His noble Acts I will relate;
The God of *Jacob* celebrate;
Oppress the Wicked, and their wayes;
The Just to Wealth and Honour raise.

As the 81.

PSALM LXXVI.

As thi 29.

GOd in *Judah* is renown'd;
Salem with his Temple crown'd:
He in sacred *Sion* dwells;
Israel his wonders tells.
He their flying Ensigns tears;
Shivers the *Assyrian* Spears.
He their Swords, Shields, Arrows, broke;
Kill'd, subdu'd, without a stroke.
Thou more excellent than they,
That on *Juries* Mountains prey:
Who the Great in battel foil'd;
Of their lives and honours spoil'd.
Not the Mighty could withstand,
Nor so much as find a hand.
Princes, by thy only Breath,
With the Vulgar, sleep in Death.
Terrible unto thy Foes:
O, who can thy Wrath oppose!
When as they thy Thunder hear,
Mortals stand amaz'd, and fear:
When from thy eternal Rest
Thou descend'st, to save th' Oppress.
Malice but it self betrayes;
And converts into thy praise.
Future rage thou shalt restrain,
Making their indeavours vain.
Jacobs Seed, with one accord,
Pay your Vows unto the Lord.
Holy Levites, Offerings bring;
Of his glorious Conquest sing.
He, who Princes overthrows,
O, how fearful to his Foes!

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd; He heard my cries: *As the 5.*
Again, when plung'd in miſeries,
Renew'd with raiſed hands and eyes.

My feſtred wounds ran all the Night;
No comfort could my Soul invite
To reliſh long out-worn delight.

I call'd upon the Ever-bleſt:
And yet my troubles ſtill increaſt;
Almoſt to Death by ſorrow preſt.

Thou keep'ſt my galled eyes awake:
Words fail my grief; ſighs only ſpake,
Which from my panting boſome brake.

Then did my Memory unfold
The wonders, which thou wrought'ſt of old,
By our admiring Fathers told.

The Songs, which in the Night I ſung;
When deeply by affliction ſtung:
Theſe thoughts thus mov'd my deſperate tongue;

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, forſake!
Nor pity on th' afflicted take!
Shall thy mercy never wake!

Wilt thou thy promiſe falſifie!
Muſt I in thy diſpleaſure die!
Shall Grace before thy Fury flie!

This said; I thus my Passions checkt:
His changes on their ends reflect,
To punish and restore th' Elect.

Part 2. His great Deliverance shall dwell
In my Remembrance; I will tell
What in our Fathers days befell.

His counsels from our reach are set;
Hid in his sacred Cabinet.
What God like ours! so Good! so Great!

Who wonders can effect alone;
His Peoples great Redemption;
To *Jacob*'s Seed, and *Joseph*'s known.

The yielding Floods confess thy Might;
The Deeps were troubled at thy Sight;
And Seas recoil'd in their affright.

The Clouds in storms of rain descend;
The Air thy hideous Fragors rend;
Thy arrows dreadful flames extend.

Thy Thunders rorings rake the Skies;
Thy fatal Light'ning swiftly flies;
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy Ways even through the Billows lye:
The Floods then left their Chanels dry;
No Mortal can thy steps descry.

Like Flocks through Wilderness of Sand,
Thou led'st us to this pleasant Land;
By *Moses* and by *Aarons* hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

MY People, hear my Words; I will unfold *As the 42.*
Dark Oracles, and Wonders done of old;
By our great Anceſtors both heard and known,
ucceſſively unto their Children ſhown;
Which we will to Poſterity relate;
That People, yet unknown, may celebrate
Gods Power, his Praiſe, and glorious Acts: ſince He
Will's this Tradition by Divine Decree;
Until one Day ſhall give the World an end:
That all their hopes might on his Help depend.
For ever let his noble Actions ſleep
n dark oblivion, but his Statutes keep.
Unlike their rebel Sires, a ſtubborn Race;
Who fell from God, nor ſought his ſlighted Grace.
The *Ephraimites*, though expert in their Bows,
Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes:
Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;
Nor in the ways of his preſcription trod,
Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders ſhown
In *Zoan*; and the Plains by *Nile* o'reflown.
He brought them through the bowels of the Flood;
The parted Waves like ſolid Mountains ſtood.
By day with leading Clouds affords a ſhade;
By night a flaming Pyramis diſplaid.
Hard Rocks, He in the thirſty Deſerts clave,
And drink out of their ſtony Entrails gave:
Even from their barren ſides the waters guſht,
And down in rivers through the vallies ruſht.

Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, and meat to ſatisfie *Part 2.*
Their Luſt demand, provoking the moſt High.

Blaſpheming thus; Can God our wants redreſs?
A Table furniſh in the Wilderneſs?
Though from the cloven Rocks freſh Currents drill,
Can he give Bread? with Fleſh the hungry fill?
Thus tempted by their hourly murmurings,
He to his long retarded Wrath gives wings:
Their infidelity inrag'd the Juſt,
That would not to his ſure Protection truſt.
Who all the Curtains of the Skies withdrew,
And made the clouds reſolve into a dew.
With Manna, Food of Angels, Mortals fed;
And fill'd with plenty of cæleſtial Bread.
Then caus'd the early Eaſtern winds to riſe,
And bad the dropping South obſcure the Skies:
Whence ſhow'rs of Quails deſcend; as thick as ſand
On Sea-waſh'd ſhores, or duſt on Sun-dry'd Land;
Which fell among their Tents: They their delights
Injoy, and feaſt their deadly appetites.
For lo! while they thoſe fatal Dainties chew,
And their inordinate Deſires purſue;
The Wrath of God ſurpriz'd them, and cut down
The choice of all; even thoſe of moſt renown.
Nor, by their own miſ-haps admoniſhed,
Would they his Works believe, or Judgments dread.
So he their ſpirits quench'd with daily fears;
In Vanity and Toil conſum'd their years.

Part 3. But when by Slaughter waſted, the forlorn
Return'd, and ſought Him in the early Morn:
They then confeſt, and ſaid; Thou art our Tower,
Our Strength; alone protecteſt by thy Power.
Yet their ſlie Tongues did but their Souls diſguiſe;
Full of deluding flatteries and lies.
Their faithleſs hearts revolted from his Will;
Nor ever would his juſt Commands fulfill.

How

How oft would He, whose Mercy hath no bound,
Their pardon sign! nor in their Sins confound!
How oft did He his burning wrath asswage!
How oft divert the fury of his Rage!
Consider'd them as flesh, in frailty born;
A passing Wind, that never can return.
Yet still would they his sacred Laws transgress;
Provok'd him in th' unpeopled Wilderness:
Confin'd the Holy One of *Israel*;
Against their Saviour frantickly rebel:
Forgetful of his Power, nor ever thought
Of that great day, when from long bondage brought.
His dreadful Miracles to *Ægypt* known,
And Wonders in the Field of *Zoan* shown.
The River chang'd into a Sea of Blood;
Men faint for thirst, t' avoid th' infected Flood.
Huge swarms of unknown Flies display their wings,
Which wound to death with their invenom'd stings.
Loath'd Frogs even in their Palaces abound;
And with their filthy slime pollute the ground.

Their early Fruits the Caterpillers spoil: Part 4.
And Grashoppers devour the Plow-mans toil.
Long Vines with storms their dangling burdens lost:
The broad-leav'd Sycamores destroy'd with frost.
Their Flocks beat down with Hail-stones, breathless lie:
Their Cattel by the stroke of Thunder die.
The Vengeance of his Wrath all forms of woes,
More Plagues, then could be fear'd, upon them throws
Whom evil Angels to their sins betray.
He to the Torrent of his Wrath gave way;
Nor would with man or sinless beasts dispense;
But by the Arrows of his Pestilence.
Slew all the flower of Youth; their First-born Sons;
Here where old *Nilus* in seven chanels runs.

But

But like a flock of Sheep his People led;
Safe and ſecure through Deſerts, full of dread:
Even through unfathom'd Deeps: which part and
cloſe
Their tumbling waves to ſwallow their proud Foes.
Then brought them to his conſecrated Land;
Even to his Mountain purchas'd by his Hand.
Caſt out the Giant-like Inhabitants;
And in their rooms the Tribes of *Iſrael* plants.
Yet they (O moſt ingrateful!) falſifie
Their vows, and ſtill exaſperate the moſt High:
Who in their faithleſs Fathers traces goe;
And ſtart aſide; like a deceitful Bow.
Their Altars on the tops of Mountains blaze,
While they their hands to curſed Idols raiſe.

Part 5. Theſe objects fuel to his wrath afford:
Whoſe Soul revolted *Iſrael* abhor'd.
The ancient Seat of *Shiloh* then forſook;
Nor longer would that hated Manſion brook.
His Ark even to Captivity declin'd;
His Strength and Glory to the Foe reſign'd:
And yielded up his People to the Rage
Of barbarous ſwords; nor would his wrath aſſwage.
Devouring flames their able Youth confound;
Nor are their Maids with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.
Their Mitred Prieſts in heat of Battel fall;
No Widows weeping at their Funeral.
Then as a Giant, folded in the Charms
Of Wine and Sleep, ſtarts up and cries, To arms:
So rous'd, his Foes behind, Jehovah wounds;
And with Eternal Infamy confounds:
Yet would in *Joſephs* Tents no longer dwell;
Nor *Ephraim* choſe, who from his Cov'nant fell:

But

But *Judah*'s Mountain for his Seat elects;
And sacred *Sion*, which he most affects.
There our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,
Firm as the Centre, never to be ras'd.
And from the bleating Flocks his *David* chose,
When he attended on the yeaning Ews;
And rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed
His people; *Israel's* selected Seed.
Who fed them faithfully; and all the Land
Directed with a just and equal hand.

PSALM LXXIX.

As the 39.

THe *Gentiles* waste thy *Canaan*, Lord,
With Fire and Sword.
Thy holy Temple they prophane;
With Slaughter stain.
Beneath her ruins *Salem* groans;
Now nothing but a heap of Stones.

The dead no Funeral pomp attends,
Nor weeping friends:
Their carkases our barbarous Foes
To Beasts expose:
The ravenous Wolves become their tomb
Or else the greedy Vultures womb.

With blood of Saints, the Streams grow red,
Like Water shed:
My People now a general
Reproach to all.
The *Syrian*, and base *Edomite*
Deride, and in our woes delight.

How

How long, Lord, ſhall thy jealous ire
Devour like Fire!
Thy Anger, in a dreadful ſhow'r
Of vengeance, pow'r
On thoſe, who know not thy great Name:
And think thy Worſhip but a ſhame.

Part 2. For they have laid our Country waſte:
Our Cities ras't.
Lord, O remember not the crimes
Of former times!
But for thy tender mercy ſave
Our ſouls; now humbled to the grave.

Lord, for the glory of thy Name,
Redeem from ſhame.
O purge us, and propitious be!
From thraldom free.
Why ſhould the *Heathen* thus blaſpheme,
And ſay, Your God is but a Dream!

Againſt them let thy Vengeance riſe;
Before our eyes:
And for our blood, ſhed by their guilt,
Let theirs be ſpilt.
O hear the ſighing Priſoners cry!
And ſave, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our ſpiteful Neighbours, Lord, deride
Thee, in their pride.
With ſeven-fold vengeance recompenſe
Their inſolence.
So we, thy flock, our God will praiſe;
And to the Stars thy Glory raiſe.

PSALM

PSALM LXXX.

THou Shepherd of thy *Israel*, *As the 3.*
That, Flock-like, leadeſt *Joſephs* Race:
Who 'twixt the Cherubims doſt dwell,
O hear! ſhew thy inlightning Face.
Exalt thy ſaving power before
Manaſſeh, Ephraim, Benjamin:
O from Captivity reſtore!
And let thy beams upon us ſhine.
Great God of Battail, wilt thou ſtill
Be angry, and our prayers deſpiſe?
Bread, ſteep'd in tears, our ſtomachs fill;
We drink the rivers of our eyes.
Our ſcoffing Neighbours fall at ſtrife
Among themſelves, to ſhare our right:
Great God, reſtore the dead to life;
And comfort by the quick'ning light.

This Vine, from *Ægypt* brought, (the Foe *Part 2.*
Expel'd) was planted by thy hand:
Thou gav'ſt it room and ſtrength to grow,
Untill her branches fill'd the Land.
The Mountains took a ſhade from theſe,
Which like a grove of Cedars ſtood:
Extending to the *Tyrian* Seas,
And to *Euphrates* rowling Flood.
O why haſt thou her Fences ras't?
Whilſt every Stragler pulls her Fruit:
The browſing Heard her branches waſte;
And ſalvage Boars plow-up her root.
Great God, return; this trampled Vine
From Heaven behold with mild aſpect:
Once planted by that Hand of thine;
The branches of thy own Elect. Which

Which now cut down, wild Flames devour;
Through thy fierce wrath to ruin brought:
Protect thy People by thy Power;
And perfect what thy ſelf hath wrought.
Reviv'd, we will thy Name adore;
Nor ever from thy Pleaſure ſwerve.
O from Captivity reſtore,
And by thy powerful grace preſerve!

PSALM LXXXI.

As the 8. TO God our Strength your voices raiſe:
In ſacred numbers ſing his praiſe.
The warbling Lute, ſweet Viol bring,
And ſolemn Harp: loud Timbrels ring.
The new Moon ſeen, ſhrill Trumpets ſound;
Your ſacred Feaſts with Triumph crown'd.
Theſe Rites our God eſtabliſhed,
When *Iſrael* He from *Ægypt* led:
Their necks with Yokes of bondage wrung;
Inured to an unknown tongue.
Your burdens I have caſt away,
Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay:
Then ſav'd, when in your fears you cry'd;
And from the thundring Cloud reply'd.
I try'd you; heard your murmurings,
At *Meribah*'s admired Springs.
You Sons of *Iſrael*, give ear;
I will inſtruct you, would you hear.
Beware; no foreign gods adore;
Nor their adulterate Powers implore.

Part 2. I Thee alone brought from the Land
Of Bondage, with a mighty Hand.

know, and will supply thy need;
When naked, cloath; when hungry, feed.
Yet would not they my Counsel brook;
But desperately their God forsook:
Whom I unto their lusts resign'd,
And errors of their wandring Mind.
That they had my voice obey'd,
Nor from the paths of Virtue straid!
When Victory their brows had crown'd:
Their slaughter'd Foes had spread the ground:
Then had I made their enemy
Submit, and at their mercy lye:
Themselves blest with eternal Peace;
Enriched with the Earths increase:
With flour of Wheat, and Honey fill'd,
From breaches of the Rock distill'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

As the 4.

GOd sits upon the Throne of Kings,
And Judges unto judgement brings:
Why then so long
Maintain you wrong,
And favour Lawless things?

Defend the Poor, the Fatherless;
Their crying injuries redress:
And vindicate
The Desolate,
Whom wicked men oppress.

They of Knowledge have no Light,
Nor Will to know; but walk in Night.

Earth's

Earths Baſes fail;
No Laws prevail;
Scarce one in heart upright.

Though Gods, and Sons of the moſt High;
Yet you, like common men, ſhall die;
Like Princes fall.
Great God, judge all
The Earth, thy Monarchy.

PSALM LXXXIII.

As the 1. LOrd, ſit not ſtill, as deaf unto our cries:
For lo! our Enemies in tumults riſe.
Even thoſe, who thy Omnipotence deny,
And hate thy Name, advance their Creſts on high:
Dark counſels take, and ſecretly contrive
Their ſlaughter, whom thy Mercy keeps alive.
Come, ſay they, let us with inceſſant ſtrokes,
Hew down this Nation, like a grove of Okes,
Till they no longer be; and *Iſrael* die
Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.
They all, in one confederacy, have made
A ſolemn League; ſupply'd with foreign aid.
Fierce *Idumæans*, who in *Nomades* ſtray,
And ſhaggy *Iſmaelites*, that live by prey;
Th' inceſtuous Race, that border on the Lake
Of ſalt *Aſphalthis*: Savage Thieves, who take
Their name from ſervile *Hagar*; they, who dwell
In *Gebal*; *Ammonites*, who Peace expell;
Stern *Palæſtines*; and wild *Amalekites*;
Falſe *Tyrians*; *Aſſur* with *Lots* Sons unites.

L

et them like *Midian* fall, by mutual wounds; Part 2.
ike *Sisera*; fall like *Jabin*, on the bounds
f *Endor*, where swift *Kison* takes his birth;
Who lay like Dung upon the fatned Earth:
ike *Zeb*, and *Orebs* Princes; made a prey
or Wolves: like *Zeba* and proud *Zalmuna*:
Who said, let us these *Israelites* destroy,
nd all the Cities of their God enjoy.
O let them, like a wheel be hurried round;
ike chaff, which whirlwinds ravish from the ground;
s Woods grown dry with age, imbrac'd with fire,
Whose flames above the singed Hills aspire:
o in the Tempest of thy Wrath pursue;
nd with thy Storms thy trembling Foes subdue.
fill their hearts with grief; their looks with shame;
ll they invoke thy late blasphemed Name.
onfound them with eternal Infamie;
hat they, through anguish of their Souls, may die.
hat men Jehovah's Wonders may rehearse;
he great Commander of this Universe.

PSALM LXXXIV.

As the 29.

O How amiable are
Thy Aboads, great God of War!
How I languish through restraint!
How my longing Spirits faint!
rd, for thee I daily crie;
thy absence hourly die.
rrows there their young ones rear;
d the Summers Harbinger
thy Altar builds her nest,
here they take their envy'd rest.

O my King! O thou moſt High!
Arbiter of Victorie!
Happy men! who ſpend their Days
In thy Courts; there ſing thy Praiſe!
Happy! who on Thee depend!
Thine their Way, and thou their End.
Who through *Baca* travelling,
Make that thirſty Vale a Spring;
Or ſoft Show'rs from Clouds deſtill,
And their empty Ciſterns fill:
Freſh in ſtrength, their courſe purſue,
Till they thee in *Sion* view.
Lord of Hoſts, incline thine Ear.
O thou God of *Jacob* hear!
Thou our Rock, extend thy Grace;
Look on thy Anointed's Face.
One Day in thy Courts alone.
Far exceeds a Million.
Let me be contemn'd and poor;
In thy Temple keep a Door:
Then with wicked men poſſeſs
All that they call Happineſs.
O thou Shield of our Defence!
O thou Sun, whoſe influence
Sweetly glides into our Hearts!
Thou, who all to thine imparts!
Happy! O thrice happy he,
Who alone depends on Thee!

PSAL.

PSALM LXXXV.

AT length thou haſt thy Mercy ſhown;
Drawn from the *Babylonian* yoke;
Our Sins remov'd, which did provoke
Thy Wrath; even that now overblown.
Great God, our ruin'd State reſtore;
And let thy Anger flame no more.

O ſhall it like a Comet reign!
Extending to the yet unborn!
Wilt thou not quicken the forlorn,
That thine in Thee may joy again!
O ſhow'r thy Mercy from above;
Preſerve, and fix us in thy love!

I will the Voice of God attend;
Who to his People ſpeaks of Peace.
Such as in Sanctity increaſe;
Nor to their Sins again deſcend:
Theſe ſoon with Freedom ſhall be bleſt,
That Glory may our Land inveſt.

Thoſe Dayes ſhall conſummate our Bliſs:
Sweet Clemency with Truth ſhall meet;
High Juſtice gentle Peace ſhall greet,
Saluting with a holy Kiſs:
For Truth ſhall from the Earth ariſe,
And Righteouſneſs look from the Skies.

Then ſhall Jehovah diſtribute
His Bleſſings with a liberal Hand;
The rich, and ever grateful Land
Abundantly produce her fruit.
For Juſtice ſhall before him go,
And her fair ſteps to Mortals ſhow.

PSALM LXXXVI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Suppliant hear,
Afford a gentle Ear!
For I am comfortless,
And labour in distress.
My righteous Soul relieve,
So ready to forgive,
Thy Servant, Lord, defend;
Whose hopes on Thee depend.
Me from the Grave restore,
Who daily Thee implore:
From wasting Sorrow free
The Heart long vow'd to Thee.
For thou art God alone,
To tender pity prone,
Propitious unto all,
Who on thy Mercy call.
O hear my fervent prayer,
And take me to thy care:
Then ready to be found,
When troubles most abound.
What God, like Thee, O Lord,
Of all by men ador'd!
Or underneath the Sun,
Such miracles hath done.

Part 2.

Zeal shall all hearts inflame
T' adore and praise thy Name.
For thou art God alone;
Thy Power in Wonders shown.
Direct me in thy Way;
So shall I never stray.

My

My thoughts from Tempests clear,
United in thy Fear.
My Soul shall celebrate
Thy Praise; thy Power relate,
That hast advanc'd my head,
And rais'd me from the Dead.
The Proud against me rise,
And pow'rful Enemies
(All Rebells to thy Will)
My guiltless blood would spill.
But, O thou King of kings,
From Thee sweet Mercy springs;
Still gracious, slow to wrath;
True to thy Servants Faith.
Lord, for thy Mercies sake,
Into thy Bosome take:
Thy Hand-maids Son O save
From the devouring Grave!
Some happy Sign expose
To my ashamed Foes;
That they thy Hate may see
To them; thy Love to me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

THe Lord hath with his Temple crown'd *As the* 8.
Moriah, by his Choice renown'd.
Not all the Tents of *Israel*,
Or Mountains which in height excel,
He so affects, or celebrates,
As lofty *Sions* stately Gates.
Jerusalem, thou Throne of Kings,
Of Thee they utter glorious things.

Not by *Judea*'s narrow bounds
Preſcrib'd; the Land which *Nile* ſurrounds,
Great *Babylon*, proud *Paleſtine*,
Rich *Tyre*, which circling Seas confine;
And black-brow'd *Æthiopians*,
Shall yield thee Citizens and Sons.
All ſorts of People, foreign-bred,
As Natives there indenized;
In *Sion*, built by immortal Hands:
Firm as the Mountain where it ſtands.
The Lord in his eternal Scroll,
Shall theſe, as Citizens, inroll.
Their Muſick ſhall the Affections raiſe,
And Songs ſung in Jehovah's praiſe;
Whoſe Bleſſings on this City ſhall,
Like Streams from Heavenly Fountains, fall.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

As the 39.

MY Saviour! both by night and day
To Thee I pray.
O let my Cries tranſcend the Sphears,
And pierce thy Ears!
Leſt Sorrow ſtop my fainting breath;
Now near the Jaws of greedy Death.

My light extinguiſh'd, numbered
Among the Dead:
Like men in battail ſlain; the womb
Of Earth their Tomb:
Forgotten, as if never known;
By thy tempeſtuous Wrath o're thrown.

By

By Thee lodg'd in the lower Deeps,
Where Horrour keeps;
In Dungeons, where no Sun displaies
His cheerful Raies.
Crush'd by thy Wrath; on me thy Waves
Rush, like so many rolling Graves.

My old Familiars, now my Foes,
Deride my Woes.
My House becomes my Goal; where I
In Fetters lie.
Blind with my tears; with crying hoarse;
Hands rais'd in vain; a walking Coarse.

Wilt thou to those thy Wonders show, Part 2.
Who sleep below?
The Dead from their cold Mansions raise,
To sing thy Praise?
Shall Mercy find us in the Grave?
Or wilt thou in Destruction save?

Wilt thou thy Wonders bring to light,
In Deaths long Night?
Or shall thy Justice there be shown,
Where none are known?
I have, and still to Thee will pray;
Before the Sun restore the Day.

O, why hast thou withdrawn thy Grace,
And hid thy Face;
From me, who from my Infancy
But daily die?
Whilst I thy Terrours undergo;
Distracted by these storms of woe,

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, devours
My trembling Powers:
With troops of Terrours circled round;
In Sorrow drown'd;
Depriv'd of thoſe, that lov'd me moſt;
To all in dark oblivion loſt.

PSALM LXXXIX.

As the 72.

OUr grateful Songs, O thou eternal King,
Shall ever of thy boundleſs Mercies ſing;
And thy unalterable Truth rehearſe
To after Ages, in a living verſe.
For what is by thy Clemency decreed,
Shall orderly, and faithfully ſucceed:
Even like thoſe never reſting Orbs above,
Which on firm hinges circularly move.
Thus God unto his ſervant *David* ſwore;
This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore
Thy ſeed eſtabliſh, and thy Throne ſuſtain;
Whilſt Seas ſhall flow, or Moons increaſe, and wain.
The heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth ſhall praiſe;
The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.
For who is like our God above the Clouds!
Or who ſo great, whom humane frailty ſhrowds!
He to his Angels terrible appears;
And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with fears.
Great God! how great, when dreadful Armies joyn!
What God ſo ſtrong! what Faith ſo firm as thine!

Part 2.

Thy Bounds the Billows of the Sea reſtrain;
Thou calm'ſt the tumults of th' incenſed Main.
Proud *Rahab*, like a Coarſe, with blood imbru'd;
Hew'n down: the ſtrong with greater ſtrength ſubdu'd.

Thine

hine are the Heavens; those Lamps which guild
the Skies;
ound earth, broad seas, and all which they compriſe.
hou mad'ſt the Southern and the Northern Pole,
hereon the Orbs cœleſtial ſwiftly rowl.
ermon inveſted with the Morning Raies,
nd *Tabor* with the Evenings, ſing thy praiſe.
hy Arm excells in Strength: thy hands ſuſtain
he World they made: And guide it with a rein.
ſtice with Judgement joyn'd, thy Throne uphold:
ercy and Truth thy ſacred brows infold.
hrice happy they, who, when the Trumpet calls,
hrong to thy celebrated Feſtivalls!
hey of thy Beauty ſhall injoy the ſight,
nd guide their Feet by that informing light:
hy Name ſhall daily in their mouths be found;
nd in thy Juſtice ſhall their Joys abound.
ur Ornament in Peace, our Strength in Wars; *Part* 3.
hy Favour ſhall exalt us to the Stars.
hou, Holy One of *Iſrael*, our King;
hou, our defence; ſecure beneath thy Wing.
hus ſpake Jehovah by his Prophets voice;
ſtrenuous *David* have I made my choice,
n that Heroë powr'd my Sacred Oyl)
guide my People, and preſerve from ſpoil.
ill ſupport him with my powerful Arm;
Foe ſhall tribute force: nor Treaſon harm:
s enemies before his Face ſhall flie,
nd thoſe, who hate his Soul, by ſlaughter die.
r Truth and Clemency ſhall crown his Daies,
nd to the Firmament his Glory raiſe.
From the Billows of the *Tyrian* Main,
ſwift *Euphrates* ſhall extend his Reign.
hou in his oft renew'd Devotions ſhall,
Father, God, and great Protector call.

My

My Favorite he ſhall be, and my Firſt birth;
Rais'd above all the Princes of the Earth.
My Mercy him for ever ſhall preſerve:
And from my Promiſe I will never ſwerve.
His Seed ſhall alwaies reign; his Throne ſhall laſt,
While days have light, and nights their ſhadows caſt.

Part 4. If they my Judgements ſlight, forſake my Law,
My Rites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw;
Then I with whips will their offences ſcourge,
With labour, miſery, and ſorrows urge:
Yet will not utterly my King forſake;
My Vow infringe, or alter what I ſpake.
I by my Sanctity to *David* ſware,
That he, and his ſhould never want an Heir,
To ſway the *Hebrew* Scepter, while the Sun
His uſual Race ſhould through the Zodiack run;
While Men, the Moon and radiant Stars ſhould ſee
The faithful witneſſes of my Decree.
But thou art angry with thy own Elect,
And doſt thy late affected King reject;
Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant ſworn;
Thou from his Brows his Diadem haſt torn,
Caſt down the Rampier, which his ſtrength renown'd
And all his Bulwarks levell'd with the ground:
Whom now his Neighbours ſcorn; a common prey
And ſpoil to all that travail by the way.

Part 5. Thou addeſt ſtrength and courage to his Foes,
Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woes;
Rebateſt his ſharp Sword, unnerv'ſt his might,
And mak'ſt him ſhrink in fervour of the fight:
His ſplendor haſt Eclipſed; his renown
In ruins buried, and his Throne caſt down:

Youth consumed with untimely Age;
k'd out for shame; the object of thy Rage.
w long shall he in thy displeasure mourn!
shall thy Anger like a Furnace burn!
all to mind the shortness of my daies;
t dream of Man, which like a Flow'r decays.
o lives, that can the stroke of Death defend;
shall not to the silent Grave descend?
ere is thy ancient Love! thy plighted Troth,
firm'd to *David* by a solemn Oath!
member the Reproaches I have born;
se of the Mighty; and their bitter scorn:
duced; by thy enemies abhorr'd.
, O my pensive Soul, praise thou the Lord.

Amen, *Amen*.

A

PARAPHRASE

Upon the Fourth BOOK

OF THE

PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM XC.

As the 34.

O Thou the Father of us all,
Our refuge from th' Originall;
That wert our God, before
The aëry Mountains had their birth,
Or Fabrick of the peopled Earth;
And art for evermore.

But frail man, daily dying, muſt
At thy Command return to Duſt:
Or ſhould he Ages laſt;
Ten thouſand years are in thy ſight
But like a quadrant of the Night,
Or as a Day that's paſt.

by thy Torrent swept from hence;
empty Dream, which mocks the Sense;
And from the Phansie flies:
h as the beauty of the Rose,
hich in the dewy Morning blows,
Then hangs the head and dies.

rough daily anguish we expire:
y anger a consuming Fire,
To our offences due.
r sins (although by Night conceal'd,
shame, and fear) are all reveal'd,
And naked to thy view.

s in thy wrath our years we spend;
d like a sad discourse they end,
Nor but to seventy last:
if to eighty they arrive,
then with Age, and Sickness strive;
Cut off with winged haste.

o knows the terror of thy wrath,
to thy dreadful anger hath
Proportion'd his due fear?
ch us to number our frail Daies,
t we our hearts to Thee may raise,
And wisely sin forbear.

d, O how long! at length relent!
d of our miseries repent;
Thy Early Mercy shew:
t we may unknown comfort taste:
those long daies in sorrow past,
As long of joy bestow.

Part 2.

The

The works of thy accuſtom'd Grace
Shew to thy Servants: on their Race
Thy chearful beams reflect,
O let on us thy Beauty ſhine!
Bleſs our attempts with aid divine,
And by thy Hand direct.

PSALM XCI.

As the 9. WHo makes th' Almighty his retreat,
Shall reſt beneath his ſhady Wings;
Free from th' oppreſſion of the Great,
The rage of War, or wrath of Kings.
Free from the cunning Fowlers train;
The tainted airs infectious breath:
His Truth in perils ſhall ſuſtain,
And ſhield thee from the ſtroke of Death.
No terrors ſhall thy ſleeps affright;
Nor deadly flying Arrows ſlay:
Nor Peſtilence devour by Night,
Or Slaughter maſſacre by Day.
A thouſand and ten thouſand ſhall
Sink on thy Right hand and thy Left:
Yet thou ſecure ſhalt ſee their fall;
By vengeance, of their lives bereft.
Since God thou haſt thy Refuge made,
And do'ſt to him thy Vows direct;
No evil ſhall thy ſtrength invade,
Nor waſting plagues thy roof infect.
Thee ſhall his Angels ſafely guide;
Upheld by winged Legions,
Leſt thou at any time ſhouldſt ſlide.
And daſh thy Foot againſt the Stones.

hou on the Basilisk shalt tread;
The Mountain Lion boldly meet,
nd trample on the Dragons Head;
The Leopard prostrate at thy Feet.
nce he hath fix'd his love on me,
Saith God, and walked in my wayes;
will his Soul from danger free,
And from the reach of Envy raise.
o him I his desires will give;
From danger guard; in honour place:
e long, long happily shall live,
And flourish in my saving Grace.

PSALM XCII.

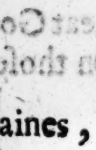
THou, who art inthron'd above; *As the 29.*
Thou, by whom we live, and move;
O how sweet, how excellent,
Is't with tongue and hearts consent,
hankful hearts and joyful tongues,
o renown thy Name in Songs!
hen the Morning paints the Skies,
hen the sparkling Stars arise;
hy high favours to rehearse,
hy firm faith, in grateful Verse.
ake the Lute, and Violin;
et the solemn Harp begin;
struments strung with ten strings;
hile the Silver Cimbal rings.
rom thy Works my joy proceeds:
ow I triumph in thy Deeds!
ho thy Wonders can express!
ll thy Thoughts are fathomless;

Hid

Hid from Men in Knowledge blind;
Hid from Fools to Vice inclin'd,
Who that Tyrant Sin obey;
Though they ſpring like Flowers in *May*;
Parch'd with Heat, and nipt with Froſt,
Soon ſhall fade, for ever loſt.

Part 2. Lord, thou art moſt Great, moſt High;
Such from all Eternitie.
Periſh ſhall thy Enemies,
Rebels that againſt thee riſe.
All, who in their Sins delight,
Shall be ſcatter'd by thy Might.
But thou ſhalt exalt my Horn,
Like a youthful Unicorn;
Freſh and fragrant Odors ſhed
On thy crowned Prophets head.
I ſhall ſee my Foes defeat,
Shortly hear of their retreat:
But the Juſt like Palms ſhall flouriſh,
Which the Plains of *Judah* nouriſh:
Like tall Cedars mounted on
Cloud aſcending *Lebanon*.
Plants ſet in thy Court, below
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
Fruit in their Old-age ſhall bring;
Ever fat and flouriſhing.
This Gods Juſtice celebrates;
He, my Rock, Injuſtice hates.

PSALM XCIII.



As the 47.

NOw great Jehovah reigns,
With Majesty aray'd;
His Power all powers restraines,
By men and gods obey'd.
The round Earth hung
In liquid Air;
Establish'd there
But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old than Time,
And after, as before.
The Floods in billows clime,
And foming loudly rore.
With horrid Noise
The Ocean raves,
And breaks his Waves
Against the Skies.

But thou more to be fear'd,
More terrible than these:
Thy Voice in Thunder heard;
Thy Nod rebukes the Seas.
Thee Truth renowns;
Pure Sanctity
Eternally
Thy Temple crowns.

PSALM XCIV.

At the 10.

GReat God of Hoſts, revenge our Wrong
On thoſe, who are in Miſchief ſtrong.
Upon thy Foes
Inflict our woes:
For Vengeance doth to Thee belong.
Judge of the World, prevent
The Proud and Inſolent.

How long ſhall they the Juſt oppreſs,
And triumph in their Wickedneſs!
How long ſupplant!
Ah! how long vaunt,
And glory in their dire ſucceſs!
Thy Saints aſunder break,
Inſulting o're the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poor Widows kill;
The blood of wretched Orphans ſpill:
And ſay, Can he
Or hear, or ſee?
Doth God regard what's good or ill?
Brute Beaſts, without a mind!
O Fools in knowledge blind!

Shall not th' Almighty ſee and hear,
Who form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Ear?
Who Nations ſlew,
Not puniſh you?
Who taught, not know? to him appear
Dark Counſels, ſecret Fires,
Vain Hopes, and vaſt Deſires.

ut O! thrice blessed he, whom God Part 2.
haſtiſeth with his gentle Rod;
Informs, and aws
By ſacred Laws.
ſtorms brought to a ſafe aboad:
While the Unrighteous ſhall
By winged Vengeance fall.

or he will not forſake th' Elect;
or who adore his Name reject:
But Judgement then
Shall turn again
o Juſtice, and her Throne Erect:
Who are in Heart upright
Shall follow that clear Light.

hat mortal will th' Afflicted aid?
efend when impious Foes invade?
Lord, hadſt not thou;
My Soul e're now
ilent ſhades of Death had laid:
For he my Out-cries heard;
And from the Centre rear'd.

hen Grief my labouring Soul confounds;
ou powreſt Balm into her wounds.
Shall Tyranny
With thee comply?
ho Miſchief for a Law propounds?
Who ſwarm to circumvent,
And doom the Innocent.

But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
My Refuge, and my Recompence.
The Vicious ſhall
By Vices fall;
By their own Sins be ſwept from hence.
God ſhall cut off their breath,
And give them up to Death.

PSALM XCV.

As the 34.

COme Sing the great Jehovah's Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies have prolong'd our Dayes;
Sing with a joyful voyce.
With bending Knees, and raiſed Eyes
Adore your God: O ſacrifice;
In ſacred Hymns rejoyce.

Great is the God of our Defence,
Tranſcending all in eminence:
His Hand the Earth ſuſtains;
The Depths, the lofty Mountains made;
The Land and liquid Plains diſplaid,
And curbs them with his Reins.

O come, before his Foot-ſtool fall,
Our only God, who form'd us all;
Through Storms of danger led.
He is our Shepherd, we his Sheep;
His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keep,
In pleaſant Paſtures fed.

The Voice of God thus ſpake this Day;
Repine not as at *Meribah*,

A

As in the Wilderneſs:
Where your Fore-fathers tempted me;
Who did my Works of Wonder ſee,
And to their ſhame confeſs.

When vex'd for forty years, I ſaid;
This People in their hearts have ſtray'd;
Rebellious to command:
To whom I in my Anger ſwore,
That Death ſhould ſeiſe on them, before
They knew this pleaſant Land.

PSALM XCVI.

NEw compoſed Ditties ſing *As the 29.*
To our Everlaſting King:
You, all you of Humane birth,
Fed and nouriſh'd by the Earth,
Celebrate Jehovah's Praiſe,
Daily his Deliveries blaſe,
His Glory let the *Gentiles* know;
To the World his wonders ſhow.
O how gracious! O how great!
Earth his Foot-ſtool, Heaven his Seat.
To be fear'd and honour'd more
Than thoſe gods, whom Fools adore;
Idols by their Servants made:
But our God the Heavens diſplay'd.
Honour, Beauty, Power Divine,
In his Sanctuary ſhine.
All, who by his Favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give;
Glory due unto his Name,
And his Mighty Deeds proclame.

Offerings on his Altar lay;
There your Vows devoutly pay.

Part 2. In his beauteous Holineſs
To the Lord your Prayer addreſs.
All, whom Earths round ſhoulders bear,
Serve the Lord with Joy and Fear.
Tell Mankind, Jehovah reigns:
He ſhall bind the world in Chains,
So as it ſhall never ſlide;
And with ſacred Juſtice guide.
Let the ſmiling Heavens rejoyce;
Joyful Earth exalt her Voice:
Let the dancing Billows rore;
Ecchoes anſwer from the Shore:
Fields their flowry Mantles ſhake;
All ſhall in their Joy partake:
While the Woods Muſicians ſing
To the ever-youthful Spring.
Fill his Courts with ſacred Mirth;
He, He comes to judge the Earth.
Juſtly He the World ſhall ſway,
And his Truth to men diſplay.

PSALM XCVII.

As the 8. O Earth! joy in Jehovah's Reign;
You numerous Iſles, claſp'd by the Main.
Him rolling Clouds and Shades infold.
Judgement and Truth his Throne uphold.
Who fiery Darts before him throws;
With winged flames conſumes his Foes.
His Lightning made a day of night;
Earth trembled at ſo fear'd a ſight.

The

The Mountains at his Presence sweat,
Like pliant Wax dissolv'd with Heat;
At his Descension from the Skie,
Who rules the Worlds great Monarchie.
The Heavens declare his Righteousness;
His Glory wondering men confess.
Let those with shame to Hell descend,
Whose Knees to cursed Idols bend;
Whose rocks for Deities implore:
O all you gods, our God adore.
Rejoycing *Sion* heard her King:
Her Daughters of his Judgements sing.
Thou art exalted above all
Mankind, and Pow'rs Angelicall.
Those Saints thy shady Wings protect,
Who Sin abhor, and thee affect.
For thou hast sown the Seeds of Light,
And joy, which shall invest th' Upright.
You Just, your joyful Hearts elate;
His blest Memorial celebrate.

PSALM XCVIII.

SIng to the King of kings, *As the 47.*
Sing in unusual Laies;
That hath wrought wondrous things,
His Conquest crown with Praise:
Whose Arms alone,
And sacred Hands,
Their impious Bands
Have overthrown.

He Juſtice brings to light;
His ſaving Truth extends,
Even in the *Gentiles* ſight,
To Earths remoteſt Ends.
His Heavenly Grace
At full diſplay'd,
And promiſe made
To *Jacobs* Race.

Let all that dwell on Earth
Their high Affections raiſe,
With univerſal Mirth,
And loudly ſing his Praiſe:
To Muſick joyn
The warbling Voice,
Let all rejoyce
With Joy divine.

The ſprightly Trumpet ſound;
The ſhrill-voic'd Cornet bring:
Let all with Joy abound
Before the Lord our King.
Rore out you Seas,
You ſpangled Skies,
All you compriſe,
Rejoyce with theſe.

Floods clap your thronging waves;
You Hills exalt your mirth:
He, who his People ſaves,
Now comes to judge the Earth:
The round World ſhall
With Juſtice trie;
His Equitie
Diſpenſt to all.

PSALM

PSALM XCIX.

LEt our Foes with terrour quake; *As ibi 19.*
Let the Earths Foundations ſhake:
Now the Lord his Reign begins,
Thron'd between the Cherubins.
O how great in *Sions* Towers!
High above all Mortal Powers.
Great and terrible his Name:
Since ſo holy, praiſe the ſame.
Judgement his great Power affects;
Yet by Equity directs.
Theſe celeſtial Twins imbrace;
Theſe reflect on *Jacobs* Race.
O how holy! above all
Honour; at his Foot-ſtool fall,
Moſes; *Aaron* heretofore
Among thoſe who Mitres wore:
Samuel by Vow deſir'd,
Among thoſe who were inſpir'd.
Theſe to him their Prayers preferr'd,
Theſe by him as ſoon were heard.
Theſe his Statutes rarely brake:
Into theſe th' Almighty ſpake
In the Pillar of a Cloud:
To his Service ever vow'd.
He did their Petitions hear,
Merciful, and yet ſevere.
The Holy, on his Holy Hill
Glorifie, and worſhip ſtill.

PSALM

PSALM C.

Anno 47.

ALL from the Suns uprise,
Unto his Setting Raies,
Resound in Jubilees
The great Jehovah's Praise.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your Gifts, and sing
Before his Throne.

Man drew from Man his Birth,
But God his noble Frame
Built of the ruddy Earth,
Fill'd with cæleſtial Flame.
His Sons we are;
Sheep by him led,
Preserv'd, and fed
With tender care.

O, to his Portals press
In your divine resorts:
With Thanks his Power profess,
And praise him in his Courts.
How good! how pure!
His Mercies last:
His Promise past
For ever sure.

PSALM CI.

OF Juſtice I and Mercy ſing, (ſpring; *As the 46.*
Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountain
The Graces that adorn a King.

rave Wiſdom ſhall my ſteps direct,
o Vice my heart nor Roof infect.
hen wilt thou viſit thine Elect!

o pleaſure ſhall mine eyes miſguide:
ho from the Tract of Virtue ſlide,
t Hate ſhall from my Soul divide.

ho miſchief in their Hearts contrive,
light in Wrong, in Factions ſtrive,
om my peaceful Court will drive.

ho hath his Friend with Slander ſtrook,
ill cut off; nor ever brook
proud Heart, and a haughty Look,

ne Eyes the Faithful ſhall obſerve;
oſe in my Family ſhall ſerve,
ho never from pure Virtue ſwerve.

t who are exercis'd in Guile,
hoſe Tongues malicious Lies defile,
om my Preſence will exile.

d all the Wicked in the Land
ill cut off with a timely Hand;
ſhall they in Gods City ſtand.

PSALM

PSALM CII.

As the 22.

ACcept my Prayers, nor to the Cry
Of my Afflictions ſtop thine Ear:
Lord, in the time of Miſery
And ſad reſtraint ſerene appear:
The Sighings of my Spirit hear;
And when I call, with ſpeed reply.

As Smoak, ſo fleets my Soul away;
My marrow dry'd, as Hearths with heat:
My heart ſtruck down, like withered Hay;
Through Sorrow I forſake my meat,
While meagre cares my Liver eat:
The clinging Skin my Bones diſplay.

Like Deſert-haunting Pelicans;
In Cities not leſs deſolate:
Like Screech-Owls, who with ominous ſtrains
Diſturb the Night, and day-light hate:
A Sparrow, which hath loſt his Mate,
And on a Pinacle complains.

Reviling Foes my Honour blaſt,
And frantick men my ruin ſwear.
For Bread, I roll'd-on aſhes taſt;
Each drop I drink mixt with a tear.
For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can bear,
Thou raiſeſt, and doſt head-long caſt.

My Dayes ſhort, as the Evening ſhade;
As Morning dew conſume away:
As Glaſs cut down with Sithes, I fade,

Or like a flower crop'd yesterday:
But, Lord, thou suffer'st no decay:
Thy Promises shall never vade.

For thou shalt from thy Rest arise,
(Since now th' appointed time draws near)
And look on *Sions* miseries,
Her Walls and batter'd Buildings rear;
Whose ruins to thy Saints are dear;
For they her Dust as sacred prise.

Thy Name then shall the *Gentiles* praise; *Part 2.*
All Kings thy Honour celebrate:
For when the Lord shall *Sion* raise,
His Glory shall ascend in State:
So prone to hear the Desolate,
And succour them in all assaies.

Into eternal Memory
Our Histories shall this record;
And all that are created by
His pow'rful Hand, shall fear the Lord,
Who doth such Grace to his afford,
And on the Earth looks from on high;

To hear the pensive Captives grone;
The Sons of Death by him unbound:
His Name again in *Sion* known,
That *Salem* may his Praise resound:
When in his Service all the Round
Of Earth shall there be joyn'd in one.

Yet, Lord, amidst these Hopes thou hast
Consum'd my strength, abridg'd my years:
Ore my Noon of Life be past

Let

Let me not die thus drown'd in tears.
Time waſts not thee, which all out-wears;
Thy happy Daies for ever laſt.

Thou mad'ſt the Earth, thou didſt diſplay
The Heavens in various motion roll'd:
Theſe and their Glories ſhall decay;
But thou ſhalt thy exiſtence hold:
They like a Garment ſhall grow old,
And in their changes paſs away.

But thou art ſtill the ſame: before
The World, and after ſhalt remain.
You bleſſed Souls, who God adore,
With Patient Hope your harms ſuſtain:
For you ſhall proſper in his Reign
And yours, ſubſiſt for evermore.

PSALM CIII.

As the 8.

MY Soul, and all my Faculties
Jehovah praiſe; ſing till the Skies
Re-eccho his aſcending Fame:
My Soul, O celebrate his Name!
Nor ever let the memory
Of his ſurpaſſing Favours die.
He gently pardons our miſdeeds,
And cures the Wounds which inward bleeds:
Hath from the Chains of Death unbound;
With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
With Food our Hunger he ſubdues:
And Eagle-like our Youth renues.
His Juſtice he extends to all;
Oppreſſors by his Vengeance fall.

is sacred Paths to *Moses* shown;
is Miracles to *Israel* known:
rom Him the Springs of Mercy flow;
wift to forgive, to anger slow.
or he will not for ever chide;
or constant to his Wrath abide:
t mildly from his Rage relents,
nd shortens our due Punishments.
r as the Heavens in amplitude
ceed the Centre they include:
ample is his Clemency
o all who on his Grace rely.

s far as the bright Orient *Part 2.*
distant from the Suns Descent;
far he sets from his Aspect
heir Guilt, who him with fear affect.
nd as a Father to his Child,
soft, so quickly reconcil'd.
e knows the Fabrick of us all;
hat dust is our Original.
an flourisheth like Grass, a Flower
hat blows and withers in an hour:
scorching heat, by blasting Wind
flower'd, and leaves no print behind.
t his firm Mercy shall imbrace
is Saints for ever, and their Race:
hose who his equal Laws fulfill,
emember, and perform his Will.
Heaven the great Jehovah reigns,
nd governs all that Earth contains:
ou Angels, who in strength exceed,
ho him obey with winged speed;
ou ordred Hosts of radiant Stars;
you his flaming Ministers;

All

All, whom his Wiſdom did create;
Through his large Empire celebrate
His glorious Name with ſweet accord:
Joyn thou, my Soul, to praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CIV.

As the 72.

MY raviſh'd Soul, great God, thy praiſes ſings;
Whom Glory circles with her radiant Wings,
And Majeſty inveſts: then Day more bright;
Cloth'd with the beams of new-created Light.
He, like an all-infolding Canopy,
Fram'd the vaſt concave of the ſpangled Skie:
And in the Air-imbraced Waters ſet
The Baſis of his hanging Cabinet.
Who on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides;
And with a reign the flying Tempeſt guides.
Bright Angels his attendant Spirits made;
By flame-diſperſing Seraphims obey'd.
The ever-fixed Earth cloth'd with the Flood;
In whoſe calm boſome unſeen Mountains ſtood;
At his rebuke it ſhrunk with ſuddain dread,
And from his voices Thunder ſwiftly fled.
Then Hills their late concealed Heads extend,
And ſinking Vallies to their Feet deſcend.
The trembling Waters through their bottoms wind
Till they the Sea, their Nurſe and Mother, find.
He to the ſwelling Waves preſcribes a bound,
Leſt Earth again ſhould by their rage be drown'd.

Spring

rings through the pleasant Medows pour their
drills,
Which Snake-like glide between the bordring
Hills;
Till they to Rivers grow; where beasts of prey
Their thirst asswage, and such as man obey.

neighbouring Groves the Ayr's Musicians sing, *Part* 2.
nd with their Musick entertain the Spring.
e from cœlestial Casement showers distills,
nd with renew'd increase his Creatures fills.
e makes the food-full Earth her fruit produce;
r Cattel Grass, and Herbs for humane use.
he spreading Vine long purple clusters bears,
Whose juyce the hearts of pensive Mortals chears:
t Olives smooth our brows with suppling Oyl;
nd strengthning Corn rewards the Reapers toil.
is Fruit affording trees with sap abound.
he Lord hath *Lebanon* with Cedars crown'd:
ey to the warbling Birds a shelter yield,
nd wandring Storks in lofty Fir-trees build.
ild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge flie;
nd Conies in the Rocks dark entrails lie.
e guides the changing Moons alternate face:
he Suns diurnal and his annual Race.
was he that made the all-informing Light;
nd with dark shadows cloaths the aged Night.
en Beasts of prey break from their Mountain
Caves;
he roaring Lion pinch'd with hunger craves
od from his hand. But when Heavens greatest
Fire
bscures the Stars, they to their Dens retire.
en with the Morning rise, to labour prest;
il all the Day, at Night return to rest.

Part 3. Great God! how manifold, how infinite
Are all thy Works! with what a clear fore-ſight
Didſt thou create and multiply their birth!
Thy riches fill the far extended Earth.
The ample Sea; in whoſe unfathom'd Deep
Innumerable ſorts of Creatures creep:
Bright ſcaled Fiſhes in her Entrails glide,
And high-built Ships upon her boſome ride:
About whoſe ſides the crooked Dolphin plays;
And monſtrous Whales huge ſpouts of water raiſe.
All on the Land, or in the Ocean bred,
On Thee depend; in their due ſeaſon fed.
They gather what thy bounteous Hands beſtow,
And in the Summer of thy Favour grow.
When thou contract'ſt thy clouded Brows, they
mourn;
And dying, to their former duſt return.
Again created by thy quickning breath,
To re-ſupply the Maſſacres of Death.
No Tract of Time his Glory ſhall deſtroy:
He in th' Obedience of his Works ſhall joy:
But when their wild revolts his Wrath provoke,
Earth trembles, and the airy Mountains ſmoke.
I all my life will my Creator praiſe;
And to his Service dedicate my Daies.
May he accept the Muſick of my Voice,
While I with ſacred Harmony rejoyce.
Hence you profane, who in your Sins delight;
God ſhall extirp, and caſt you from his Sight.
My Soul, bleſs thou this all-commanding King:
You Saints and Angels, Hallelujah ſing.

PSALM

PSALM CV.

TO God, O pay your vows; invoke his Name, *As the 72.*
And to the World his noble Acts proclame!
O sing his praises in immortal Verse,
And his stupendious Miracles rehearse!
You Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;
His power adore; for ever seek his Face.
Old *Abrahams* Seed, you Sons of the Elect;
You *Israelites*; O you, who God affect,
Report the Wonders by his finger wrought,
When in your cause th' inferiour creatures fought.
Jehovah rules the many-peopled Earth;
His judgement known to all of humane birth.
He never will forget his Promise past;
His Covenants inviolable last,
Which he to faithful *Abraham* made before,
And after to the holy *Isaac* swore:
To *Jacob* sign'd, confirm'd to *Israel*;
That their large Off-spring should in *Canaan* dwell.
When they, but few in number, wandered
In unknown Regions, and their Cattel fed:
He did their lives from violence protect,
And for their sakes even mighty Princes checkt.
Touch not, said he, my Anointed; fear to wrong
Those sacred Prophets, who to Me belong.

When raging Famine in these Climates reign'd; *Part 2.*
He broke the Staff of Bread, which life sustain'd:
But *Joseph* sent before them; sold to save
His Brethren, by whose envy made a slave.
There for th' Accusers guilt in prison thrown;
With galling fetters bound, for crimes unknown;

Try'd with affliction, at the time decreed,
At once by *Pharoah* both advanc'd and freed.
He of his Houſhold gave him the command,
And made him Ruler over all his Land:
His Princes to his government Subjects.
The prudent Youth grave Senators directs.
Then aged *Jacob* into *Egypt* came,
And ſojourn'd in the fruitful Fields of *Ham*.
God in that Land his people multiply'd;
Their Foes, which now their greater ſtrength envy'd,
Hate what they fear; he alienates their hearts,
To ſeek their ruin by deceitful Arts.

Part 3. Then *Moſes* on a ſacred Embaſſie
And *Aaron* ſent; th' Elect of the moſt High.
There wrought his dreadful Wonders; from the Iſle
Of Sea-girt *Pharo's*, to the Falls of *Nile*.
He bade *Cimmerian* darkneſs dim the Day:
Th' aſſembled Vapours his commands obey.
He their ſeven chanell'd Waters turn'd to Blood;
The Fiſhes ſtrangled in their native Flood.
Frogs from the ſlimy Earth in Millions ſpring;
And skip about the Chambers of the King.
All parts with ſwarms of noiſome Flies abound:
And Lice, like quickned duſt, crawl on the ground.
He ſtorms of killing Hail, for Showers, beſtows;
And from the breaking clouds his lightning throws:
Blaſts all the Vines, and Fig-trees in the Land;
The Woods, with Tempeſts torn, or naked ſtand.
Innumerable Locuſts theſe ſucceed;
And Caterpillars on their leavings feed:
They bite the tender Herb, the bud, and flower;
And all the verdure of the Earth Devour.

Their

Their Strength (the First-born) slew: which fill'd
their ears
With Female screeches, and their hearts with fears.

Then He the *Hebrews* out of *Goshen* brought, Part 4.
In able health, with Gold and Silver fraught.
Th' Inhabitants, whose tears augment the *Nile*,
At their departure Joy, and Fear exile.
A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was spread;
And Nightly by a flaming Pillar led.
At their request he sends them showers of Quails;
And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, hails.
Cleaves the hard Rocks, from whence a Fountain
flows,
And unknown Rivers to those Deserts shows:
For he his sacred Promise call'd to mind,
To *Abraham* his Friend and Servant sign'd.
Thus he his People brought from servitude,
Whose long-felt miseries in joy conclude.
From hence the *Heathen* by our Weapons chac'd;
And us his sons in their possessions plac'd:
That from his Statutes we might never swerve.
O praise the Lord, and him devoutly serve!

PSALM CVI.

WIth grateful hearts Jehovahs praise re- As the 72.
sound;
In goodness great; whose Mercy hath
no bound.
What Language can express his mighty deeds,
Or utter his due praise, which words exceeds!
Thrice blessed they, who his commands observe,
Nor ever from the tract of Justice swerve.

Great God, O with benevolent aſpect
(Even with the love thou bear'ſt to thine Elect)
Behold and ſuccour; That my raviſh'd Eyes
May ſee a period of their miſeries,
Who Thee adore: that I may give a voice
To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce.
We as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;
Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.
They, of thy Miracles in *Egypt* wrought,
So full of Fear and Wonder, never thought;
Thy Mercies, than their hairs in number, more:
But murmur'd on the *Erythræan* Shore.
Yet for his Honour ſav'd them from the Foe,
That all the World his wondrous Power might know.
There the commanded Sea aſunder rent,
While *Iſrael* through his duſty Chanel went:
Whom He from *Pharoah* and his Army ſaves;
The ſwift-returning Floods their fatal Graves.

Part 2. Then they his Word believ'd, and ſung his Praiſe;
Yet ſoon forgot: and wandred from his Waies.
Who long for fleſh to pamper their exceſs;
And tempt him in the barren Wilderneſs.
He grants their wiſh, and with a Flight of Fowls,
Sent meager Death into their hungry Souls.
They, *Moſes* gentle Government oppoſe;
And envy *Aaron*, whom the Lord had choſe.
The yawning Earth then in her ſilent womb
Did *Dathan* and *Abirams* Troops intomb.
A ſwiftly-ſpreading Fire among them burns,
And thoſe Conſpirators to Aſhes turns.
Yet they, the ſlaves of Sin, in *Horeb* made
A Calf of Gold, and to an Idol pray'd.

The

The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they
For th' Image of a Beast that feeds on Hey:
Forgot their Saviour, all his Wonders shown
In *Zoan*, and the Plains by *Nile* o're-flown;
The Wonders acted by his pow'rful Hand;
Where the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command.
God hath pronounc'd their ruin: *Moses* then,
His Servant *Moses*, and the best of Men,
Stood in the Breach, which their Rebellion made;
And by his Prayer the hand of Vengeance staid.

Yea they this fruitful Paradise despis'd, *Part 3.*
Nor his so-oft-confirmed Promise priz'd:
But mutined against their faithful Guide,
And basely wish'd, they had in *Ægypt* dy'd.
For this, the Lord advanc'd his dreadful Hand;
To overthrow them on th' *Arabian* Sand;
To scatter their rebellious Seed among
Their Foes; expos'd to poverty and Wrong.
Besides; *Baal-Peor* they ador'd, and fed
On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.
Thus their Impieties the Lord incense,
Who smote them with devouring Pestilence.
But when with noble anger *Phineas* slew
The bold Offenders, He his Plagues with-drew.
This was reputed for a righteous Deed,
Which should for ever consecrate his Seed.
So they at *Meribah* his Anger mov'd;
The sacred Prophet for their sakes reprov'd:
Their Cries his Saint-like sufferance provoke;
Who rashly in his Souls distemper spoke,
Nor ever entred the affected Land.
They, still rebellious to divine Command,
Preserv'd those Nations by his Wrath subdu'd;
Mixt with the *Heathen*, and their Sins pursu'd.

Their curſed Idols ſerve with Rites profane,
(Snares to their Soul) and from no Crime abſtain.

Part 4. Their Sons and Virgin daughters ſacrifice
To Devils; and look on with tearleſs eyes.
Defil'd the Land with innocent blood, which ſprung
From their own loins, on flaming Altars flung.
Unto adulterate Deities they pray'd,
And worſhipped thoſe Gods their hands had made.
Theſe crying Sins exaſperate the Lord;
Who now his own Inheritance abhorr'd:
Given up unto the *Heathen* for a Prey;
Slaves to their Foes; who hate them moſt, obey.
Deliver'd oft; as oft his Wrath provoke,
And with increaſing Sins renew their Yoke.
Yet he compaſſionates their miſeries,
And with ſoft pity hears their mournful Cries:
His former Promiſe calls to mind, relents;
And in his Mercy, of his Wrath repents.
In ſalvage Hearts unknown Compaſſion bred,
By whom but lately into thraldome led.
Great God of gods, thy Votaries protect,
And from among the Barbarous recollect:
That we to Thee may dedicate our Daies,
And joyntly triumph in thy glorious Praiſe.
Bleſt, O for ever bleſt, be *Iſraels* King:
All you his People, Halelujah ſing.

Amen, *Amen*.

A

A PARAPHRASE

Upon the Fifth BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM CVII.

EXtoll, and our good God adore, *As the* 8.
Whose Sea of Mercy hath no Shore.
O you by Tyrants late oppreſt,
Now from your ſervile Yokes releaſt;
Praiſe him, who your Redemption wrought,
And home from barbarous Nations brought.
From where the Morn her Wings diſplays;
From where the Evening crowns the Dayes;
Beneath the burning Zone, and near
The Influence of the freezing Bear.
They in unpeopled Deſerts ſtraid;
The Heavens their Roof, the Clouds their ſhade:
Their Souls with thirſt and hunger faint;
Gone by, to pity their Complaint:
When to the Lord their God they cry'd,
His Mercy their extreams ſuppli'd.

He

He led them through the Wilderneſs,
And gave them Cities to poſſeſs.
O you, his Goodneſs celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
For he in foodleſs Deſerts fed
The Hungry with cœleſtial Bread.
From wondring Rocks new Currents roul,
To ſatisfie the thirſty Soul.

Part 2. Thoſe Rebels, who his Counſel ſlight,
Impriſon'd in the ſhades of Night;
Horrors of Guilt their Souls ſurpriſe:
When humbled with their miſeries,
They to the Lord addreſt their Prayers;
His Mercy comforts their Deſpairs,
From Darkneſs draws, diſſolves their Grieves;
And from Deaths Jaws preſerves their lives.
O you his Goodneſs celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate?
He breaks Steel-bars, and Gates of Braſs,
To force a way for His to paſs.
Thoſe Fools, whom pleaſing Sins intice,
Are puniſh'd by their darling Vice.
Their Souls all ſorts of Food diſtaſt:
Whom Troops of pale Diſeaſes waſte.
When they to God direct their Prayers,
His Mercy comforts their Deſpairs.
His Word reſtores them from their Graves,
And from a dreadful Ruin ſaves.
O you his Goodneſs celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
Due Praiſes to his Altar bring,
And of your great Redemption ſing.

Who

o ſail upon the toiling Main, Part 3.
l traffick in purſuit of Gain,
ſuch his Power is not unknown,
wonders in the Ocean ſhown.
his Command black Tempeſts riſe;
n mount they to the troubled Skies,
nce ſinking to the Depths below.
Ship Hulls as the Billows flow;
l all Aboard at every ſeel,
e Drunkards on the Hatches reel.
en they to God direct their Prayers,
Mercy comforts their Deſpairs.
thwith the bitter Storms aſſwage,
l foming Seas ſuppreſs their Rage:
n, ſinging, with a proſperous Gale,
their deſired Harbour ſail.
ou his Goodneſs celebrate!
Acts to all the World relate!
Fame in your Aſſemblies raiſe,
l in the ſacred Senate praiſe.

Rivers turns t' a Wilderneſs; Part 4.
ings dry'd up by the Suns acceſs.
ſcourge their Sins, he makes the Soil
grateful to the Owners toil:
ns ſandy Deſerts into Pools,
l parched Earth with Fountains cools:
re plants his hungry Colonies,
here ſtrongly-fenced Cities riſe:
e Fields their yellow Mantles wear,
l ſpreading Vines full cluſters bear.
y infinitely multiply:
ir Heards of no diſeaſes die.
when their Sins his Wrath incenſe,
n Famine, War, and Peſtilence,

Their

Their miserable Lives devour:
Their Princes he deprives of Power,
Who in the Path-less Wilderness
Conceal'd themselves from Mans access.
The Poor he raiseth from the ground;
Their Families like flocks abound.
The Just shall this with Joy behold;
Th' Unjust with fear and shame controll'd.
The Wise these Changes will record,
That they may know and serve the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

As the 2.

MY Thoughts the Lord their Object make
Before the ruddy Morning spring,
My Glory of his Praise shall sing:
Awake, my Lute; my Harp, awake;
While I to all the World rehearse
His praises in a living Verse.

Thy Mercy (O how great!) extends
Above the Starry Firmament;
Still unto tender pity bent:
Thy Truth the soaring clouds transcends.
Thy Head above the Heavens erect;
Thy Glory on the Earth reflect.

O hear us, who thy aid implore;
And with thy own Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved Succour send.
God by his Sanctity thus swore;
I *Succoths* Valley will divide:
In *Sichems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

Manasseh

naſſeh, *Gilead*, both are mine:
Ephraim my Strength, in Battail bold.
Thou *Judah*, ſhalt my Scepter hold.
ill triumph o're *Palæſtine*.
Baſe Servitude ſhall *Moab* waſte.
O're *Edom* I my Shooe will caſt.

ho will our forward Troops direct
To *Rabbah* ſtrongly fortifi'd?
Or into ſandy *Edom* guide?
rd, wilt not thou, that didſt reject,
Nor wouldſt before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Hoſt againſt the Foe?

hen Death and Horrour moſt affright,
Do thou our troubled Souls ſuſtain.
For O, the help of Man is vain!
d; and we valiantly ſhall fight.
Thy Feet our Foes ſhall trample down;
Thy Hands our Brows with Conqueſt crown.

PSALM CIX.

MY God, my Glory, leave not in Diſtreſs; *As the* 1.
Nor let prevailing fraud the truth oppreſs.
They who delight in ſubtilties and wrongs,
Afflict me with the poiſon of their tongues,
ith Slander and Detraction gird me round,
d would, without a Cauſe, my life confound.
od turns with evil proudly recompence,
d Love with Hate; my Merit, my offence.
t I in theſe Extremes to thee repair,
d pour out my perplexed Soul in Prayer.

Subject

Subject him to a Tyrants ſtern command;
Subverting Satan place at his Right hand;
Found guilty, when arraign'd: in that fear'd time
Let his rejected Prayers augment his Crime.
May he by violence untimely dye,
And let another his Command ſupply.
Let his diſtreſſed Widow weep in vain;
His wretched Orphans to deaf Ears complain.
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Deſerts ſeek their bread.
Let griping Uſurers divide his ſpoil;
And Strangers reap the harveſt of his toil.

Part 2. In his long miſery may he find no Friend;
None to his Race ſo much as Pity lend.
Let his Poſterity be overthrown;
Their Names to the ſucceeding Age unknown.
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget;
His Mothers Infamy before him ſet.
O let them be the Object of his Eye,
Till he out-root their hated Memory:
That to the wretched would no Mercy ſhow;
But cruelly purſu'd his Overthrow.
Laid Trains to kill the Broken and Contrite.
On his own head let his dire Curſes light.
He hated Bleſſing; never be he bleſt:
Let curſing like a Robe his Loins inveſt;
And like a fatal Girdle gird him round;
As he with Execrations did abound.
Let them like Water in his Bowels boil,
And eat into his Bones like burning Oyl.
Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,
Who ſeek to blaſt me with malicious lies.

ut, Lord, in my deliverance proclame Part 3.
hy Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
or I am poor, with misery oppreſt;
y wounded heart bleeds in my panting breſt.
like the Evening ſhadow am declin'd,
nd like the Locuſt, toſs'd with every wind.
y feeble Knees beneath their burden bend;
y Fleſh with faſting falls, my Bones aſcend.
eproach hath ſeiz'd on me; my Foes revile;
nd in deriſion, ſhake their heads, and ſmile.
y God, O ſnatch me from the ſwallowing grave!
hy ſervant with accuſtom'd Mercy ſave:
hat they may know it was thy powerful Hand;
nd how I by divine Supportance ſtand.
till may they vainly curſe whom thou doſt bleſs;
nd pine with envy at my good ſucceſs.
et them be cloth'd with ſhame: O be their own
onfuſion on them like a Mantle thrown.
ut I thy praiſe will duly celebrate;
nd to the multitude thy Deeds relate:
hat haſt th' afflicted Soul from ſorrow freed,
nd from their ſnares who had his death decreed.

PSALM CX.

THe Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake, As the 34.
Sit at my right hand, till I make
A Foot-ſtool of thy Foes.
He will thy Rod from *Sion* ſend,
nto whoſe Power all powers ſhall bend,
That dare thy Ruſe oppoſe.

Thy

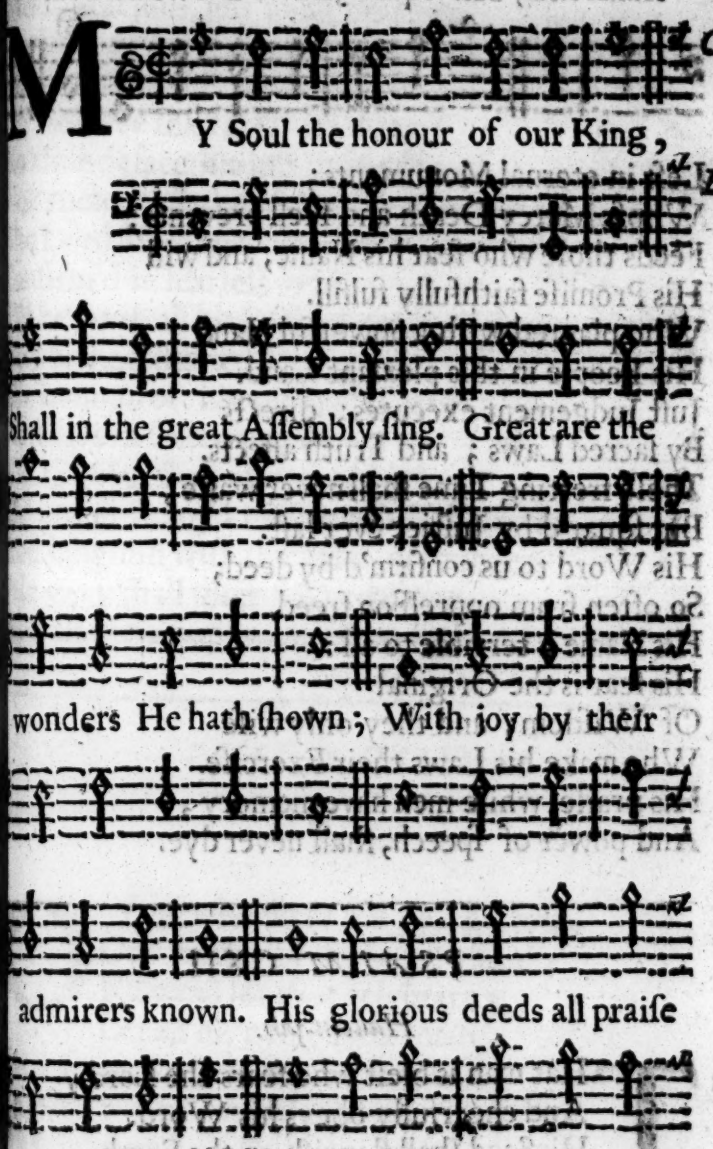
Thy People willingly ſhall pay
Their vows in that triumphant Day,
With their united Powers:
Aray'd in Ephods; nor ſo few
As are thoſe Pearls of Morning-dew,
Which hang on Herbs and Flowers.

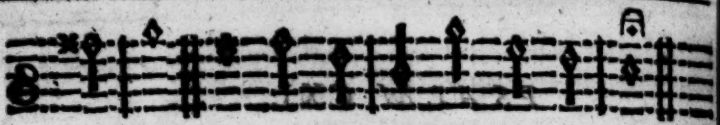
He ſwore, who never Oath did break,
Of th' order of *Melchiſedeck*,
That thou a Prieſt ſhould'ſt raign:
Even while the Sun diſperſt his Light;
While Moons ſhall rule th' alternate Night,
Or Stars their courſe maintain.

God, in that Day at thy right hand,
Their Blood, who Tyrant-like command,
Shall in his fury ſpill.
He, in his Juſtice ſhall confound
The *Heathen*, and the purple ground
With heaps of ſlaughter fill.

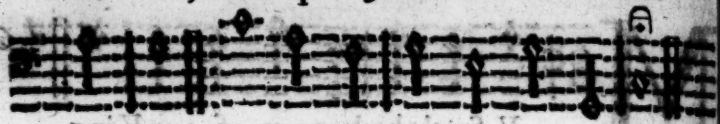
Who over many Nations ſway,
And only their own Wills obey,
Shall ſink beneath his rage.
Then ſhall this all-ſubduing King
With Water of the Cryſtal ſpring
His burning thirſt aſſwage.

PSALM CXI.


Cantus.
Y Soul the honour of our King,
Bassus.
Shall in the great Assembly sing. Great are the
wonders He hath shown; With joy by their
admirers known. His glorious deeds all praise
O transcend;



tranſcend; His equal Juſtice knows no end.



Left in eternal Monuments;
Whoſe Mercy Death and Hell prevents:
Feeds thoſe who fear his Name, and will
His Promiſe faithfully fulfill.
Who planted with a powerful Hand
His People in this pleaſant Land.
Juſt Judgement executes; directs
By ſacred Laws; and Truth affects.
Theſe fretting Time ſhall never waſte;
But ſquar'd by Juſtice ever laſt.
His Word to us confirm'd by deed;
So often from oppreſſion freed.
His Name is terrible to all:
His fear is the Original
Of Wiſdom; and they only wiſe
Who make his Laws their Exerciſe.
His praiſe, while men have memory,
And power of ſpeech, ſhall never dye.

PSALM CXII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 111 THat man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
And cheerfully obeys his Word.
His Seed ſhall flouriſh on the Earth;
Their Off-ſpring happy from their birth.

Hi

His Houſe with riches ſhall abound:
His truth with endleſs honour crown'd.
To him in darkneſs light aſcends:
Mild, gracious, juſt in all his ends.
His bounty for the poor provides:
Diſcretion all his actions guides.
No violence ſhall caſt him down;
No time deface his juſt renown;
Nor rumours ſhake his confidence:
The Lord his Hope, and ſtrong Defence:
Confirm'd in fearleſs fortitude;
Till he have all his Foes ſubdu'd.
He the neceſſitated feeds.
The honour of his vertuous Deeds
Shall live in ſacred memory;
His Glories ſhall aſcend on high.
Th' unjuſt inrag'd their teeth ſhall grinde,
And languiſh with the grief of minde:
Pale envy ſhall their fleſh conſume,
And all their hopes convert to fume.

PSALM CXIII.

Hallelu-jah.

O You, who ſerve the living Lord, *As the* 113
Due praiſes to his Name afford:
Now and for ever celebrate;
Let all his noble Acts relate.
Even from the purple Morn's upriſe,
To where the Evening flecks the Skies.
All power to his Dominion bends:
His Glory the bright Stars tranſcends.

What God can be compar'd with ours?
Who Thron'd in Heavens ſuperiour towers
Submits himſelf to guide and move
All that is done in Heaven above:
And from that height vouchſafes to throw
His eyes on us, who creep below.
The poor he raiſeth from the Duſt:
Even from the Dunghill lifts the Juſt;
Whom he to height of honour brings,
And ſets him in the Thrones of Kings.
He fructifies the barren Womb;
The Childleſs, Mothers now become.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXIV.

As the 111

WHen *Iſrael* left th' *Egyptian* Land,
Freed from a tyrannous command;
God his own People ſanctifi'd,
And he himſelf became their Guide.
Th' amazed Seas, this ſeeing, fled;
And *Jordan* ſhrunk into his Head:
The cloudy Mountains skipt like Rams;
The little Hills like friſking Lambs.
Recoyling Seas, what caus'd your dread?
Why *Jordan*, ſhrunk'ſt thou to the Head?
Why, Mountains, did you skip like Rams?
And why you little Hills, like Lambs?
Earth, tremble thou before his Face;
Before the God of *Jacobs* Race;
Who turn'd hard Rocks into a Lake;
When Springs from flinty intrails brake.

PSALM

PSALM CXV.

WE nothing can of merit clame: *As the 9.*
Not for our sakes thy aid afford;
But for the honour of thy Name,
Thy Mercy, and unfailing Word.
Why should th' insulting *Heathen* cry;
Where's now the God they vainly praise?
Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie,
All underneath at pleasure swaies.
Their Gods but Gold and Silver be,
Made by a frail Artificer:
For they have eyes, that cannot see;
Dumb mouths and ears, that cannot hear.
Fools on their Altars incense throw,
Who nothing smell; their Feet are bound,
Nor have they power to move or goe:
Their throats give passage to no sound.
Their hands can neither give nor take;
Unapt to punish or defend:
As senseless they who Idols make;
Or to their carved Statues bend.

M

Your hopes on God, O *Israel*, place; *Part 2.*
He is your Help, and strong Defence:
Be he, you Priests of *Aarons* Race,
The object of your confidence.
In him, all you that fear him, trust;
He shall protect you in distress.
The Lord is of his Promise just,
And will his faithful Servants bless:

The Houſe of choſen *Iſrael*,
And *Aarons* holy Family:
The poor, and who in power excel;
That love, and on his aid rely.
They ſhall a mighty People grow;
Their Children happy from their birth:
He will increaſe of gifts beſtow,
Whoſe hands created Heaven and Earth.
He in the Heaven of Heavens reſides,
And over all his Creatures reigns:
Among the ſons of men divides
The Earth, and all that Earth contains.
Who ſleep within the vaults of Death,
No Offerings to his Altars bring:
O praiſe his Name, while we have breath;
And loudly Halelu-jah ſing.

PSALM CXVI.

As the 4.

MY Soul intirely ſhall affect
The Lord, whoſe ears my grones reſpect
In miſery
He heard thy cry;
To him thy Prayers direct.

Sorrows of Death my Soul aſſail'd;
The greedy jaws of Hell prevail'd:
Depreſt with grief,
When all relief,
And humane pity fail'd;

I cry'd; My God, O look on me;
Thou ever Juſt, th' afflicted free:
O from the Grave
Thy Servant ſave;
For mercy lives in thee.

The Innocent, and long diſtreſt;
The humble mind by wrongs oppreſt;
Thy Favour ſtill
Preſerves from ill:
My Soul then take thy reſt.

God ſtaid my feet, and dry'd my tears;
Redeem'd from Death, and deadly fears:
That ſtill I might
Walk in his ſight,
And number many years.

Thus with a firm belief I pray'd: Part 2.
Yet in extreams of trouble ſaid;
All on the Earth
Of mortal birth,
Even all of Lies are made.

What ſhall I unto God reſtore
For all his Mercies? Fall before
His holy Throne,
And him alone
With ſacred Rites adore.

I will perform my Vows this day,
Where they frequent, who God obey.
Right precious is
The Death of His:
He ſees, and will repay.

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids Seed;
By Thee from raging Tyrants freed.
My Prayers ſhall riſe
In Sacrifice;
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will perform my Vows this day,
Where they frequent who God obey:
Even in his Court;
Within thy Fort,
Renowned *Solyma*.

PSALM CXVII.

As the 47.

YOu Nations of the Earth,
Our great Preſerver praiſe.
All you of humane birth,
To Heaven his Glory raiſe:
Whoſe Mercy hath
No end, nor bound:
His Promiſe crown'd
With conſtant Faith.

PSALM CXVIII.

As the 111

PRaiſe our good God, that King of kings,
From whom eternal Mercy ſprings.
Let *Iſrael*, let *Aarons* Race,
Let all that flouriſh in his Grace,
Confeſs, that from the King of kings
Eternity of Mercy ſprings.
He in my trouble heard my Prayers,
And freed me from their deadly ſnares:

He

He fights my Battails; then how can
I fear the Power of feeble Man?
Assists my Friends; my Enemies
Shall with their slaughter feast mine eyes.
'Tis better to have Confidence
In God, than trust to mans Defence:
On him much safer to relie,
Than on the strength of Monarchy.
The Nations all at once assail'd;
But by his Aid my Sword prevail'd.
Their Armies had beset me round;
I with their Bodies strew'd the ground.
Though they like Bees about me swarm;
His holy Name and pow'rful Arm
Shall soon consume their numerous powers,
As Fire the crackling Thorn devours.

Mad men! his Fall you seek in vain, Part 2.
Whom great Jehovah's Hands sustain.
He is my Strength; his Praise my Song:
By him preserv'd from powerful Wrong.
Our Tents with publick Joy shall ring:
The Just of their Deliverance sing.
He with his own Right hand hath fought;
His own Right hand hath Wonders wrought.
I shall not dye, but live to praise
The Lord, who hath prolong'd my Daies.
He with his Scourge my Sin corrects;
Yet from the Darts of Death protects.
You to his Service sanctifi'd,
The Temple Doors set open wide;
That I may enter in his Name,
And celebrate his glorious Fame.
Those are the Doors, at which all they
Shall enter, who his Will obey.

His Praiſe with Hymns immortallize!
My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries.

Part 3. That Stone the Builders from them caſt;
Is higheſt on the corner plac't.
God hath reveal'd theſe Myſteries,
So full of Wonder, to our Eyes.
This is his Day; a Day of Joy;
Of everlaſting Memory.
Great God of gods, thy King protect;
Propitious prove to thy Elect.
O bleſt be he, whom God ſhall ſend!
We, who within his Courts attend,
You from his Sanctuary bleſs;
And daily pray for your ſucceſs.
God, even the Lord, hath ſhed his light
Into our Souls, and clear'd our ſight.
Bind to the Altars horns, a Lamb,
New-weaned from the bleating Dam.
Thou art my God; my Songs ſhall praiſe,
And to the Stars thy Glory raiſe.
Praiſe our good God, The King of kings;
From whom eternal Mercy ſprings.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

As the 1. BLeſt are the Undefil'd, who God obey;
Seek with their hearts, nor from his Precepts ſtray.
No tempting Vice ſhall thoſe from Virtue draw,
Who with unfainting Zeal obſerve his Law.

Lord,

rd, by thy sacred Rule my steps direct.
oſe ſhall not bluſh who thy Commands affect.
y Juſtice learnt, my Soul ſhall ſing thy Praiſe.
rſake me not, O guide me in thy Waies!

BETH.

ung man, thy Actions by his Precepts guide: Part 2.
om theſe let not thy zealous Servant ſlide.
y Word, writ in my heart, ſhall curb my Will.
teach me how I may thy Laws fulfill!
oſe, by thy Tongue pronounc'd, I will unfold.
y Teſtaments by me more pris'd than Gold.
n theſe I meditate, admire; there ſet
y Souls delight: theſe never will forget.

GIMEL.

let me live t' obſerve thy Laws: mine Eyes Part 3.
luminate to view thoſe Myſteries.
e, a poor Pilgrim, with thy Truth inſpire:
r whom my Soul even fainteth with deſire.
he Proud is curſt, who from thy Precepts ſtraies.
eſs, and preſerve my Soul, which theſe obeies.
o hate of Princes from thy Law deters:
y Study, my Delight, my Counſellers.

DALETH.

y down-caſt Soul, as thou haſt promis'd, raiſe. Part 4.
hou know'ſt my Thoughts; direct me in thy waies.
nform, and I thy Wonders will profeſs.
ſtrengthen me, that labour in Diſtreſs!
ew thy clear Paths, falſe Errors miſt remov'd.
have thy choſen Truth and Judgements lov'd.

To

To theſe I cleave: O ſhield me from Diſgrace,
Inlarge my heart to run that heavenly race.

HE.

Part 5. Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will obſerve:
Nor from that ſacred Knowledge ever ſwerve.
My Soul to thoſe delightful Paths confine:
From Avarice purge, and to thy Laws incline.
Divert from vain deſires, my darkneſs clear:
Confirm the Soul devoted to thy Fear.
Free from fear'd ſhame: thy Judgements are upright.
O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

VAV.

Part 6. His Soul protect, who on thy Word relies;
And ſilence my reproachful Enemies.
O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preſerve:
So I thy Laws for ever ſhall obſerve;
Will freely walk in thy affected way:
Will boldly before Kings thy Truth diſplay.
For in thy Statutes I my comfort place;
Thoſe ſtudy, love, and with my Soul imbrace.

ZAIN.

Part 7. Think of thy Promiſe, which my Hopes hath fed,
All ſtorms appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead.
Nor for proud ſcoffs have I thy Laws declin'd:
Confirm'd, when I thy Judgements call to mind.
They, who thy Laws deſert, incenſe my rage:
Sung in the manſion of my Pilgrimage.
Thy Name, great God, I prais'd, when others ſlept;
This comfort had, ſince I thy Statutes kept.

CHETH.

CHETH.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore, Part 8.
My Laws observe, and promis'd Grace implore.
My Actions by thy sacred Rules direct;
And thy Commands with forward Zeal effect.
The Wicked rob; but I thy Statutes prise:
At Midnight to applaud thy Justice rise.
Who fear and keep thy Laws, such are my Friends.
Instruct; thy Mercy through the World extends.

TETH.

Thou to thy Servant hast perform'd thy Word: Part 9.
Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.
Thou Sea of Goodness, that my Soul conforms
Into thy Statutes, by Afflictions storms.
The Proud, fat at the Heart, base Slanders raise:
But I will trust in thy affected Waies.
Me blest Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.
Thy Laws more pris'd than Ships with treasure fraught.

JOD.

Inform me, my Creator, in thy Laws; Part 10.
That thine may see thy Observer with applause.
Thou ever just, in favour dost correct.
With promis'd Mercy comfort thine Elect.
That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy;
Those keep: the Proud, who causeless hate, destroy.
Who fear and know thy Laws, to me unite:
O, lest I perish, guide me by their light!

CAPH.

CAPH.

Part 11. With Expectation faint, and blind; yet ſtill
My Soul expects. Thy Promiſe, Lord, fulfill.
I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.
Confound my Foes: when ſhall my Sorrows end?
The Proud have pitch'd their toils; infring'd thy Laws:
O ſacred Juſtice, ſnatch me from their jaws.
They had almoſt devour'd; but I affect
Thy Precepts: quicken, and by thoſe direct.

LAMED.

Part 12. Thy faithful Promiſes are fixt above;
Firm as the Poles, or Earth; which never move:
By thy eternal Ordinance diſpos'd.
Thy Laws my Life; elſe Grief my eyes had clos'd.
Nor will I theſe forget; by theſe renew'd.
Thy choſen ſave, who hath thy Truth purſu'd.
The Wicked chaſe my Soul, which thee obeys.
Thy Word ſhall laſt, when Heaven and Earth decays.

MEM.

Part 13. O how I love thy Laws! thoſe exerciſe!
By them made wiſer than my Enemies.
More than my Teachers know, more than the Old:
With Virtue theſe inflame, from Vice with-hold.
That they may guide me, I have cleans'd my Heart:
And from thy Preceps never will depart:
Then *Hermons* Honey to my taſte more ſweet.
By-ways I hate; by thine become diſcreet.

NUN.

NUN.

Thy Word, my Light; a Lamp to guide my way. Part 14.
Sware t' observe thy Truth, and will not stray.
My wounded Soul with promis'd mercy heal:
Accept my offerings, and thy Will reveal.
Although inclos'd with Death; though Foes have laid
Snares for my Soul; yet have I thee obey'd.
My comforts, my eternal Heritage.
O may I keep them, till I die through age.

SAMECH.

I love thy Law; my hate to sin is great: Part 15.
O thou my hope, my Shield, my safe retreat!
My Will shall thine obey. Hence you prophane.
Lord, save my Soul, nor let me hope in vain.
Uphold; and I thy Justice shall applaud.
Thou hast intrap'd thy Foes in their own fraud;
Cast out like Dross. My heart affects thy path,
Yet trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

AIN.

O leave me not to my outragious Foes: Part 16.
Nor to their scorn my righteous Soul expose.
Mine Eyes even fail, while I thy aid expect.
Be merciful, and in thy Wayes direct.
Inlarge my mind, thy Wayes to understand:
'Tis time; for they infringe thy just Command,
Which more than Gold; than Gold refin'd I prise;
In all upright. But hate deceitful lies.

PE.

PE.

Part 17. Thy Word, the Gate of Life, even Babes inſpires
With Knowledge: this my obſequious Soul admires:
This I with thirſty appetite devour.
Thy ſtreams of Mercy on thy Servant pour.
Compoſe my ſteps: ſo ſhall not ſin ſubject,
Nor man oppreſs: for I thy Laws affect.
Shine on my Soul; thy Statutes teach: mine Eyes
Shed ſhow'rs of tears, when men thy Laws deſpiſe.

TSADDI.

Part 18. As Thou thy Self, ſo all thy Laws are juſt:
Faithful to thoſe, who in thy Promiſe truſt.
Zeal hath conſum'd me, for my Foes neglect
Of thy pure Laws, which I in heart affect.
Thoſe to obſerve, though mean and ſcorn'd, intend.
Truth crowns thy Word; thy Juſtice without end.
Theſe in my grief, and trouble comfort give.
Inform with Knowledge, that my Soul may live.

COPH.

Part 19. O hear my cries! preſerve his life, who will
Thy Laws obey, and juſt Commands fulfill.
My Eyes out-watch the Night; my cries prevent
The early Morn, in due Devotion ſpent.
Hear, and revive; thy Juſtice execute
On lawleſs men: preſerve from their purſuit.
Thy oft-tri'd Mercy ever is at hand.
Thy Judgements on eternal Baſes ſtand.

RESCH.

RESCH.

Behold my ſorrows; patronize my cauſe. *Part 20.*
Thy Word perform to him, that keeps thy Laws.
Death ſhall devour, who thy Commands neglect.
Thou, great in Mercy, my ſought life protect.
In all extreams I have thy Will obſerv'd:
Griev'd, when Tranſgreſſors from thy Statutes ſwerv'd.
To me, who love thy Laws, thy Grace extend:
Thy Truth began with Time, and knows no end.

SCHIN.

Tyrants oppreſs; thy Word reſtrains my Mind: *Part 21.*
Wherein I joy, like thoſe who Treaſure find.
Fraud I abhor; inamour'd on thy Waies.
Seven times a Day my Lips thy Juſtice praiſe.
Who love thy Laws, ſweet Peace, and Safety bleſs.
In Thee I hope, nor thy juſt Will tranſgreſs.
Thy Word obſerve: thy Statutes I affect;
Which through theſe humane Seas my courſe direct.

TAV.

Accept my Prayers: with Knowledge, Lord, indue; *Part 22.*
From Death redeem; ſince to thy Promiſe true.
Thy Statutes taught, I will thy Praiſe reſound.
Thy Word extol, and Laws with Juſtice crown'd.
Theſe are my choice: uphold with thy right Hand;
Who feed on Hope, and joy in thy Command.
Prolong my life, that I thy Praiſe may ſing.
Lord, thy ſtray'd Sheep back to thy Paſture bring.

PSALM CXX.

As the 5. DIſtreſt, and in my mind diſmay'd,
When deſtitute of humane aid,
To Thee ſucceſsfully I pray'd.

Lord, ſhield me from the Fraudulent;
From thoſe that are on malice bent;
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou falſe tongue, ſteep'd in the gall
Of Serpents! what reward, for all
Thy miſchief, ſhall to thee befall!

Like Arrows ſhot from *Parthian* ſtrings,
Fir'd Juniper, and Scorpions ſtings;
Such art thou, O thou worſt of things!

Wo's me, that I from *Iſrael*
Exiled, muſt in *Meſech* dwell;
And in the Tents of *Iſmael*!

O how long ſhall I live with thoſe,
Whoſe ſavage minds ſweet Peace oppoſe;
Where Fury by diſſwaſion grows:

PSALM CXXI.

As the 15. TO the Hills thine Eyes erect,
Help from thoſe alone expect.
He who Heaven and Earth hath made,
Shall from *Sion* ſend thee aid.

Go

God thy ever-watchful Guide,
Will not ſuffer thee to ſlide.
He, even he, who *Iſrael* keeps,
Never ſlumbers, never ſleeps.
He, thy Guard, with Wings diſplay'd,
Shall refreſh Thee in their Shade:
Suns ſhall not with heat infect,
But their temperate beams reflect:
Nor unwholſom Serene ſhall
From the Moons moiſt influence fall.
When thou travel'ſt on the way,
When at home thou ſpend'ſt the Day,
When ſweet Peace thy life delights,
When imbroyl'd in bloody Fights,
God ſhall all thy ſteps attend,
Now, and evermore defend.

PSALM CXXII.

As the 111

O Happy Summons! to the Court
And Temple of the Lord reſort.
Jeruſalem, our Feet ſhall tread
Within thy Walls: O thou the Head
Of all the Earth and *Judah*'s Throne;
Three Cities ſtrongly joyn'd in one!
The Tribes in throngs to Thee aſcend;
The Tribes which on the Lord depend:
Let Offerings to his Altar bring,
And his immortal Praiſes ſing.
There ſhall he his Tribunal place,
The Judgement-ſeat of *Davids* Race.
Your joys ſhall with your days increaſe,
Who love and pray for *Salems* Peace.

May Peace within thy Walls abound;
Thy Palaces with joy reſound:
Even for my Friends and Kindreds ſake,
May never War thy Bulwarks ſhake:
Even for the hope of *Iſrael*,
And Houſe, where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

As the 34.

THou mover of the rolling Sphears,
I through the Glaſſes of my Tears,
To Thee my Eyes erect:
As Servants mark their Maſters hands:
As Maids their Miſtreſſes commands,
And liberty expect:

So we, depreſt by enemies,
And growing troubles, fix our Eyes
On God, who ſits on High:
Till he in mercy ſhall deſcend
To give our miſeries an end,
And turn our tears to joy.

O ſave us, Lord, by all forlorn;
The ſubject of contempt and ſcorn.
Defend us from their pride,
Who live in fluency and eaſe;
Who with our woes their malice pleaſe,
And miſeries deride.

PSALM CXXIV.

BUt that God fought for us, may *Israel* say ; *As the 72.*
But that God fought for us, in that sad Day ;
When men inflam'd with wrath ; against us
rose :
We had alive been swallowed by our Foes :
Then had we sunk beneath the roaring Waves,
And in their horrid entrails found our graves :
Then had their violence, like torrents pour'd
From melting Hills, our wretched lives devour'd.
O blest be God ! who hath not given our blood
To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food.
Our Souls, like Birds, have scap'd the Fowlers Net ;
The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.
Our only confidence is in his Name,
Who made the Earth, and Heavens immortal frame.

PSALM CXXV.

THey, who the Lord their Fortress make, *As the 9.*
Shall like the Towers of *Sion* rise ;
Which dreadful Earth-quakes never shake,
Nor raging tumults of the skies.
Lo ! as the Hills of *Solyma*
Divine *Jerusalem* enclose :
So shall his Angels in the Day
Of danger, shield them from their Foes.
The Wicked shall not long subject
Their holy Race ; lest through despair
They should the Laws of God neglect,
And be as their Commanders are.

Lord, to the Good be good; the Juſt
Protect: Their puniſhments increaſe,
Who follow their rebellious luſt:
But crown thy *Iſrael* with Peace.

PSALM CXXVI.

As the 111

WHen God had our deliverance wrought,
And *Sion* out of Bondage brought;
It ſeem'd to us a Dream; who were
Diſtracted between Hope and Fear.
Then ſacred Joy fill'd every Breaſt:
In flowing Mirth, and Songs expreſt.
The wondring *Heathen* oft would ſay;
How good! how great a God have they!
Great things for us the Lord hath wrought;
Above the reach of humane thought:
We therefore will his praiſes ſing.
The Remnant, Lord, from Bondage bring;
As Rivers through the parched Sand,
Or ſhow'rs which fall on thirſty land.
Who ſow in Tears, ſhall reap in Joy.
We after long Captivity,
Unto our native Soil retire;
The ſcope and crown of our deſire.

PSALM CXXVII.

As the 7.

UNleſs the Lord the houſe ſuſtain,
They build in vain;
In vain they watch, unleſs the Lord
The City guard.
In vain you riſe before the Light,
And break the ſlumbers of the Night.

In

In vain the bread of ſorrow eat,
Got by your ſweat;
Unleſs the Lord with good ſucceſs
Your labours bleſs:
For he all good on his beſtows,
And crowns their eyes with ſweet repoſe.

Increaſing ſons, his Heritage,
Renew their age;
The pledges of their fruitful love,
Given from above:
As formidable to the Foe,
As Arrows from a Giants bow.

He is belov'd of God, and bleſt
Above the reſt;
Whoſe Quivers with ſuch Shafts abound;
By men renown'd:
Nor ſhall his adverſary dread;
When they at the Tribunal plead.

PSALM CXXVIII.

HAppy he, who God obeys, *As the 15.*
Nor from his direction ſtrayes:
Thou ſhalt of thy labours feed;
All ſhall to thy wiſh ſucceed:
Like a fair and fruitful Vine,
By thy Houſe, thy Wife ſhall joyn:
Sons, obedient to command,
Shall about thy Table ſtand;
Like green plants of Olives, ſet
By the moiſtning rivulet.

He who fears the Power above,
Thus ſhall proſper in his love.
God ſhall thee from *Sion* bleſs;
Thou ſhalt joy in the ſucceſs
Which the Lord will *Salem* give,
While thou haſt a day to live:
Thou ſhalt ſee our *Iſraels* peace,
And thy childrens large increaſe.

PSALM CXXIX.

As the 111

OFt from my early youth have they
Afflicted me, may *Iſrael* ſay:
Oft from my early youth aſſail'd;
As oft have their endeavours fail'd.
My back with long deep furrows wound;
As Plow-ſhares ear the patient ground.
The ever Juſt hath broke their bands,
And ſav'd me from their cruel hands.
Let *Sions* Foes with infamy
Be clothed, and untimely dye.
Be they like Corn on Houſes tops,
Which Reapers ſickle never crops,
Nor Binder in his boſome bears:
But withers ſtill before it ears.
No Travailer their labours bleſs,
Nor ſay, We wiſh you good ſucceſs.

PSALM

PSALM CXXX.

OUt of the horrour of the Deep, As the 10.
Where fear and sorrow never sleep,
To the my cries
In sighs arise:
Lord from despair thy servant keep:
O lend a gracious ear,
And my petitions hear.

For if thou should'st our sins observe:
And punish us, as we deserve:
Not one of all
But then must fall;
Since all from their obedience swerve:
Yet art not thou severe,
That we thy Name might fear.

Thy Mercies our misdeeds transcend:
My hopes upon thy Truth depend:
Disconsolate
On thee I waite;
As weary Centinels attend
The chearful Morns uprise
With long-expecting eyes.

O you that are of *Jacobs* Race,
In him your Hopes, and Comforts place;
His praises sing;
The living Spring
Of Mercy and redundant Grace:
For he will *Israel*
Redeem from Sin and Hell.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXI.

As the 32.

THou Lord my witnes art;
I am not proud of heart;
Nor look with lofty eyes;
None envy, nor despise;
Nor to vain pomp apply
My thoughts, nor sore too high:
But in behaviour mild;
And as a tender child,
Wean'd from his Mothers breast,
On thee alone I rest.
O *Israel*, adore
The Lord for evermore:
Be He the only scope
Of thy unfainting hope.

PSALM CXXXII.

As the 72.

REmember *David*, Lord; remember Thou
His Troubles; thy Redemptions; and the Vow
He to the mighty God of *Jacob* made;
Bound by an Oath; and in these words convey'd:
No Roof shall cover me, nor sweet repose
Refresh my Limbs, or sleep my eye-lids close,
'Till I have found a place for his abode;
Even for the Temple of the living God.
The Ark, we heard, in *Ephrata* long stood;
And found it in the valley cloth'd with Wood.
We will into thy Tabernacle go,
And there our selves before thy Foot-stool throw.

Ascend

Ascend to thy eternal Rest at length;
Thou, and the Ark of thy admired strength.
O let thy Priests be cloth'd with sanctity,
And all thy Saints sing with triumphant joy:
For *Davids* sake, receive into thy Grace:
From thy Anointed never turn thy Face.
For thus thou swor'st who never wilt forget;
Thy Son shall long possess thy royal Seat;
And if thy Children my commands observe,
Nor from the rules of my prescription swerve;
Their Off-spring shall the *Hebrew* Scepter sway,
Even while the Sun illuminates the Day.
For *Sion* I have chosen; *Sion* great
In my affections; my eternal Seat.
I will abundantly increase her store;
And with the flow'r of Wheat sustain her poor:
Her Priests shall blessings to her People bring;
Her joyful Saints in sacred measures sing.
There shall the Horn of *David* freshly sprout;
Their lamp of glory never shall burn out:
His *Diadem* shall flourish on his head:
But Nets of shame his Foes shall over-spread.

PSALM CXXXIII.

O Blest estate! blest from above! *As the* 111
When Brethren joyn in mutual love.
'Tis like the precious Odors shed
On consecrated *Aarons* head:
Which trickled from his Beard and Breast,
Down to the borders of his Vest.
'Tis like the pearls of Dew that drop
On *Hermons* ever-fragrant top:

Or

Or which the ſmiling Heavens diſtill
On happy *Sions* ſacred Hill.
For God hath there his favours plac't,
And joy, which ſhall for ever laſt.

PSALM CXXXIV.

As the 47.

YOu, who the Lord adore,
And at his Altar wait;
Who keep your watch before
The threſhold of his Gate;
His praiſes ſing
By ſilent Night,
Till cheerful light
In th' Orient ſpring.

Your hands devoutly raiſe
To his divine Receſs;
The Worlds Creator praiſe,
And thus the People bleſs;
The God of Love,
From *Sions* Towers,
To you and yours
Propitious prove.

PSALM CXXXV.

As the 72.

OYou, who Ephods wear and Incenſe fling
On ſacred flames; Jehovah's praiſes ſing.
You, who his Temple guard, O celebrate
His glorious Name; his noble Acts relate.
How great a joy with ſuch ſincere delight
To crown the Day, and entertain the Night!

For

For *Israel* is his choice; and *Jacobs* Race
His treasure, and the object of his Grace.
In power how infinite! how much before
Those mortal gods, whom frantick men adore!
All on his Will depend; all homage owe,
In Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below.
At his command exhaled Vapors rise,
And in condensed clouds obscure the Skies.
From thence, in show'rs He horrid Lightning flings;
And from their Caves the strugling Tempests brings.
He the first-born of Men and Cattle slew;
Fresh streams of blood the Towns and Plains imbrew.
Th' Inhabitants that drink of *Nilus* flood,
At his confounding Wonders trembling stood.

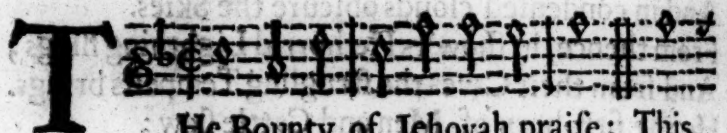
Great Princes, who excell'd in fortitude, *Part* 2.
And mighty Nations by his power subdu'd.
Strong *Sihon*, whom the *Amorites* obey'd;
And strenuous *Og*, who *Bashans* Scepter sway'd;
With all the Kingdoms of the *Canaanites*,
Who to the Conquerours resign their rights:
To whom he their dismantled Cities grants,
And in those fruitful fields his *Hebrews* plants.
Thy Name shall last unto Eternity;
And thy immortal Fame shall never dye.
Thou dost thy Servant pardon and protect;
Advance the Humble, and the Proud deject.
Those helpless gods, ador'd in foreign Lands,
Are Gold and Silver; wrought by humane hands:
Blind Eyes have they, deaf Ears, still silent Tongues:
Nor breath exhale from their unactive Lungs.
Who made, resemble them; and such are those,
Who in such senseless stocks their hopes repose.
O praise the Lord, you who from *Israel* spring;
His Praises, O you Sons of *Aaron*, sing:

You

You of the Houſe of *Levi* praiſe his Name:
All you who God adore, his Praiſe proclaime.
From *Sion* praiſe the only Good and Great;
Who in *Jeruſalem* hath fixt his Seat.

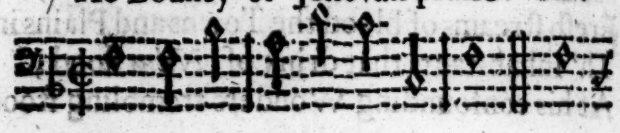
PSALM CXXXVI.

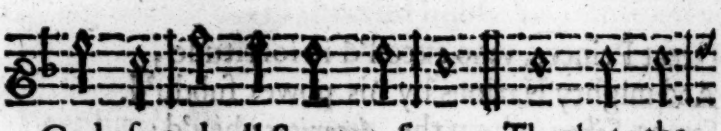
Cantus.



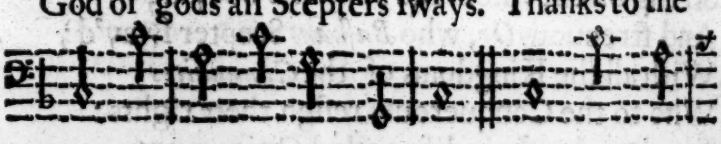
THe Bounty of Jehovah praiſe: This

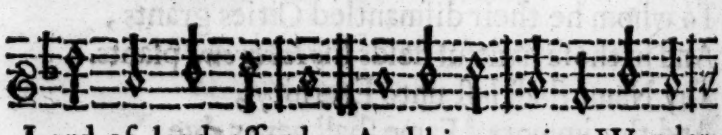
Baſſus.



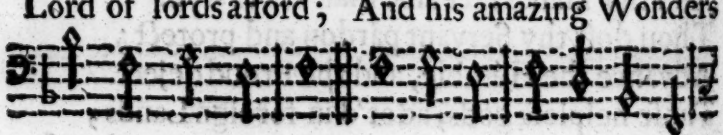


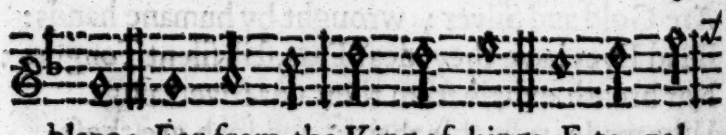
God of gods all Scepters ſways. Thanks to the



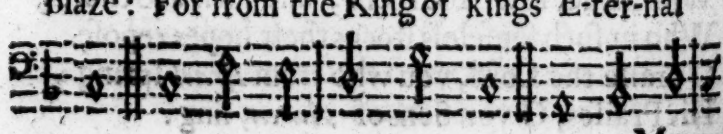


Lord of lords afford; And his amazing Wonders

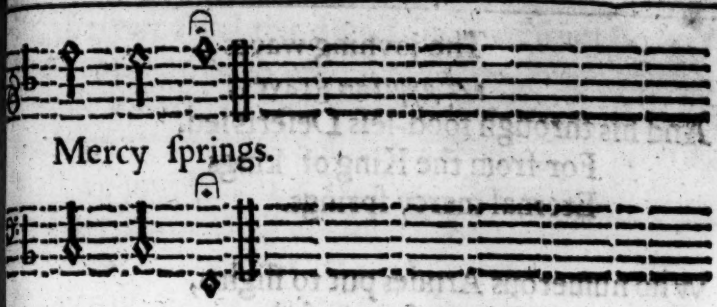




blaze: For from the King of kings E-ter-nal



Mercy



Him praiſe, who fram'd the arched Sky;
Thoſe Orbs that move ſo orderly.
Firm Earth above,
The Floods that move
Diſplay'd, and rais'd the Hills on high.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

Who Sun and Moon inform'd with Light,
To guide the Day, and rule the Night:
The fixed Stars,
And Wanderers
Created by divine fore-ſight.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

The firſt-born of *Ægyptians* ſlew;
Whoſe wounds the thirſty Earth imbrew:
And from that Land,
With powerful hand,
Th' oppreſſed ſons of *Jacob* drew.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

The parted Seas before them fled,
Who in their empty chanels tread:

The

The joyning waves,
Ægyptian graves:
And his through food-leſs Deſerts led.
For from the King of kings
Eternal mercy ſprings.

Who numerous Armies put to flight;
And mighty Princes ſlew in fight:
Og proſtrate laid,
Who *Baſhan* ſwai'd;
And *Sihon* the crown'd *Amorite*.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

By his ſtrong hand thoſe Giants fell;
And gave their Lands to *Iſrael*:
Confirm'd by deed
Unto their Seed:
Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

Remembred us in our diſtreſs;
And freed from thoſe, who did oppreſs.
He food doth give
To all that live.
The God of Heaven, O *Iſrael*, bleſs.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

PSALM CXXXVII.

As the 1.

AS on *Euphrates* ſhady banks we lay,
And there, O *Sion*, to thy Aſhes pay
Our funeral tears: our ſilent Harps, unſtrung,
And unregarded, on the Willows hung. Lo,

Lo, they who had thy desolation wrought,
And captiv'd *Judah* unto *Babel* brought,
Deride the tears which from our Sorrows spring;
And say in scorn, A Song of *Sion* sing.
Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?
Or holy Hymns sing in a forrein Land?
O *Solyma!* thou that art now become
A heap of stones, and to thy self a Tomb!
When I forget thee, my dear Mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget:
When I a joy disjoyn'd from thine, receive;
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave.
Remember *Edom*, Lord; their cruel pride,
Who in the Sack of wretched *Salem* cry'd;
Down with their Buildings, raze them to the ground,
Nor let one Stone be on another found.
Thou *Babylon*, whose Towers now touch the Skye,
That shortly shalt as low in ruins lye;
O happy! O thrice happy they, who shall
With equal cruelty revenge our fall!
That dash thy Childrens brains against the stones:
And without pity hear their dying groans.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

As the 46.

MY Soul, applaud our glorious King;
Before the Gods his praises sing:
His Mercy an eternal Spring.

For this, on consecrated ground
Will I adore; thy Truth resound;
Thy Word above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'st me, when to thee I cry'd;
When Danger charg'd on every side;
By thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All thoſe, who awful Scepters bear,
When they of thy Performance hear,
Shall worſhip thee with reverent fear.

They ſhall his Truth and Mercy praiſe,
Who all the World with Juſtice ſwaies;
Whoſe Wonders Adoration raiſe.

Although inthron'd above the Skies,
He on the lowly caſts his eyes,
But doth the Inſolent deſpiſe.

Though ſtorms of Troubles me incloſe;
Yet thou ſhalt ſave me from my Foes,
And raiſe me in their overthrows.

For God his Promiſe will effect;
The Faithful faithfully protect;
Nor ever his own Choice reject.

PSALM CXXXIX.

As the 111

THou know'ſt me, O thou only Wiſe;
Seeſt when I ſit, and when I riſe;
Can'ſt my concealed thoughts diſcloſe;
Obſerv'ſt my Labours and Repoſe;
Know'ſt all my Counſels, all my Deeds,
Each word which from my Tongue proceeds:
Behind, before, by thee inclos'd;
Thy Hand on every part impos'd.
Such knowledge my capacity
Tranſcends; ſo wonderful, ſo high!
O which way ſhall I take my flight?
Or where conceal me from thy ſight?
Aſcend I Heaven; Heaven is thy Throne:
Dive I to Hell; there art thou known.

Should

Should I the Mornings wings obtain,
And flie beyond th' *Hesperian* Main;
Thy powerful Arm would reach me there,
Reduce, and curb me with thy fear.
Were I involv'd in shades of Night;
That Darkness would convert to Light.
What Clouds can from discovery free!
What Night, wherein thou canst not see!
The Night would shine likes Dayes clear flame;
Darkness and Light, to Thee the same.
Thou sift'st my reins, even thoughts to come:
Thou cloth'dst me in my Mothers womb.
Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd
This Fabrick, be thou ever prais'd.

O full of Admiration *Part 2.*
Are these thy Works! to me well-known.
My Bones were to thy view displaid,
When I in secret shades was made;
When wrought by thee with curious art,
As in the Earths inferiour part.
On me, an Embryon, didst thou look:
My members written in thy Book
Before they were: which perfect grew
In time, and open to the view.
Thy Counsels admirable are;
And yet as infinite as rare.
O could I number them, far more
Than Sands upon the murmuring shore!
When I awake, thy Works again
My thoughts with wonder entertain.
The Wicked thou wilt surely kill.
Hence you, who blood with pleasure spill.
Their tongues thy Majesty profane;
They take thy sacred Name in vain.

Lord, hate not I thy Enemies?
And grieve, when they againſt thee riſe?
I hate them with a perfect hate;
And, as my Foes, would ruinate.
Search and explore my heart: O try
My thoughts, and their Integrity.
Behold, if I from Virtue ſtray:
And lead in thy eternal Way.

PSALM CXL.

As the 14.

LOrd, ſave me from the Violent;
From him who takes delight in ill:
Whoſe heart Deceit and Miſchief fill;
On bloody War and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents whet;
Poyſon of Aſps their Lips incloſe.
O ſave from fierce and Wicked Foes;
Who toils, to overthrow me, ſet!

The Proud have hid their cords and ſnares;
Spread all their Nets; their Gins have laid.
To God, Thou art my God, I ſaid;
O gently hear thy Suppliant's prayers.

My ſtrong Preſerver in the fight,
As with a Helm, my head defends.
Let not the Wicked gain their ends;
Lord, leſt their pride riſe with their might.

Themſelves let their own Slanders wound:
Deſtroy Him who their fury leads.
Let burning coals fall on their heads;
And quenchleſs flames imbrace them round.

Caſt

Cast them into the Depths below;
From thence, O never let them rise!
Let Death the Slanderer surprise;
And Mischief salvage Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;
The Poor defend from Death and Shame.
The Just shall celebrate thy Name;
And ever in thy Presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO Thee I cry; Lord, hear my cries; *As the 22.*
O come with speed unto my aid:
Let my sad Prayers before Thee rise,
Like Incense on the Altar laid;
Or as when I, with hands displaid,
Present my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian set;
My Lips with barrs of Silence close.
O let me not thy Laws forget;
And wickedly combine with those,
Who Thee, and all that's good, oppose;
Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Just wound and reprove;
Such stripes and checks, an argument
Of their sincere and prudent love;
Like Odours of a fragrant Scent,
Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.
My prayers shall for their safety move.

Mongst Rocks their Chiefs in ambush lye,
Yet have my suff'rings understood.

Our ſevered bones are ſcattered by
The mouths of graves, like clefts of Wood.
Lord, ſave from thoſe, that hunt for blood:
On Thee with faith I caſt mine eye.

O from their Machinations free,
That would my guiltleſs Soul betray;
From thoſe who in my wrongs agree,
And for my life their engins lay.
May they by their own craft decay;
But let me thy Salvation ſee.

PSALM CXLII.

As the 4.

WIth ſighs and cries to God I praid;
To him my ſupplication made;
Pour'd out my tears,
My cares and fears;
My wrongs before him laid.

My fainting ſpirits almoſt ſpent:
He knew the path in which I went.
Yet in my way
Their ſnares they lay,
With mercileſs intent.

My Eyes I round about me throw;
None ſee, that will th' Oppreſſed know;
No refuge left;
Of hope bereft;
Vain pity none beſtow.

Then unto God I cry'd, and ſaid,
Thou art my Hope, and only Aid;
The Portion
I build upon,
While with frail fleſh araid.

O

O Sourse of Mercy, hear my cry,
Lest I with wasting sorrow die:
Shield from my foes,
Who now inclose;
Since of more strength than I.

My Soul out of this Prison bring,
That I may praise thee, O my King.
Who trust in thee,
Shall compass me,
And of thy Bounty sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

LOrd, to my cries afford an ear, *As the 39.*
Th' afflicted hear;
According to thy Equity,
And Truth reply;
Nor prove severe: for in thy sight
None living shall be found upright.

The Foe my Soul besiegeth round,
Strikes to the ground:
In darkness hath inveloped,
Like men long dead:
My mind with sorrow overthrown;
My heart within me stupid grown.

I call to mind those ancient Daies
Fill'd with thy praise:
Thy Works alone possess my thought,
With wonder wrought.
To thee I stretch my zealous Hand;
Desir'd like rain by thirsty land.

Part 2. Approach with ſpeed; my Spirits fail;
Thy Face unveil:
Leaſt I forthwith grow like to thoſe,
Whom graves incloſe.
O let me of thy Mercy hear,
Before the morning Sun appear.

My God, thou art the only ſcope
Of all my hope:
O ſhew me thy preſcribed way,
Leſt I ſhould ſtray.
For to thy Throne I raiſe mine eyes;
My Soul, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes: to Thee loe I
For refuge flie:
Inform me, that I may fulfill
Thy ſacred Will.
My God, let thy good Spirit lead,
That in thy paths my Feet may tread.

O for thy Honour quicken me,
Who truſt in Thee:
Out of theſe Straights, for Juſtice ſake,
Thy Servant take.
In mercy cut thou off my Foes,
Whoſe hate hath multiply'd my woes.

PSALM CXLIV.

As the 111 THe Lord, my Strength, be only prais'd;
The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd:
In doubtful Battle given me might,
And skill how to direct, and fight.

My

My Fautor, Fortreſs, high-built Tower;
My Rock, Redeemer, Shield and Power;
My only Confidence; who ſtill
Subjects my People to my will.
Lord, what is Man, or his frail Race,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſuch a vapour grace!
Man nothing is but vanity;
A ſhadow ſwiftly gliding by.
Great God, ſtoop from the bending Skies,
The Mountains touch, and Clouds ſhall riſe;
From thence thy winged Lightning throw;
Rout and confound the flying Foe;
Stretch down thy hand, which only ſaves,
And ſnatch me from the furious Waves.
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inur'd to perjuries and lies:
Their Hands defil'd with fraud and wrong.
Then will I in a new-made Song,
Into the ſoftly-warbling ſtring,
Of thy Illuſtrious Praiſes ſing.

Thou Kings preſerv'ſt; haſt me preſerv'd; *Part 2.*
Even *David*, who thy Will obſerv'd;
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inur'd to perjuries and lies:
Foul deeds their violent hands defile;
Hands prone to treachery and guile:
That in their Youth our Sons may grow
Like Lawrel Groves; our Daughters ſhow
Like poliſh'd pillars deck'd with Gold;
Which high and Royal roofs uphold:
Our Magazines abound with Grain,
Proviſion of all ſorts contain:
Increaſing Flocks our Paſtures fill,
And well-fed Steers the Fallows till;

That

That no incurſions Peace affright;
No Armies joyn in dreadful fight;
No daring Foe our Walls inveſt,
Nor fearful ſhrieks diſturb our reſt.
Bleſt People! who in this eſtate
Injoy your ſelves without debate:
And happy, O thrice happy they,
Who for their God, the Lord obey!

PSALM CXLV.

As the 111

I Still will of thy Glory ſing;
Thy Name extoll, my God, my King.
No day ſhall paſs without thy praiſe;
Prais'd while the Sun his Beams diſplays.
Great is the Lord, whoſe praiſe exceeds:
Inſcrutable are all his Deeds.
One Age ſhall to another tell
Thy Works, which ſo in power excell.
The Beauty of thy Excellence,
And Oracles intrance my Senſe.
Men ſhall thy dreadful Acts relate;
My Verſe thy Greatneſs celebrate;
To memory thy Favours bring,
And of thy noble Juſtice ſing.
For in Thee Grace and Pity live;
To anger ſlow, ſwift to forgive.
All on thy Goodneſs, Lord, depend:
Thy Mercies all thy Works tranſcend;
Even all thy Works ſhall praiſe thy Name;
Thy Saints ſhall celebrate the ſame:
Of thy far-ſpreading Empire ſpeak;
Thy Power, to which all Powers are weak:

To

To make thy Acts to Mortals known,
And glory of thy awfull Throne.

Thy Kingdom never shall have end: *Part 2.*
Thy Rule beyond Times flight extend.
The Lord shall those, who fall, sustain;
And Souls dejected raise again.
All seek from Thee their livelyhood;
Thou in due season giv'st them food:
Thy liberal Hand, Men, Birds, and Beasts,
Even all that live, with plenty feasts.
The Lord is Just in all his Waies,
Who Mercy in his Works displaies;
s present by his power with all,
Who on his Name sincerely call:
or he will their desires effect;
egard their cries; from Foes protect.
Who love Him, Safety shall enjoy:
The Lord the Wicked will destroy.
My Tongue his Goodness shall proclame.
Man-kind, for ever praise his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

Hallelu-jah.

O My Soul, praise thou the Lord: *As the 29.*
Whilst thou liv'st, his praise record.
Whilst I am, eternal King,
I will of thy praises sing.
, no hope in Princes place;
ust in none of humane race;
Who can give no help at all,
r prevent his proper fall.

To When

When his parting breath expires,
He again to Earth retires.
Ev'n in that uncertain day
All his thoughts with him decay.
Happy he, whom God protects;
He, on whom his Grace reflects,
Happy he, who plants his truſt
On the only Good and Juſt.
He who Heavens blew Arch diſplay'd;
He who Earths Foundation laid;
Spread the Land-imbracing Main;
Made what ever all contain:
True to what his Word profeſt;
He revengeth the oppreſt;
Hungry Souls with food ſuſtains,
And unbinds the Priſoners chains:
To the blind reſtores his ſight;
Rears, who fall by wicked might.
Righteouſneſs his Soul affects.
Friendleſs Strangers he protects,
Widdows, and the Fatherleſs;
Thoſe confounds who theſe oppreſs.
Zion, God, thy God ſhall raign,
While the Poles their Orbs ſuſtain.
Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXLVII.

As the 111

JEhovah praiſe with one conſent.
How comely! ſweet! how excellent,
To ſing our great Creators praiſe!
Whoſe hands late ruin'd *Salem* raiſe,
Collecting ſcattered *Iſrael*,
That they in their own Towns may dwell:

He

He cures the sorrows of our minds;
Our wounds imbalms, and softly binds.
He numbers Heavens bright-sparkling Flames,
And calls them by their several Names.
Great is our God, and great in might;
His Knowledge O most infinite!
The Humble unto Thrones erects;
The Insolent to Earth dejects.
Present your thanks to our great King;
On solemn Harps his Praises sing;
Who Heaven with gloomy Vapors hides,
And timely Rain for Earth provides.
With grass he clothes the pregnant Hills,
And hungry beasts with Herbage fills.
He feeds the Ravens croaking brood,
(Left by the Old) that cry for food.

He cares not for the strength of Horse, Part 2.
Nor mans strong limbs, and matchless force:
But those affects, who in his Path
Their feet direct with constant Faith.
O *Solyma*, Jehovah praise;
To God thy Voice, O *Sion*, raise:
Who hath thy City fortify'd;
Thy streets with Citizens supply'd:
Firm peace in all thy borders set,
And fed thee with the flower of Wheat.
He sends forth his Commands, which flie
More swift than Lightning through the Skie:
The Snow-like Wool on Mountains spreads;
And hoary Frosts like Ashes sheds;
While solid Floods their course refrain,
What Mortal can his cold sustain?
At his Command, by Wind and Sun
Dissolv'd th' unfetter'd Rivers run.

His Laws to *Jacob* he hath ſhown;
His Judgements are to *Iſrael* known.
Not ſo with other Nations deals,
From whom his Statutes he conceals.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29.

YOu, who dwell above the Skies,
Free from humane miſeries;
You whom higheſt Heaven imbowers,
Praiſe the Lord with all your powers.
Angels, your clear Voices raiſe;
Him you Heavenly Armies praiſe:
Sun, and Moon with borrow'd light;
All you ſparkling Eyes of Night:
Waters hanging in the air;
Heaven of Heavens his Praiſe declare.
His deſerved Praiſe record;
His, who made you by his Word;
Made you evermore to laſt,
Set your bounds not to be paſt.
Let the Earth his Praiſe reſound:
Monſtrous Whales, and Seas profound;
Vapors, Lightning, Hail, and Snow;
Storms, which when he bids them, blow:
Flowry Hills, and Mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the Skie;
Trees that fruit in ſeaſon yield;
All the Cattle of the Field;
Salvage beaſts; all creeping things;
All that cut the Air with wings.
You who awful Scepters ſway;
You inured to obey; Princes,

Princes, Judges of the Earth;
All of high and humble birth;
Youths, and Virgins, flouriſhing
In the beauty of your ſpring:
You who bow with Ages weight;
You, who were but born of late:
Praiſe his Name with one conſent:
O how great! how excellent!
Than the Earth profounder far;
Higher than the higheſt ſtar.
He will his to honour raiſe.
You his Saints, reſound his Praiſe;
You who are of *Jacobs* Race,
And united to his Grace.
Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXLIX.

TO the God, whom we adore,
Sing a Song unſung before:
His immortal Praiſe rehearſe,
Where his Holy Saints converſe.
Iſrael, O thou his Choice,
In thy Makers Praiſe rejoyce:
Zions Sons, rejoyce, and ſing
To the Honour of your King.
In the Dance his Praiſe reſound;
Strike the Harp, let Timbrels ſound.
God in Goodneſs infinite,
In his People takes delight.
God with ſafety will adorn
Thoſe, whom men afflict with ſcorn.
Let his Saints in glory joy;
Sing as in their Beds they lye:

As the 29.

Highly

Highly praise the living Lord;
Arm'd with their two-edged Sword,
All the *Heathen* to confound;
And the Nations bordering round;
Binding all their Kings with cords;
Fettring their captived Lords:
That they in divine pursuit,
May his Judgements execute;
As 'tis writ, such Honour shall
Unto all his Saints befall

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CL.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29.

PRaise the Lord inthron'd on high;
Praise him in his Sanctity;
Praise him for his mighty Deeds;
Praise him who in Power exceeds;
Praise with Trumpets, pierce the Skies;
Praise with Harps and Psalteries;
Praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes;
Praise with Violins, and Lutes;
Praise, with silver Cymbals sing;
Praise on those which loudly ring.
Angels, all of humane birth,
Praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Hallelu-jah.

FINIS.

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